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THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA



WAR DANCE OF THE SAUKS AND FOXES

INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

Explanation of the Plate. By Caleb Atwater, Esq.

1. KEEOKUK, the principal warrior of the Sauks. Shrewd and politic, he possesses great influence in the councils of his nation. Brave, active and enterprising, his warriors implicitly obey his orders. Honourable and high minded, he never begs from the whites. Having met two American soldiers, descending, while he was ascending the Mississippi river, with his warriors, to join us at Prairie du Chien in the summer of 1829, he arrested them as deserters from Fort Crawford, as in fact they were, brought them forward, and delivered them up to the commanding officer at that garrison. Being informed by myself, that he was entitled not only to the thanks of the United States for such an act, but to a pecuniary award, he proudly replied, "that what he had done, was not done with any view to a reward, but from friendship to the United States." He resides near the mouth of Rock River, with his five wives and numerous children.

2. MORGAN, the principal warrior of the Fox, or Musquawkee Indians, resides on the west bank of the Mississippi, a short distance above Dubuque's tomb. He is a brave man and fond of war, but does not possess that versatility of talent belonging to Keeokuk. In the winter of 1828, he went to the country of the Sioux, and killed a woman and her three children, which brought on a war between the Sioux and Foxes.

3. This person represents a prisoner at the stake with his hair so tied up, that his scalp may be taken whenever the moment arrives, rendering it proper to take it.

4. TIAHMA, the principal civil chief of the Foxes, resides at an Indian village, on the western bank of the Mississippi river. He is a sensible, sober, and discreet man, and much respected for his sound judgment and benevolent disposition.

5. The principal civil chief of the Sauks resides on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of Rock river. He is not thirty years old yet, and was raised to his present high station in the spring of 1829, on the demise of his uncle, the former chief.

6. THE IMPROVISATORI—A great wit, whose business it is to take off the warriors at the war dance, when they boast of their exploits. He contrives to ascertain what the subject of the warrior's boasting will be, and he turns it into ridicule, by boasting of having done some mean act, of which the warrior himself has been guilty. His head is adorned with bison hair, dyed red, and the horns of the antelope, very correctly represented by the artist give him a grotesque, and not an inappropriate appearance for the station he fills. He is an amiable man, and greatly esteemed by those who know him best.

7. The musicians, singing a war song, and beating the drum with their war clubs. Quasquawma, one of the persons beating the drum, sits exactly in front of Tiahma, No. 4, and was once a civil chief, but being cheated, as the Indians allege, out of the mineral country by a certain General, acting as a commissioner, Quasquawma was degraded from his rank and Tiahma rules instead. The mineral region was acquired without any consideration from the Sauks and Foxes, and generously given away *by the same commissioner*, to the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawattamies. Recently, the same country has been re-purchased from the last mentioned Indians, at an expense of $16,000 per annum, *forever*. Quasquawma joined the United States in the late war with Great Britain.

8. TOM, *a half breed*, as he is called, though, like those Choctaws, who, for mercenary purposes, thus call themselves, he has very little Indian blood in his veins. *Tom*, is a great pet among the whites, speaks *Mississippi French*, and a little English. He, and two or three others in this interesting group, are more muscular than full blooded Indians, and the artist has done them equal and exact justice, in his delineation of their limbs. All the persons represented are singing a war song, and dancing to the tune.

The other figures in the group represent persons in no way remarkable. They are brave men, who strictly obey the principal warriors, Keeokuk and Morgan; are fond of dress, of show, and parade. The figures are spread out so as to show their faces, which are the best miniature likenesses I ever beheld. A few figures show their backs, in order, more fully, to exhibit their dress. Every feather in the picture, is an exact resemblance of the thing itself, and so is each war club, with its looking glass inserted in it. The whole, and every part of this beautiful painting represent the reality itself, in a masterly manner and do great honour to the talent of the artist.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL CHIEFS

THOMAS L. McKENNEY

AND

JAMES HALL

A NEW EDITION, EDITED BY

FREDERICK WEBB HODGE

Illustrated with 123 *full-page Plates in Colour (chiefly from the Indian Gallery, formerly in the War Department at Washington), Photogravure Portraits, and two Maps*

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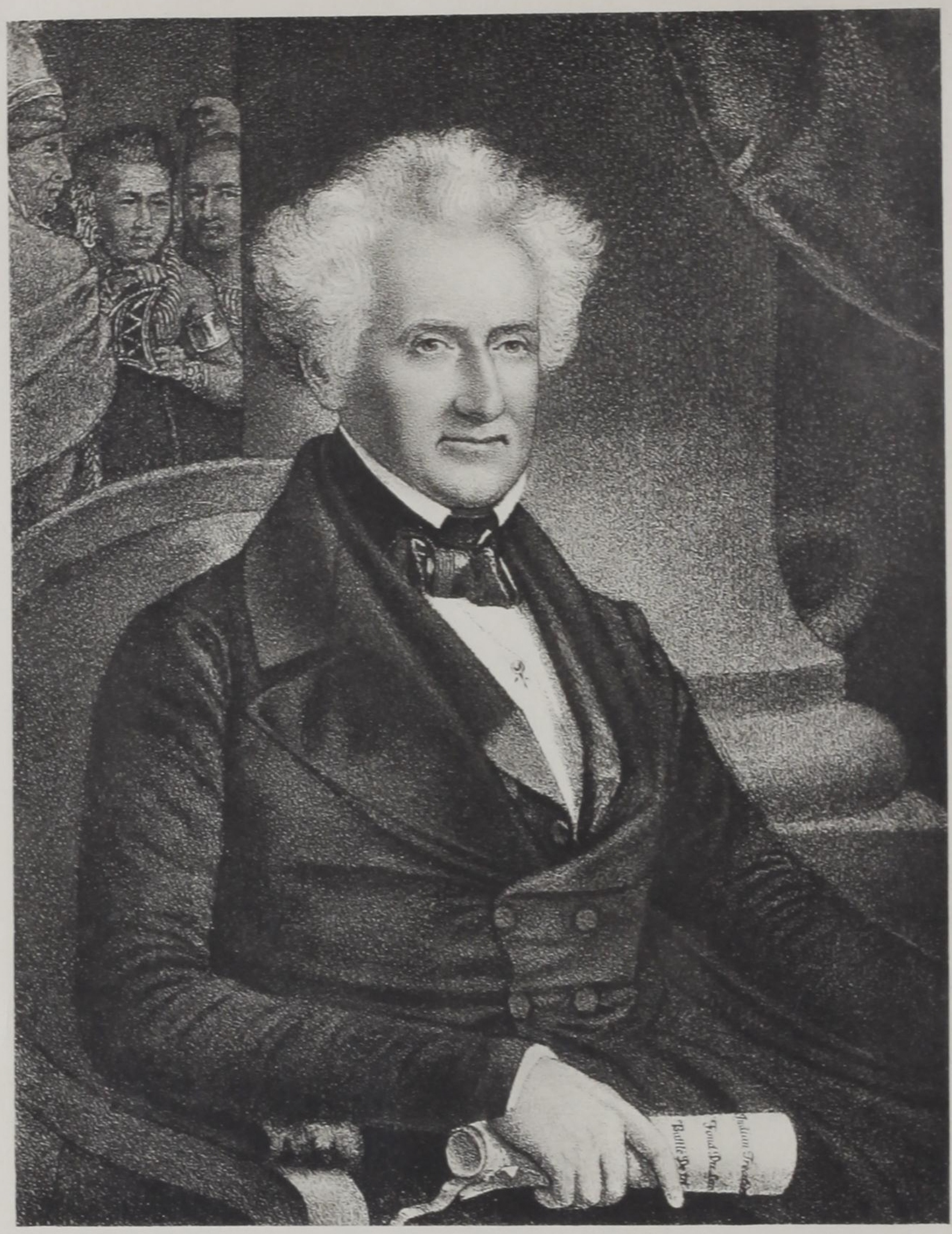
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Faithfully Yours

Wm. McKinley

INTRODUCTION

The desirability of making a permanent record of the features of the more prominent American Indians of the various tribes had its inception about the year 1821, when the administration of Indian Affairs was under the control of the United States War Department, the official immediately in charge being the Superintendent of Indian Trade. The incumbent at the date named was Colonel McKenney, one of the authors of the present work.

Thomas Loraine McKenney, eldest son of William and Anne (Barber) McKenney, sturdy and consistent Quakers, was born on the old family plantation, "Hopewell," in Somerset County, Maryland, March 21, 1785, and died in New York City, February 20, 1859. He attended school at Chestertown, Maryland, married Aditha Gleaves, and while still a young man, settled in Georgetown, District of Columbia, where he became interested in two mercantile establishments, which he disposed of in 1814.[1] Notwithstanding his strict Quaker training, he became adjutant of the First Legion of the Militia of the District of Columbia, and acted in that capacity to a detachment of volunteer

[1] The writer desires to express his indebtedness to Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, of Washington, grand-niece of Colonel McKenney, for information respecting his family and his early life.

companies in service under the command of Colonel (afterward General) J. Thompson, of Washington, at Piscataway, Maryland, in the summer of 1813, during the war with Great Britain. Later he became one of the aides of Major-General John P. Van Ness, who resigned his commission, thus dissolving McKenney's connection as aide. The latter, however, followed his brigade on foot, and became a private in a company of Georgetown riflemen, under Captain J. I. Stull. Subsequently he was invited by General Walter Smith to become one of his aides, and receiving permission to accept the appointment, continued as a staff officer to the end of the campaign, which resulted in the defeat of the Americans at Bladensburg, near Washington, August 24, 1814, leaving the way open to the capture of the capital and the burning of some of the public buildings by the British forces under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, on the following day.[1] During this period, McKenney held an interest in the mercantile firm of J(oseph) C. Hall & Co., of Washington City; but in 1816, having been tendered the appointment of the Superintendency of Indian Trade, he relinquished this interest, and entered on his new duties, April 12th of the year named, succeeding General John Mason.

At this time every Indian tribe within the domain of the United States was regarded as if a sovereign power, with which the United States entered into solemn treaty, and the chief interest which the Government manifested in the Indians was for the maintenance of peace and the promotion and regulation of trade. As early as 1776, the

[1] See McKenney, *Narrative of the Battle of Bladensburgh, in a Letter to Henry Banning, Esq.* [n. p.], 1814; also, his *Reply to Kosciusko Armstrong's Assault*, pp. 13, 27 (New York, 1847).

Congress of the Confederation enacted a law for granting licences and regulating trade among the Indians; but it was not until ten years later that the United States entered into regular trade relations with the various tribes by establishing factories, or trading posts, on the frontier, and providing for the appointment of a "Superintendent of Indian Trade." It was to this office that McKenney was called by President Madison in 1816, and to which he was reappointed by President Monroe in 1820. The position was one of trust and of great responsibility, involving the expenditure of large sums of money for purposes of trade as well as in the distribution of annuities. Goods were purchased in open market in the several cities and shipped to the frontier posts, where they were traded to the Indians, without expectation of profit to the Government, for furs and peltries; these in turn were shipped to the commercial centres and sold. This trade was conducted under McKenney's Superintendency for six years; but the large private fur companies meanwhile steadily increased their own trade by the introduction of spirituous liquors, until finally, by Act of Congress of May 6, 1822, the Government trade was brought to an end, and George Graham was appointed to close the affairs of the Superintendency.

McKenney was repeatedly charged with corruption in the administration of his office, especially by Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, whom McKenney characterised as "the legitimate organ" of the Missouri Fur Company; but there is no doubt of McKenney's integrity, while almost his entire life affords ample proof of his sympathy for the Indians. For thirty years he had been an intimate friend of John Ross (*Gúwisguwĭ'*, commonly Cooweescoowee), the celebrated chief of the

Cherokee, among whom McKenney was known as "White Eagle," in allusion to his strong features and his shock of white hair.

In an examination into his official conduct by the Committee on Indian Affairs of the House of Representatives in 1823, McKenney said:

"My good name was, and yet is, my all. Money is not the god of my idolatry, as those who know me will attest. It had been better for me to-day, perhaps, had I worshipped a little more devotionally at this shrine. My good name I have laboured hard to preserve. I received it as a legacy from parents who died[1] and left me little else with which to combat the roughnesses of this bleak and cheerless world; and the business of my life has been, and I trust will ever be to its close, to preserve that legacy, and to hand it over untarnished to an only son,[2] to whom, although I may have little more to give, it may constitute a source of the most agreeable reflections; and, by a reference to the example which this very inquiry furnishes, he may be induced the more diligently to guard it, and hand it over in perfect purity to his posterity. I am concerned for its preservation. I will not, I could not, disguise it; but I shall expect it to be protected, on this occasion, only on the ground of my having demonstrated that it has been unrighteously assailed."[3]

During his Superintendency, in 1818 or 1819, McKenney

[1] McKenney's mother died when he was ten years of age.

[2] The son, William, was still alive, and unmarried, in 1857, after which all trace of him is lost. It may be said here that Colonel McKenney was a devout churchman, becoming a strong Wesleyan after having passed through his experience as a "fighting Quaker."

[3] *American State Papers, Indian Affairs,* II., 424 (Washington, 1834).

addressed a circular to those friendly to the Indian cause, in an endeavour to rescue them "from the sad condition in which they were everywhere known to be." As a direct result of this appeal, Congress in 1819 appropriated $10,000 "for the civilisation of the Indian tribes adjoining the frontier settlements"—the beginning of an educational policy that now involves the expenditure of millions of dollars annually.

After being legislated out of office, in August 1822, McKenney established at the capital a newspaper known as *The Washington Republican and Congressional Examiner*, which continued until July 10, 1824, when it was sold to Peter Force, who conducted it under the name of *The National Journal.* At the outset the paper advocated the election of John C. Calhoun to the Presidency in 1824.

In recognition of the confidence reposed in him by President Monroe and by the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, McKenney was next assigned to "the duties of the Bureau of Indian Affairs." This office was not created at this time by Act of Congress, but was organised by the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, for the better administration of Indian affairs. All the means at the Secretary's disposal which, wrote McKenney, "he could make applicable to my salary, were sixteen hundred dollars. This I declined to accept, upon the ground that it was inadequate to my support, and would not be a just equivalent for the services which I knew the office would require at my hands. He admitted the justice of both—but added, the President would recommend, in his next message to Congress, the organisation of an Indian Department, with a salary equal to that paid to auditors [then $3000], expressing a hope that this would be satisfactory. I finally consented, and on the

11th of March 1824, had assigned to me the duties of the Bureau of Indian Affairs."[1]

Perhaps for the reason that McKenney's appointment had not been made by direct authority of law, the treaties of peace entered into at Washington, August 4, 1824, with the Sauk and Foxes, and with the Iowa, were negotiated by William Clark, "Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and sole commissioner specially appointed for that purpose,"[2] McKenney serving merely as a witness. He witnessed also the treaty with the Choctaw, concluded at Washington, January 20, 1825.

The President was faithful to his promise, and McKenney himself prepared a Bill for the organisation of an Indian Bureau, but it lingered before Congress for several sessions, McKenney meanwhile eking out an existence on his meagre salary until his term of service was terminated. He made an attempt in later years to obtain the promised compensation for what he regarded as his "unrequited labours," but to no avail. In addition to the more practical business of his office, McKenney aided in every way the few students of the period interested in ethnologic and linguistic researches. Among these was Dr C. S. Rafinesque, of Transylvania University, whom he joined, under date of August 22, 1825, in drafting a circular letter asking information respecting the languages of the tribes.

[1] His salary as Superintendent of Indian Trade, at the time the office was abolished, was $2000 per annum—the same as that of the agent for the Creek Indians, who in addition received an allowance for rations.

[2] So reads the preamble to the Sauk and Fox treaty. That with the Iowa reads:—" . . . between William Clark, superintendent of Indian affairs, being specially authorized by the President of the United States thereto."—See *Treaties between the United States of America and the Several Indian Tribes, from* 1778 *to* 1837. Washington, 1837.

"Such were my labors," he later wrote, "so constant and oppressive, and so weighty the responsibilities which devolved on me, as to have very nearly cost me my life. My health gave way under the pressure," and, but for the confidence of President Adams, and of Mr Barbour, the Secretary of War, "I should, in all probability, have died at my post." On June 1, 1826, McKenney started from Georgetown, D.C., on a journey to Lake Superior, for the purpose of negotiating, jointly with Lewis Cass (later Secretary of War), a treaty with the Chippewa Indians, of whom, at that time, the afterward celebrated Henry R. Schoolcraft was agent. This important treaty, by which the copper deposits of Lake Superior were opened to the whites, was successfully carried out on August 5, 1826, at Fond du Lac, and was proclaimed February 7 of the following year.

Another result of McKenney's journey to the Indian country is an illustrated octavo volume bearing the title: *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes, of the Character and Customs of the Chippeway Indians, and of Incidents connected with the Treaty of Fond du Lac. By Thomas L. McKenney, of the Indian Department, and joint Commissioner with his Excellency Gov. Cass, in negotiating the Treaty. Also, A Vocabulary of the Algic, or Chippeway Language, formed in part, as far as it goes, upon the basis of one furnished by the Hon. Albert Gallatin. . . . Ornamented with Twenty-nine Engravings, of Lake Superior, and other Scenery, Indian Likenesses, Costumes, &c.* Baltimore: published by Fielding Lucas, jun'r, 1827. (8°, 493+1 pp., 29 plates.)

The book consists of a series of letters (the first dated Georgetown, D.C., May 31, 1826; the last, Baltimore, October 6, 1826) that were addressed to the Honourable

James Barbour, Secretary of War (to whom the volume is dedicated), although the reader is left to surmise the person to whom they were written. In his "To the Reader," McKenney disavows any expectancy at the outset that the letters would be published, but states that he wrote them merely "in compliance with the request of a friend." The letters are interesting, nevertheless, both by reason of the personality of the writer which they reflect, and because of the new light shed on a country then but little known. Writing to Schoolcraft in March 1827, McKenney said: "It is rather a ladies' book. I prefer the sex and their opinions. They are worth ten times as much as we, in all that is enlightened, and amiable, and blissful."[1]

Most of the illustrations with which the volume is "ornamented" are from the pencil of J. O. Lewis, who accompanied McKenney and Cass, and witnessed the treaty of Fond du Lac, and some of whose portraits, copied by King, illustrate the present work.[2] Most of the

[1] Schoolcraft, *Personal Memoirs*, p. 264, 1851. Of the book, Schoolcraft also writes (p. 254):—"In his 'sketches' of his recent tour, he seeks to embody personal and amusing things which daily befell the party—matters upon which he was quite at home. I had mentioned to him, while here, that the time and labour necessary to collect information on Indian topics, of a literary character, imposed a species of research worthy of departmental patronage; that I was quite willing to contribute in this way, and to devote my leisure moments to further researches on the aboriginal history and languages, if the Government would appropriate means to this end. I took the occasion to put these views in writing, and, by way of earnest, enclosed him part of a vocabulary."

[2] Lewis lived in Detroit, where, about 1825, he engraved and published a small map of the city, based on plans for its betterment, drawn up in 1805 and 1806.—See Farmer, *History of Detroit and Wayne County*, p. 33. Detroit and New York, 1890.

illustrations are lithographs, atrociously reproduced; the few on copper are far more creditable.[1] McKenney has little to say of Lewis, aside from commending the faithfulness of some of his sketches and his fine singing, which often entertained the party, both afloat and ashore, during their sojourn in the Lake country. For the appended Chippewa vocabulary, based on the schedule furnished by Albert Gallatin, McKenney acknowledges his indebtedness to Henry R. Schoolcraft, later noted for his great work, in six volumes, on the Indian tribes.

In 1827, McKenney and Cass were again selected as joint commissioners, this time to treat with the Chippewa, Menominee, and Winnebago tribes. In McKenney's case his political friends, including a dozen senators and representatives in Congress (among the former being William Henry Harrison), made a strong appeal in his behalf, urging the appointment partly on the ground that "he possesses more the confidence of the Indians than any person in the United States who could be so easily employed for this desirable object. He has perhaps, likewise, equal, if not a superior knowledge of the Indian character and disposition than any person who would likely undertake this work." The treaty was negotiated at Butte des Morts, Michigan Territory, August 11, 1827, and was proclaimed February 23, 1829.

[1] In "the author's own copy," sold by The Anderson Auction Company, New York City, January 28, 1908, "nearly every plate has some pencilled criticism, '*Very good*,' '*Excellent*,' '*Bad-face ought to be old and deep furrowed*,' '*Good except the bow of the canoe*,' etc., each of which is signed '*Author*.'" See *Rare Americana . . . mainly the Collection formed by Miss Nellie Malcolm, London, England* . . . The Anderson Auction Company, 5 West 29th St., New York. [1908.]

the Indian commissioner. On one occasion he was accused of connivance with business firms in illegally supplying goods for the Indian service, but the charge could not be substantiated; at another time he was charged with extravagance in having Fürst design an Indian medal; and again we hear of his gross wastefulness of the public money in paying as much as thirty-three dollars to King and Ford for a single Indian portrait! Always a power in Congress, Senator Benton bore no small part in the abolishment of the Superintendency of Indian Trade, resulting in the transfer of the traffic with the Indians to private hands, and the increased debauchery of the native tribes through the introduction of liquors. McKenney's strict integrity in the administration of the Indian affairs made an enemy also of Samuel Houston, later President of Texas, who had become interested in contracts for supplying rations to the Southern Indians during their removal beyond the Mississippi, the difficulty, according to McKenney's own statement, arising from Houston's request for his influence in awarding to him the coveted contracts, which, of course, McKenney indignantly refused. Another strong opponent was Duff Green, editor of *The Washington Telegraph*, who lost no opportunity to wield his sarcastic pen against the "Kickapoo Ambassador," as McKenney had become known to his enemies after his successful negotiations as a treaty commissioner.

These affairs had their effect on President Jackson, who had succeeded John Quincy Adams, March 4, 1829, and was now the ardent advocate of the "spoils system." Duff Green was one of Jackson's confidential advisers—a member of his so-called "kitchen cabinet"—while Houston had served under him in the Indian wars of the South; consequently, McKenney's tenure had not

become the most secure after the elevation of Jackson to the Presidency.

Such was the condition of affairs in the summer of 1830, when McKenney obtained leave of absence for the purpose of attending to some personal business connected with the publication of his large work, now in the hands of Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher of Philadelphia. Returning from New York to the latter city in August, McKenney found a letter from the acting Secretary of War, informing him of his dismissal, to take effect on October 1st, on the ground that he was not in harmony with Jackson's views respecting Indian affairs.

To those familiar with the Indian policy of President Jackson, especially with regard to the transfer of the Southern Indians to the territory beyond the Mississippi, it is rather to the credit of our author that his dismissal was based on such grounds.[1] The removal of McKenney, it was later written, "was a marked era in Indian history, as the commencement of that encroaching, arbitrary, and oppressive policy which has cost the country millions of treasure, many thousands of valuable lives, and more reputation than a patriotic American likes to acknowledge," . . .[2]

[1] McKenney later addressed a series of letters, under the pseudonym of "Aristides," to the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, published at Philadelphia under the editorship of Robert Morris, with the understanding that his name might be divulged in the discretion of the editor when the series (numbering twenty-nine in all) should have been completed. The letters are a vitriolic outburst against the attitude of the President and others toward the Bank of the United States, and were afterward printed in pamphlet form under the title, *Essays on the Spirit of Jacksonism, as exemplified in its Deadly Hostility to the Bank of the United States, and in the Odious Calumnies employed for its Destruction.* By Aristides. . . . Philadelphia: Jesper Harding, printer, 1835. (8°, 151 pp.)

[2] *North American Review*, vol. lxiii., October 1846.

After his dismissal, McKenney requested permission to take his adopted Yuchi and Creek boys with him to Philadelphia, but Jackson denied the request, and the Indians were returned to their people in the South. William Barnard, the Creek, later became involved in a murder, and fled to the Seminoles in Florida. Lee Compere, the Yuchi, was never heard from again.

The fathering of these boys is not the only instance of McKenney's kindness toward the race to which so much of his life had been devoted. While chief of Indian Affairs, his good offices were sought by James Lawrence McDonald, a Choctaw boy about fourteen years of age, whom he adopted, and placed under the instruction of the Reverend James Carnahan, then principal of a classical school in Georgetown, later president of Princeton College. McDonald and McKenney's son, William, a boy of the same age, became warm friends, and McKenney himself formed a strong attachment for his Indian charge, who soon became "bent on distinguishing himself." McKenney gave the boy every advantage of his home, making no distinction between him and his own son, in dress or attentions. McDonald outstripped his fellow-students in Carnahan's academy, where he remained for three years. On the recommendation of John C. Calhoun, that the young Indian become a lawyer, McKenney sent McDonald to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he entered the office of Judge John McLean, and in a remarkably short time was admitted to the Bar. He then departed for the Choctaw country, and became established at Jackson, Mississippi, where he made a proposal of marriage to a young white woman, and, being refused, committed suicide by leaping from a river bluff.

It has been seen that McKenney had already in

contemplation the publication of a large illustrated work on the Indian tribes, but of the successive steps that were taken after 1830 to effect its publication little is known. Toward the close of the year named, McKenney announced by circular that he was about to establish a commercial house, or agency, on a general plan, for supplying articles designed for the Indian trade, and the sale of furs and peltries. Commenting on this, Schoolcraft (*Personal Memoirs*, p. 343, 1851) says: "This appears to me a striking mistake of judgment. The colonel, of all things, is not suited for a merchant." And Schoolcraft was quite correct. We have no evidence that the plan ever materialised; but with his brother McKenney embarked in at least two other commercial ventures which practically wiped out their fortunes. Meanwhile he turned his attention to the contemplated Indian book.

McKenney's interest in the welfare of the Indians by no means ceased with his official relations. In 1837 we find him at the Seneca village in New York, attending the dedication of a marble slab over the remains of the great Red Jacket. In 1843-44, when the third volume of the *History of the Indian Tribes* was well advanced toward publication, he delivered a series of discourses in New England and the Middle States for the purpose of awakening "in the public mind an interest in behalf of the Indian race, and their destiny; to give impetus to public opinion in regard to what ought to be done, and done speedily, for their welfare; and when that opinion should be fully formed, bring it to bear on Congress, in connection with a plan for the preservation and well-being of the remnants of this hapless people." The discourses were enthusiastically received. At Annapolis he addressed the Legislature of Maryland, and by a

vote of the House the use of the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was granted for the same purpose. This series of addresses was published in 1846, under the title: *On the Origin, History, Character, and the Wrongs and Rights of the Indians, with a Plan for the Preservation and Happiness of the Remnants of that Persecuted Race*, forming Volume II. of his *Memoirs, Official and Personal; with Sketches of Travel among the Northern and Southern Indians; Embracing a War Excursion, and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Border.* New York: Paine & Burgess, 1846 (8°, 136 pp., 13 pl.).[1] The book is dedicated to Mrs Madison, and contains a letter of acceptance in facsimile.

The "war excursion" alluded to in the title of the book refers to the battle of Bladensburg and the capture of Washington City in 1814, which McKenney introduces evidently for the purpose of discussing the causes that led to the resignation of General Armstrong as Secretary of War. This brought forth a *Review of McKenney's "Narrative of the Causes which, in* 1814, *led to General Armstrong's Resignation of the War Office,"* by Kosciusko Armstrong (New York, 1846), in which the son takes McKenney to task in an attempt to show that the late Secretary had been the victim of a plot; whereupon McKenney, with his usual readiness to enter a controversy when he believed his veracity or judgment to be at stake, issued "A Card" bearing the title, *An Opening Reply to Kosciusko Armstrong's Pamphlet* (sm. 4°, 2 ll.; dated Lyceum House, Brooklyn, N.Y., Dec. 18, 1846), followed by a *Reply to Kosciusko Armstrong's Assault upon Col.*

[1] A second edition was published in the same year, and in 1854 a third edition was issued under the title: *Sketches of Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians.* New York: Daniel Burgess & Co., 1854.



Yours Truly
Sam'l Hall

McKenney's Narrative [etc.] (New York, 1847), which to the reader of to-day is a strong vindication of his attitude in the case, although answered in turn by Armstrong in an *Examination of McKenney's Reply to the "Review"* [etc.] (New York, 1847). These pamphlets shed valuable light on this phase of the War of 1812.

The last published writing by McKenney is "The Winnebago War of 1827," printed, after his death, in the *Report and Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, Volume V., part II., pages 178-204 (Madison, 1868). The paper is based on personal information gained during his Tour to the Lakes.

Two years or more before the appearance of the first volume of the Folio Edition, published at Philadelphia in 1836, by Edward C. Biddle, the services of Judge James Hall, of Cincinnati, had been enlisted.

James Hall, son of John and Sarah (Ewing) Hall, was born at Philadelphia, August 19, 1793; and died near Cincinnati, Ohio, July 5, 1868. His grandfather came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore; and his father, James Hall, in 1782 married Sarah Ewing, daughter of the Reverend John Ewing, provost of the University of Pennsylvania. James Hall the elder resided, after his marriage, first in his native State of Maryland, but about 1790 returned to Philadelphia, where he became secretary of the Land Office and United States marshal for the district of Pennsylvania. They lived in Lamberton, New Jersey, in 1801-1805, and again in Maryland until 1811, when they settled in Philadelphia. The wife (born Philadelphia, October 30, 1761; died there, April 8, 1830) was noted for her literary ability, and as a student of religious subjects. Four sons were born of this union: John Elihu (born December 27, 1783; died June 11,

1829), lawyer and author, editor of *The Port-Folio* in Philadelphia from 1817-1827; Harrison (born November 5, 1785; died March 9, 1866), author, and publisher of *The Port-Folio;* James, the subject of the present sketch; and Thomas Mifflin (born February 27, 1798; lost at sea in 1828), naval surgeon.

James Hall the younger received his early training at home, and, reared in a literary atmosphere, it is not surprising that he acquired a taste for letters, and became "the literary venturer on the untried sea of Western literature." He first devoted himself to law, but in 1812, when nineteen years of age, abandoned it to become a volunteer in a company organized in Philadelphia, under the command of Condy Raguet. He served throughout the war with Great Britain, commanding a detachment of his company at Chippewa; and was present at the battle of Lundy's Lane and at the siege of Fort Erie, receiving official commendation for his services. He then became a lieutenant of artillery, and was stationed at Fort Mifflin, Pennsylvania. In 1815 he accompanied Commodore Stephen Decatur on his expedition to Algiers, serving on the United States brig *Enterprise.* Returning in 1816, he was stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, and afterward at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on duty in the Ordnance Department. At this last station, in September 1817, Hall was tried by court-martial for "unofficer-like conduct, disobedience of orders and neglect of duty, and conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman." He was found guilty on many of the charges, and sentenced to be cashiered; but in consideration of his "fair character in other respects, his brave and meritorious conduct during the late war, and in expectation that his future deportment will merit the lenity now extended to him,"

the punishment was remitted and he was restored to the ranks, but resigned June 30, 1818.[1] Resuming his studies in law, he was admitted to the Bar in 1818, and two years later descended the Ohio and settled at Shawneetown, Illinois, where he began to practise. In 1821 he was made State's Attorney for a judicial circuit embracing about ten counties in south-eastern Illinois, then a frontier territory overrun by desperadoes and fugitives from justice who terrorised the community. Hall's vigorous prosecution of these criminals restored security and respect for the law, and earned for him the election in 1825 as Judge of the same circuit, an office which he held until the legislative session of 1826-1827 repealed the Act creating it. Removing to Vandalia, then the State capital of Illinois, Hall became associated with Robert Blackwell, State printer, in publishing *The Illinois Intelligencer*, of which Hall became the editor. The Legislature of 1830-1831 elected him State Treasurer, and meanwhile he and Blackwell began the publication of *The Illinois Monthly Magazine*, in octavo form, the first periodical of a literary character issued in the State.

But Hall already had entered on his literary career, having contributed to *The Port-Folio*, published by his brother in Philadelphia, as early as 1820, numerous articles descriptive of the West and its people, which were widely copied. These articles were afterward collected, and with additions were issued in London in 1828 as a volume under the title, *Letters from the West; containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the First Settlements of*

[1] See *Trial and Defence of First Lieutenant James Hall, of the Ordnance Department, United States Army. Published by Himself.* Pittsburgh: Eichbaum & Johnson, printers, 1820 (xvi. [17] -98 pp., 8°).

the Western Sections of the United States (8°, iv., 385 pp.).

The first number of *The Illinois Monthly Magazine* appeared for October 1830. Owing to the scarcity of labour and materials at Vandalia and the inaccessibility of that frontier town, the second and last volume (concluding September 1832) was published in part at St Louis, and in part at Cincinnati. In January 1833, Judge Hall revived the periodical at the latter place, conducting it under the name, *The Western Monthly Magazine, a continuation of the Illinois Monthly Magazine*, remaining with it in that city (which he now made his home until his death, July 5, 1868) until June 1836, when the editorship passed to the hands of Joseph Reese Fry.

Before this time, Judge Hall issued at Cincinnati the first annual published in the Western States : *The Western Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for* 1829 (16°, 324 pp., 7 pl.).

In addition, he wrote the following, some of which are drawn largely from his *Letters from the West* and from his monthly periodicals :—

Legends of the West. Philadelphia : Harrison Hall, 1832 ; second edition, 1833 (16°, 4 p.l., 265 pp.). Published also, with additions, by T. L. Magagnos, New York, 1854 (12°, xvii., 435 pp., pl.).

The Soldier's Bride ; and other Tales. Philadelphia : Key & Biddle, 1833 (16°, 9-272 pp.).

The Harpe's Head ; a Legend of Kentucky. Philadelphia : Key & Biddle, 1833 (16°, 10-256 pp.). Published also under the title, *Kentucky : A Tale.* London :

printed for A. K. Newman & Co., 1834 (2 vols., 4-230, 2-242 pp.).

Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the West; Containing . . . Descriptions of the Country and Modes of Life, in the Western States and Territories of North America. Cincinnati: Hubbard & Edmands, 1834 (1 vol., 12°). Another edition with the title: *Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West.* Philadelphia: Harrison Hall, 1835 (2 vols., 16°, viii., 13-282; 4-276 pp.).

Statistics of the West, at the Close of the Year 1836. Cincinnati: J. A. James & Co., 1836 (12°, xviii., 11-284 pp.). Another edition, 1837. See *Notes on the Western States* (1838), below.[1]

Tales of the Border. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall, 1835 (16°, 2 pl., [9] -276 pp.).

A Memoir of the Public Services of William Henry Harrison, of Ohio. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle, 1836 (16°, 323 pp., portrait).

Notes on the Western States; containing descriptive sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall, 1838 (16°, xxiii., 13-304 pp.). (Practically the same as his *Statistics of the West*, 1836, 1837.) See also *The West*, 1848.

"Memoir of Thomas Posey, Major-General and Governor of Indiana." (In *The Library of American Biography*, conducted by Jared Sparks, Vol. XIX. (second series, Vol. IX.). Boston, 1846; pp. 359-403.)

[1] On the authenticity of this work from a Kentuckian's point of view, see Mann Butler's *An Appeal from the Misrepresentations of James Hall, Respecting the History of Kentucky.* . . . Frankfort, 1837.

The West: Its Commerce and Navigation. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co., 1848 (12°, vii., 328 pp.). (Paper-cover title: "The Commerce and Navigation of the West. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co., 1849.") This work is substantially the same as *Statistics of the West* (1836), and *Notes on the Western States* (1838).

The West: Its Soil, Surface, and Productions. Cincinnati: Derby, Bradley & Co., 1848 (12°, 260 pp.).

The Wilderness and the War Path. New York and London: John Wiley, 1849 (2 p.l., 174 pp.). This work probably first appeared in New York in 1845, and in London in 1846.

The Romance of Western History; or, Sketches of History, Life and Manners, in the West. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co., 1857 (12°, iv., 5-420 pp., portrait of author[1]). Republished by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1871.

Legends of the West: Sketches Illustrative of the Habits, Occupations, Privations, Adventures and Sports of the Pioneers of the West. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1874 (8°, 435 pp.).

While in Illinois, Judge Hall married Mary Harrison Posey, daughter of the Revolutionary Major-General, and afterwards Governor of Indiana Territory, whose biography Hall subsequently prepared. Mrs Hall died in 1832. Before the sale of *The Western Monthly Magazine*, Judge Hall became cashier of the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, and after its reorganization in 1843, accepted its

[1] Reproduced in the present work.

presidency, which he retained until his death. In 1839 he married Mrs Mary Louisa Alexander, a daughter of the Revolutionary soldier, Major Richard Clough Anderson. The four children of this marriage are: William A. Hall, James H. Hall, Mrs Thomas H. Wright, and Miss Kate Longworth Hall.[1]

About the time Hall relinquished the editorship of *The Western Monthly Magazine*, *i.e.*, in the winter of 1835-1836, he met George Catlin, the noted Indian painter, in Cincinnati, where he invited the co-operation of the latter in the production of the proposed McKenney and Hall volumes, now seemingly well advanced. In February 1836, Hall, then in Philadelphia, addressed Catlin on the same subject, in a letter so interesting in the present connection that it is given here in full:

"PHILADELPHIA, *February* 12, 1836.

"DEAR SIR,—I left home for this place shortly after I had the pleasure of seeing you, and did not write as I promised, in consequence of my expectation of meeting with you at Pittsburgh. When I got there I was much disappointed at finding that you had just left that place, and I then did not know where to write you, until to-day, when I learned from the papers that

[1] For sources of information, consult Hiram W. Beckwith, "The Illinois and Indiana Indians" (with sketch of Judge James Hall), in *Fergus Historical Series*, No. 23, pp. vi-viii (Chicago, 1884). Thomas Donaldson, "The George Catlin Indian Gallery," in *Smithsonian Report for* 1885 (National Museum), (Washington, 1886). *Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio: A Partial List of the Books in its Library relating to the State of Ohio* (Cincinnati, 1893). Charles T. Greve, *Centennial History of Cincinnati*, vol. i., p. 808 (1904).

you were at Albany. I now write for the purpose of renewing the proposition which I suggested to you at Cincinnati.

"The work which I am engaged in, in connection with Messrs Key & Biddle, of this city, is a general history of the Indian tribes of North America, to be illustrated with portraits. The portraits are those in the Indian Department at Washington, painted by King. The work will be comprised in twenty numbers, each to contain six portraits, and twenty or thirty pages of letterpress, known as McKenney and Hall's *History of the Indian Tribes of North America.* A portion of the latter will be devoted to a general history of the tribes, and the remainder will be biographies of the distinguished men. My materials for this part of the work are very voluminous, and of the most authentic character, having been collected from a great number of the Indian agents and other gentlemen who are personally acquainted with the Indians. Your collection contains many portraits which it would be very desirable to unite with ours, as they are those of Indians of the more remote tribes; and it has occurred to me that if you should feel disposed to unite with us we could reject from our collection the portraits of the least important persons—say half of them—retaining those only of distinguished men, and add the same number from your collection, or even a larger number, if it should be thought expedient; and the work would then be the most complete and splendid of the kind that has ever been attempted.

"We have already gone to great expense in preparing for this work. Many of the portraits are engraved, and are now undergoing the process of coloring. We have had the type and paper made for the express purpose, of

the most expensive kind, and the whole work will be of the most elegant kind.

"Should you think proper to join us, we shall have in our hands a complete monopoly; no other work can compete with that which we could make. We shall begin to print in a few days. As soon as two numbers are complete, an agent may be sent to Europe, where the sale will probably be very extensive.

"Your object, I presume, will be to make money by the exhibition of your gallery, and it will doubtless be a fortune to you. But you could in no way enhance the value of your gallery more than by publishing a part of it in such a work as ours, which would naturally excite the public attention towards it.

"If you feel disposed to join with us, we are willing that you shall become interested in our work, and take such part of the proceeds as shall be considered fair. In this case you would only be asked to contribute the use of such of your portraits as we might agree upon for engraving, say from thirty to fifty, and a few of your landscapes, with such rough notes respecting them as would enable us to write short biographical sketches. My part of the work is to do the writing. Messrs Key & Biddle furnish all the funds, and attend to the labor of publishing, selling, etc.

"In this way we can get up a work from which an immense profit may be realized. Your part of the enterprise will cost you little labor, while the success of the future exhibition of your gallery would be greatly promoted.

"If you think well of this proposal, I would inquire whether it will be in your power to visit Philadelphia? You could then be advised more fully of our plans, and

the terms of an arrangement could be agreed upon. Should I have left here before your visit, Messrs Key & Biddle could make every arrangement as well as if I was here. I shall remain here about ten days. I would go to Albany to see you, as I consider this matter of great interest to us both, but I am now confined to the house by indisposition.

"You will oblige me by an early answer.

"Please to present my regards to Mrs. Catlin.

"Very respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

"JAMES HALL.

"GEORGE CATLIN, Esq."

The offer made to Catlin, as subsequent events show, was not accepted.

As previously mentioned, the actual beginning of a collection of representative Indian portraits, under the auspices of the War Department, was made about the year 1821, during the Secretaryship of John C. Calhoun and the incumbency of McKenney as Superintendent of Indian Trade. These first portraits were doubtless hung in McKenney's office in Georgetown; and after he had assumed charge of the office of Indian Affairs in Washington, there were also displayed at his official quarters what were perhaps the first ethnological collections gathered by an officer of the Government for official exhibition. Among these objects were various relics collected by McKenney on his Tour to the Lakes, including a full Chippewa costume and a British Indian peace medal.

The first portraits of Indian delegates were painted as early as 1821, by Charles Bird King, a man of exemplary character and simple life, who had studied in London for

four years under Benjamin West.[1] Whether or not the first of these were the result of personal enterprise, some of them at least were acquired by the War Department for its Indian Gallery. The actual official beginning of his collection was doubtless made during the Secretaryship of Secretary Calhoun, and it was continued when James Barbour (later Minister to the Court of St James) became Secretary of War, March 7, 1825, as is learned from a letter, dated Barboursville, Va., January 26, 1832, in which Barbour writes:

"During my administration of the War Department, many tribes of the North American Indians sent deputations of their head-men, or chiefs, to Washington, for the purpose of transacting business with the Department over which I presided. Col. McKenney, to whom was assigned the Bureau of Indian Affairs, suggested to me the expediency of preserving the likenesses of some of the most distinguished among this most extraordinary race of people. Believing, as I did, that this race was about to become extinct, and that a faithful resemblance of the most remarkable among them would be full of interest in after times, I cordially approved of the measure. This duty was assigned to Mr. King, of Washington, an artist of acknowledged reputation; he executed it with

[1] King met Thomas Sully in London, where the two young artists lodged together in their poverty. King introduced Sully to Benjamin West (Isham, *History of American Painting*, 1905). The writer has learned that much of King's painting was done under the trees of his garden in the rear of his residence on Twelfth Street, in Washington, about where the Columbia Theatre now stands. Miss Dorsey remembers King as a courtly old gentleman, extremely fond of inviting parties of children to his sylvan studio, where they were regaled with toys and other remembrances. For an instance of his remarkable absent-mindedness, see Donaldson in *Smithsonian Report for* 1885, Part II. (National Museum), p. 795, 1886.

fidelity and success, by producing the most *exact* resemblances, including the costume of each."[1]

From 1824 until 1837, King painted many other Indians from life; and also, in 1826 and 1827, copied numerous portraits made among the Indians by James Otto Lewis. The latter had painted at Detroit, for Governor Lewis Cass, in 1823, the portrait of Tenskwautawaw, the celebrated "Shawnee Prophet" and brother of Tecumseh; and perhaps in the same year, also at Detroit, a portrait of Black Hawk. Lewis was present at the signing of the treaty of Prairie du Chien, Michigan Territory (now Wisconsin), in August 1825, his name appearing as a witness thereto; and he was likewise a witness to the treaty of Fond du Lac, of Lake Superior, concluded by Cass and McKenney, August 5, 1826,

[1] A "Letter from Thomas L. McKenney, Esq., Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to his friend in Baltimore, dated Georgetown, May 15, 1828," sheds some interesting information respecting the origin and cost of the portraits in the Indian Gallery. The letter, published in the *National Intelligencer* of Washington City, reads in part as follows:—

"The price paid to Messrs King and Ford for taking Indian likenesses, with the view of preserving the exterior and appearance of these hapless People, and their costume, etc., is, for each head and about half the body, $20. In full lengths, more, of course, has been given. The average cost of this collection, since 1821, is perhaps $3,000 for *one hundred and sixteen heads*, and the cost for each head, including the full length likenesses, of which latter there are five, is about $33.

"Apart from the great object of preserving in some form, the resemblance of an interesting People, whose original aspect is fast fading away, and will soon be gone; and to whose country we have succeeded, and who are perishing before our presence, and *because of it;* there is another, if of less interest, yet, perhaps of more active influence, and can be seen to be proper by more people, it is presumed, than can comprehend the value to posterity, of being ready with the answer to the question, which it is fair to presume will be asked: '*What sort of a being was the red man of America?*' It is the policy of the thing. Indians are

as previously noted. Lewis was also with Cass and others at the treaty with the Potawatomi, at the mouth of the Mississinewa, in Indiana, October 16 of the latter year, and we find him among the Miami on the 23rd of the same month. Perhaps about the same time he visited Fort Wayne, where the portraits of other noted Indians were painted, and was again with Cass and McKenney at the Butte des Morts treaty, on Fox River, Wisconsin, August 11, 1827. Lewis painted at least eighty-five Indian portraits and scenes, of which about forty-five portraits were copied, principally by King, for the Indian Gallery in the War Department. Of the latter about ten were used as illustrations (some with slight modifications) in McKenney and Hall's work, while thirteen other of Lewis's Indian subjects illustrated in the

like other people in many respects—and are not less sensible than we are, to marks of respect and attention. It is known to you, I presume, that deputations come on to Washington frequently, on business of deep interest to their tribes and to the United States. They see this mark of respect to their people, and respect it. Its effects, as is known to me, are, in this view of the subject, highly valuable. But it may not be for me to justify this branch of national policy. I am quite content, any way. If the Congress, who represent the People, whose servants we are, think it right to do so, this collection can be sold, at any moment, for double its original cost. And with it may go, without any regret of mine, of a personal kind, all the little relics which, in my travels, I have picked up, and at great trouble brought home with me. It is no fancy scheme of mine. It was begun by one [evidently John C. Calhoun] who is more enlightened than I profess to be, and continued by another [James Barbour] who is also highly qualified to judge of the fitness of the thing, and of whom no man, who knows him, can feel else than respect and friendship. I will just add, that our own citizens who visit Washington, and those who visit it from other countries, unite in commending this grouping of our Indians from the four corners of our land, as an affair of great interest, and which posterity will be thankful for."

three volumes are from paintings by other artists. Some of the Lewis pictures were copied for the Indian Gallery by A. Ford in 1826, while other portraits in the Gallery were the work of S. M. Charles (1837), G. Cooke (1837),[1] and Shaw. The date of the latter is not recorded.

As we have already seen, McKenney had in preparation an elaborate work on the Indian tribes, illustrated by means of the paintings in the Indian Gallery, at least as early as 1830. It may therefore seem reasonable to assume that Lewis, anticipating the publication of McKenney's work based more or less directly on his own sketches, endeavoured to forestall it by issuing one of his own. Lewis's *Aboriginal Port-Folio* appeared in 1835, in a series of parts consisting of seventy-two portraits. The lithography is the work of Lehman & Duval, of Philadelphia, and the colour is crudely washed on by hand. If the engravings represent approximately faithful reproductions of Lewis's sketches, the best that can be said of many of the latter is that they could have been little better than caricatures. All the copies of *The Aboriginal Port-Folio* known to the present writer are without title-page or text, the only means of identification being a flimsy paper cover, and an advertisement which prefaced the original parts that formed the

[1] Cooke was born in the vicinity of Washington, and resided for a long time at the capital and in Georgetown. He forsook a profitable mercantile business to study art, and spent several years in Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Returning to America in the early thirties, he established a studio in Broadway, New York, and in 1836 exhibited at King's Gallery in Washington his "Wreck of the Medusa, British Frigate," while in Washington in 1837 he exhibited his paintings for a considerable period in Pennsylvania Avenue, near 4½ Street.

series.[1] The advertisement accompanying the first part is as follows :—

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF *THE ABORIGINAL PORT-FOLIO.*

In presenting the first Number of the following work to the public, the Publisher will, perhaps, be excused for candidly acknowledging the

[1] Yet there is evidence that biographical descriptions accompanied the early numbers at least. Under date of March 4, 1836, Schoolcraft (*Personal Memoirs,* 1851, p. 531) writes :—"Mr J. O. Lewis, of Philadelphia, furnishes me seven numbers of his *Indian Portfolio.* Few artists have had his means of observation of the aboriginal man, in the great panorama of the West, where he has carried his easel. The results are given in this work, with biographical notices of the common events in the lives of the chiefs. Altogether, it is to be regarded as a valuable contribution to this species of knowledge. He has painted the Indian lineaments on the spot, and is entitled to patronage—not as supplying all that is desirable or practicable, perhaps, but as a first and original effort. We should cherish all such efforts."

The lithographed cover bears the title :—"The / Aboriginal Port-Folio. / No. [1 written in.] / [Vignette.] / Philadelphia published [*May* written in] 1835 / by J. O. Lewis. / Lithograph'd by Lehman & Duval No. 8 Bank Alley Philadelphia. / Subscription price $2.00 per Number issued Monthly untill 10 Numbers are complete. / [Copyright notice, 1835.] / Payable on delivery."

The advertisement to the first number is dated Philadelphia, July 20, 1835; that of the second number, June 1835; while the third number (on the cover of which the "3" and the date "July" are engraved instead of written) bears the same date as the first. In the advertisement to Number 2, Lewis announces his intention to issue an eleventh number, in the form of a biographical and historical sketch, to be distributed gratuitously to subscribers; and in the advertisement to Number 3 he announces progress in this direction. In the copies of the *Port-Folio* seen by the present writer, no advertisement accompanies the parts following Number 3, and no text anywhere appears.

Fifteen years later there appeared a *Catalogue of the Indian Gallery, painted by J. O. Lewis.* New York : J. O. Lewis, 1850. (8°, 23 pp.) This proposed new Portfolio, however, does not seem to have been published.

consciousness of his own inability to render that full justice in its execution, which the subject from its own importance requires; but as the present is the *first* attempt of the kind in this country, he sincerely trusts, that the judicious and critical will regard it with a favourable and indulgent eye.

The great and constantly recurring disadvantages to which an artist is necessarily subject, while travelling through a wilderness, far removed from the abodes of civilization, and in "pencilling by the way," with the rude materials he may be enabled to pick up in the course of his progress, will, he hopes, secure for him the approbation, not only of the critic, but of the connoisseur:—And when it is recollected, that the time for holding Indian treaties is generally very limited; that the deep-felt anxiety of the artist to possess a large collection must be no small impediment in the way of his bestowing any considerable share of his time and attention on any one production, together with the rapidity with which he is obliged to labor; he confidently believes as they are issued in their original state, that, whatever imperfections may be discoverable, will be kindly ascribed to the proper and inevitable cause.

He would beg leave, moreover, to state, that he had the honor to be employed by the Indian Department expressly for the purpose. As regards the merits of their general character, and the fidelity of the costume, he can with confidence assure the public, that the resemblances of both are faithfully and accurately given.

Copies from the principal *originals* were painted by Mr. King, of Washington, and are now deposited in the War Office. With this brief introduction, the Subscriber respectfully offers the work to the kind patronage of his fellow citizens and the public.

J. O. LEWIS.

Philadelphia, July 20, 1835.

In order that comparison may be made of the portraits in the Lewis *Port-Folio* and those in McKenney and Hall, the following list is given:—

	Lewis.	McKenney and Hall.
1.	Waa-na-taa.	Wa-na-ta. I. (different painting).
2.	Ma-ko-me-ta.	Mar-ko-me-te. II. (same painting).

Lewis.	McKenney and Hall.
3. Kitch-ee-i-aa-ba (Chippewa).	(= The Good Martin, p. liv, No. 2).
4. Waa-pa-laa.	Wa-pel-la. II. (different).
5. Shing-gaa-ba-w'osin.	Shingaba W'Ossin. I. (different).
6. Cha-co-to (Potawatomi).	.....
7. Tshu-gue-ga (Winnebago).	.....
8. Ma-che-ka-kat (Menomini).	.....
9. Kee-o-kuck (Sauk).	II. (different). See p. liv, No. 17.
10. Shounk-chunk (Winnebago).	.....
11. Billy Shane (Shawnee).	.....
12. Waa-ba-shaw.	Waapashaw. I. (same).
13. Too-sha-na-gan-ka (Winnebago).	.....
14. Men-dow-min (Chippewa).	.....
15. Mo-wan-za (Miami).	.....
16. Nah-shaw-a-gaa (Potawatomi).	.....
17. Prairie du Chien Treaty, 1825.	.....
18. Ker-o-menée (Winnebago).	I. (here called Nawkaw, of the Caromanie family; different portrait).
19. Mi-a-qu-a (Miami).	.....
20. Nabu-naa-kee-shick (Chippewa).	.....
21. Sun-a-get (Potawatomi).	.....
22. Pe-a-jick (Chippewa).	.....
23. Little Crow.	I. (different).
24. Brewett (Miami).	.....
25. Kaa-nun-der-waaguinse-zoo (Chippewa).	.....
26. Caa-taa-ke-mung-ga (Miami).	.....
27. Caw-taa-waa-be-ta.	Katawabeda. II. (based on same painting).
28. O'-check-ka (Winnebago).	.....
29. Winnebago Squaw (wife of No. 28).	.....
30. Na-mas (Chippewa).	.....
31. Na-she-mung-ga (Miami).	.....
32. Weesh-cub.	I. (different).
33. Cut-taa-tas-tia (Fox Chief).	.....
34. Young Miami Chief.	.....
35. Pe-schick-ee.	Pee-che-kir. III. (different).

	Lewis.	McKenney and Hall.
36.	Miami Chief.	.....
37.	Pe-che-co (Potawatomi).	.....
38.	Me-no-quet (Potawatomi).	.....
39.	Francis Godfroy (Miami).	.....
40.	She-she-ba (Winnebago).	.....
41.	Pipe Dance and Tomahawk Dance (Chippewa).	.....
42.	Kee-o-tuck-kee (Potawatomi).	.....
43.	Richardville (Miami).	.....
44.	Chat-o-nis-see (Potawatomi).	.....
45.	Ash-e-taa-na-quet (Chippewa).	.....
46.	The Son (Miami).	.....
47.	Ottawa Chief.	.....
48.	Mauck-coo-maun (Iowa).	.....
49.	View of Butte des Morts. (Shows arrival of Cass and McKenney, 1827.)	.....
50.	Mac-cut-i-mish-e-ca-cu-cac (Black Hawk).	II. (different).
51.	Pach-e-po (Potawatomi).	.....
52.	Waa-kaun-see-kaa (Winnebago).	Wakaun Haka. II. (same, with slight changes).
53.	Pen-now-we-ta (Miami).	.....
54.	Wadt-he-doo-kaana (Winnebago).	.....
55.	Com-no-sa-qua (Potawatomi).	.....
56.	Waa-top-e-not.	III. (different).
57.	Chippewa Squaws.	I. (middle figure only).
58.	Mish-sha-quat (Chippewa).	.....
59.	O-che-na-shink-kee (Winnebago).	.....
60.	Chippewa Squaw and Child.	I. (same).
61.	Ke-wa-din (Chippewa).	.....
62.	O-hya-wa-nim-ce-kee.	III. (same).
63.	Kee-me-one (Chippewa).	.....
64.	Ta-ma-kake-toke.	II. (same). (Chippewa Widow.)
65.	Sioux Chief.	.....
66.	Tens-qua-ta-wa.	I. (different).
67.	O-wan-ich-koh, or Little Elk (Winnebago).	Hoo-wan-ne-ka, or Little Elk. II. (different).

Lewis.	McKenney and Hall.
68. At-te-conse (Chippewa).	.....
69. Wa-kaun.	II. (same).
70. Jack-o-pa.	III. (different).
71. Wa-em-boesh-kaa.	I. (same, reversed).
72. Wa-bin-de-ba, or the White Headed Eagle (Chippewa).	.....

From 1837, in which year King and Cooke, especially the former, had been particularly active in painting portraits of Indian delegates to Washington, little seems to have been done toward increasing the collection in the Indian Gallery. In 1849, the office of Indian Affairs, with its collection of paintings, was transferred from the jurisdiction of the War Department to that of the Department of the Interior, the pictures being placed on view in the Patent Office building.

Meanwhile, the Smithsonian Institution, in pursuance of one of the propositions of the programme for its establishment, had formed a gallery of art, for which purpose "the large room in the west wing" (the present "chapel") of the Smithsonian building was set aside in 1852. In March of that year the gallery contained, in the words of Secretary Joseph Henry, "a very interesting series of portraits, mostly full-size, of one hundred and fifty-two[1] North American Indians, with sketches of the scenery of the country they inhabit, deposited by the artist who painted them, Mr J. M. Stanley. These portraits were all taken from life, and are accurate representations of the peculiar features of prominent individuals of forty-three different tribes, inhabiting the south-western prairies,

[1] There were one hundred and fifty-one portraits and scenes in the Indian country, painted between 1842 and 1852, and a portrait of Stanley by A. B. Moore, painted in 1851.—Editor.

New Mexico, California, and Oregon. The faithfulness of the likenesses has been attested by a number of intelligent persons who have visited the Gallery, and have immediately recognised among the portraits those of the individuals with whom they have been personally acquainted. The author devoted to the work of obtaining these pictures ten years of his life, and perseveringly devoted himself to his task in the face of difficulties and dangers which enthusiasm in the pursuit could alone enable him to encounter. The Institution has published a descriptive catalogue of these portraits,[1] which are of interest to the ethnologist as representatives of the peculiar physiognomy, as well as of many of the customs, of the natives of this continent." [2]

J. M. Stanley was born in Canandaigua, New York, in 1814, and at an early age devoted himself to portraiture, afterwards to historical painting. He moved to Detroit in 1835, and in 1842, attracted by the picturesque features of Indian life in the West, visited the Indian Territory, where he painted a series of Seminole, Cherokee, and Wichita portraits, and in June of the following year attended the celebrated council at Tahlequah, in the Cherokee Nation, which continued for four weeks, and was attended by 10,000 Indians, representing seventeen tribes. His painting of this council is still in possession of the Smithsonian Institution. In the same year, Stanley painted portraits of Creeks, Chickasaw, Potawatomi, Stockbridges, Munsee, Ottawa, Chippewa, Delawares, Wea, Shawnee, Osage, Quapaw, Iowa, and Caddo and

[1] See *Portraits of North American Indians, with Sketches of Scenery, etc., painted by J. M. Stanley, deposited with the Smithsonian Institution.* Washington, December 1852.

[2] *Smithsonian Report for* 1852, p. 27. Washington, 1853.

affiliated tribes; in 1844 he was again among the Cherokee, as well as with the Tawakoni, Kichai, and Comanche. In 1845 he painted "A Buffalo Hunt," which also is in possession of the Smithsonian Institution; and in 1846 visited and painted the Sauk and Foxes, including the famous Keokuk. In the same year, Stanley became draughtsman to the advance guard of the "Army of the West," under Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Emory, which conducted a reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth, Missouri, to San Diego, California, during the Mexican War. On this expedition Stanley painted Pima, Maricopa, and Apache Indians in the present Arizona, as well as numerous scenes *en route*. In the following two years, we find him among the Shasta of northern California, and various tribes of Washington and Oregon, painting portraits and views of the wonderful scenery of the Columbia River region. In 1851 he painted some Blackfoot Indian compositions, and in the following year visited the *Pueblo* of Tesuque, in New Mexico, where he made portraits of five men of that tribe.

The Stanley Collection remained at the Smithsonian Institution continuously, except for temporary removals for exhibition elsewhere, the owner from time to time augmenting it with portraits of individuals belonging to the Indian deputations which visited Washington, until by the beginning of the year 1865 it numbered about two hundred paintings, nearly all of life size.[1] Meanwhile Secretary Henry, appreciating the need of recording information respecting the aborigines ere it became too late, wrote to the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution: "It is the sacred duty which this country owes to the civilised world to collect every-

[1] See *Smithsonian Report for* 1855, p. 26; *ibid.*, 1864, p. 119.

thing relative to the history, the manners and customs, the physical peculiarities, and, in short, all that may tend to illustrate the character and history of the original inhabitants of North America."[1] This appeal was made directly in the interest of the Stanley Collection, but the finances of the Government at the critical period immediately preceding the Civil War were not in condition to warrant its purchase. Two years later (in 1859), Stanley, apparently ever hopeful that the Nation would listen to Henry's appeal, asked the Smithsonian Institution for an allowance of one hundred dollars a year to pay the interest on a debt he had incurred to prevent the sacrifice of his paintings by sale.[2] Such is the pitiful story of his poverty while yet the owner of a collection of paintings then valued at $20,000, but which, did they exist to-day, would be well-nigh priceless.

The Indian Gallery formerly in the War Department had remained in the Department of the Interior from 1849 until 1858, when it was transferred in turn to the Smithsonian Institution, there to be displayed with the Gallery of pictures that had been removed to the eastern end of the great hall in the second storey of the Smithsonian building. "These," wrote Henry, "with the Stanley paintings, now form perhaps the most valuable collection in existence of illustrations of the features, costumes, and habits of the aborigines of this country. This Gallery is an object of special interest to all visitors to the national metropolis, and to none more so than to the deputations of Indians frequently called to Washington to transact business with the Government."[3]

A year or two later, the large room in which the

[1] *Smithsonian Report for* 1857, p. 36, 1858.
[2] *Ibid.*, 1859, p. 113, 1860. [3] *Ibid.*, 1858, p. 41, 1859.

paintings were displayed was "furnished with cases to contain the specimens of Indian costume, implements of war, and other articles to illustrate Indian manners and customs, which the Institution has received as presents from different parties."[1] It is not improbable that the small cabinet of objects which McKenney had installed in his office years before may have formed part of this collection, and in its turn have become the nucleus of the present vast collections illustrating the activities of the American aborigines, now in the United States National Museum.

In 1861, King, who was better endowed than Stanley with worldly goods, presented to the Smithsonian Institution a collection of a hundred large engravings from celebrated pictures. In the following year he died at Washington, and thus never knew the fate that befell the original Indian Gallery, to which he had been the chief contributor. On January 15, 1865, a serious fire destroyed a part of the Smithsonian building as well as the entire collection of paintings, except a few by Stanley which were saved and are now for the greater part in possession of the Smithsonian Institution, and a few by King.[2] At the time of the fire, the Stanley Collection numbered about two hundred canvases, nearly all of which were his personal property; those of the Indian Gallery numbered one hundred and forty-seven, half life-size portraits. After the fire, or probably as early as 1863, Stanley returned to his home in Detroit, where he practised his art until his death, April 15, 1872.[3]

[1] *Smithsonian Report for* 1860, p. 53, 1861.

[2] See *Ibid.*, 1864, p. 119 (1865); Donaldson, in *National Museum Report for* 1885, p. 796 (1886).

[3] Besides the paintings burned in the Smithsonian fire, Stanley painted a hundred and fifty others, chiefly Indian scenes and studies.

It is fortunate that we are able to complete fairly well the record of the paintings, with the exception of those added by Stanley to his collection between 1852 and the time of the fire. In the former year the catalogue of his paintings was published, and in 1858 there appeared a list of those in the Indian Gallery formerly in the War Department. The latter list is of sufficient importance to warrant its incorporation here.[1]

CATALOGUE OF INDIAN PAINTINGS BELONGING TO THE GOVERNMENT COLLECTION[2]

1. **Sting Ioway.**
2. **Shing-yaw-ba-wus-sen,** *The Figured Stone.* [I.]
3. **Mish-sha-quat,** *The Clear Sky.* Chippeway Chief. Painted by C. B. King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 58.]

One of his best-known single paintings is called "The Unveiling of the Conspiracy," portraying the Indian girl informing Gladwin of Pontiac's treachery. Another, "The Trial of Red Jacket," represents that chief in the centre of a group of warriors, on trial for witchcraft. Seven of his works—"Uncas," "Gambling for the Buck," "The Trial of Red Jacket," "Indian Telegraph," "Blackfoot Card-players," "Hunters," and "On the War-path"—have been chromoed; all except the last were produced in Berlin.—Silas Farmer, *History of Detroit and Wayne County,* Detroit and New York, 1890, 3rd ed., pp. 358, 359.

[1] From *An Account of the Smithsonian Institution, its Founder, Building, Operations, etc., prepared from the Reports of Prof. Henry to the Regents, and other Authentic Sources.* By William J. Rhees. Washington: Thomas M'Gill, printer. (Copyright, 1859; pp. 55-58.) Mr Rhees, who had been almost continuously a member of the Smithsonian staff from the year 1852, died at Washington, March 18, 1907. For convenience of comparison, the portraits reproduced in McKenney and Hall are noted by volume in brackets.

[2] "These paintings are arranged on the east and south-east walls of the Picture Gallery."

4. **Pe-a-juk**. A Chippeway. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 22.]
5. ———
6. **Am-eiquon**, *Wooden Ladle.* By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Not in Lewis's *Port-Folio ; cf.* No. 82.]
7. **Mo-nee-kaw**, *He who goes under the ground.*
8. ———
9. **Tu-go-nis-co-te-yeh**, *Black Fox.* Cherokee Chief. King, 1828.
10. **Eesh-tah-hum-leah**, *Sleepy Eye.* Sioux Chief, from the band called Sipsetongs. [I.] [King.]
11. **Moos-e-om-o-nee**, *The Walking Iron.* Wah-pee-ton Sioux. By S. M. Charles, 1837.
12. **La-kee-too-me-ra-sha**, *Little Chief.* Pawnee. King, 1837.
13. **Wah-ro-ne-sah**, *The Surrounder.* Otoe. King, 1837.
14. **Wah-ke-on-taw-kah**, *Big Thunder.* Chief of the Medana Kanton Sioux. King, 1837.
15. **Haw-che-ke-ong-ga**, *He who kills Osages.* Missouri. King, 1837.
16. **O-wan-ick-koh**, *Little Elk.* Winnebago. By A. Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [*Cf.* No. 58 ; Lewis, No. 67 ; McK. and H., II.]
17. ———
18. ——— Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827.
19. **Ga-de-ge-we**, *Spotted.* Second Chief of the Chippeways, 54 years old. King, 1835.
20. **Waa-kann-see-kaa**, *Rattlesnake.* Winnebago. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 52. See Nos. 61 and 127 below = McK. and H., Wakaun Haka, II.]
21. **Naa-gar-nep**, *The one who sits at the head.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis.]
22. **General Push-ma-ta-ha.** Choctaw Chief. (See No. 42.) [I.]
23. **Menawee.** A great Warrior and Creek Chief. This chief commanded the party that killed General McIntosh, and was one of the few that saved themselves from the defeat at the Horseshoe, by swimming the river, after being badly wounded in the head. [= Menawa. II.]
24. **Mistepe.** Yoholo-Mico's Son. A Creek. King, 1825. [II. See p. liii, No. 3.]
25. **Naa-she-o-shuck**, *Roaring Thunder.* Sac of Mississippi. Son of Black Hawk. King, 1837.

26. **Yoosto,** *Spring Frog.* [= Tooan Tuh (Dustu, a Cherokee). II.]
27. **Yoholo-Mico.** Creek Chief. King, 1825. [II.]
28. ——— A Creek Warrior.
29. ——— A Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827.
30. **I-au-beanu.** A Chippeway. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Not in Lewis. Spelled *I-aw-beance* on the Inman eopy.]
31. **Pah-gue-sah-ah.** Son of Tecumseh. Shaw.
32. **Tah-col-a-quot.** A Sac. [III.]
33. **Keokuk,** *Watchful Fox.* Chiocook Sac. (See Nos. 77 and 144.) [II.]
34. **Paw-a-shick,** *To dash the water off.* A Fox Chief. Cooke, 1837. [= Powasheek. II. See p. liv, No. 13.]
35. **Colonel John Stedman or Stidham.** King, 1825.
36. **Wea-matla.** Seminole War Chief. King, 1826. [= Neamathla. II.]
37. **Kee-sheswa,** *The Sun.* Fox Warrior. King. [II.]
38. **Tah-ro-hou,** *Plenty of Meat.* Ioway. King, 1837. [Tarohon. II.]
39. **Ap-pa-noose-o-ke-maw,** *A Chief when a child.* Sac. Cooke, 1837. [II.]
40. **Ca-ta-ne-cas-sa,** *Black Hoof.* Shawnee Chief. [I.]
41. **Pah-she-pah-how,** *Stabber.* First Chief of the Sankys [Sauk]; a Sac. King. [I.]
42. **General Push-ma-ta-haw.** Choctaw Chief. (See No. 22, and p. liii, No. 6. King.) [I.]
43. ———
44. **Kai-pol-e-quah,** *White-nosed Fox.* A Fox Chief. [II.]
45. **Ke-wa-din,** *The North Wind.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 61.]
46. **Wa-cha-mo-ne,** *Partisan.* Ioway. King, 1837. [II.]
47. **Whesh-laub,** *The Sweet.* By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 32; McK. and H., I.]
48. **Tia-mah,** *The bear whose scream makes the rock tremble.* Fox Chief. [II.]
49. **Wau-top-e-not,** *The Eagle's Bill.* Fox. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 56; McK. and H., III.]
50. **Nahetluc-Hopie,** *Little Doctor.* Creek Chief. King, 1825. The red spots on his dress mark the balls that he received when he was surprised in his hut. The three lower balls were lower than marked in the picture. The paint on the face is commemorative of the same event, as the blood ran from his nostrils and mouth. [III.]

51. **Coosa-Tustenugga.** Creek Chief. King, 1825.
52. **Kee-me-one,** *Rain.* A Chippeway. King, 1827. [Lewis, No. 63.]
53. **Opothle-Yoholo.** Principal Chief of the Creek Deputation to Washington in 1825. King, 1825. [II.]
54. **At-te-coure,** *The Young Reindeer.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 68.]
55. **O-tya-wa-nim-ee-hee,** *Yellow Thunder.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 62; = O-hya-wa-mince-kee, McK. and H., III.]
56. **A-na-cam-o-gush-ia.** Chippeway Chief from Rainy Lake. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [= Anacamegishca. I. Not in Lewis.]
57. **Waa-kawn,** *The Snake.* Winnebago. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 69. McK. and H., II.]
58. **Hoo-wau-nee-kaw,** *Little Elk.* Winnebago Orator of the Car-ray-mau-nee family. [II. See No. 16.]
59. **O-chee-na-shink-kaa,** *The man that stands and strikes.* Winnebago. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 59.]
60. **Pa-she-nine,** *The good marksman.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis. McK. and H., III.]
61. **Wa-he-kans-he-kai.** Winnebago. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [See No. 20. Lewis, No. 52.]
62. **Wadtz-he-doo-kaana.** Chief of the Winnebagos. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 54.]
63. **Mi-co-a-na-pas.** Second Chief of Seminoles; owns 70 slaves. King. [= Micanopy. II.]
64. **No-way-ke-sug-ga,** *He who strikes two at once.* Otoe. King, 1837. [III.]
65. **Wai-kee-chai,** *Crouching Eagle.* Sanky [Sauk] Chief; Fox. King. [II. See p. liii, No. 7.]
66. **Caw-taa-waa-bee-ta,** *The Snagled Tooth.* [Lewis, No. 27; McK. and H., II.]
67. **Yaha-Hajo,** *Mad Wolf.* Creek Chief King, 1825.
68. **Folke-tuste-najo,** *Craggy Black Clay.* Seminole War Chief. King, 1826. [II.]
69. **Johr** [*sic*] **Ridge.** Cherokee Chief. Secretary to the Creek Delegation to Washington, 1825. King. [II.]
70. **Selota.** Creek Chief; a distinguished warrior; fought under General Jackson. King, 1825. [= Selocta. II.]
71. **Tuskie-hu-Tustenugge,** *Little Prince.* Creek Chief. King, 1825.

72. **Jack-o-pa,** *The Six.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [III. Lewis, No. 70.]
73. ———
74. **Le-shaw-loo-la-le-hoo,** *Big Chief.* Pawnee Loup. King, 1837.
75. **Nau-kaw,** *Wood.* Of the Cor-ray-mau-nee family. Principal Chief of Winnebago Deputation; 94 years old. [Lewis, No. 18; McK. and H., II.]
76. **Don Vincente Guerrero.** Former President of the Mexican Republic; a distinguished Chieftain.
77. **Keokuk,** *Watchful Fox.* First Chief of the Sankys [Sauk]. King, 1829. [*Cf.* Lewis, No. 9; Nos. 33 and 144 of this list, and p. liv, No. 17. McK. and H., II.]
78. ———
79. **Pee-che-ker,** *Buffalo.* Chief of Chippeways. [Lewis, No. 33; McK. and H., III.]
80. **Apauli-Tustenugge.** Creek Chief. King, 1825. [III.]
81. **Mou-ka-ush-ka,** *Trembling Earth.* Sioux of Missouri; died in Baltimore, October 25, 1837. Cooke, 1837. [I.]
82. **A-misk-quew,** *The Spoon.* Menomina War Chief. King. [III. See p. liv, No. 16.]
83. ——— A Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827.
84. **Oloe,** *Ox.* Mahara [Omaha.]
85. **To-ca-cou,** *He that gives the first wound.* Sioux of Missouri. Cooke, 1837. [I.]
86. **Ha-sa-za,** *Elk's Horn.* Sioux of Missouri. Cooke, 1837.
87. **Ammoi,** *He that comes for something.* Yancton Sioux. King, 1837.
88. **Mah-ne-hah-nah,** *Great Walker.* Ioway Chief. King [1824]. [= Moanahonga. I. See p. liii, No. 5.]
89. **Pes-ke-lecaro.** Chief of the Republican Panis. [II. See p. liv, No. 15.]
90. **Au-pantan-ga,** *Big Elk.* Mohas (Omaha) Chief; a great orator. [= Ongpatonga. I.] (King.)
91. **Man-chousia.** White Plume. Kansas Chief. King. [= Monchonsia. III.]
92. **Terre-ki-tan-ahu.**
93. **Is-ca-ta-pe,** *Wicked Chief.* Great Panis. King.
94. **Chou-cape-otos,** *Half Chief.* King. [= Choucape, Otos half chief. I.]
95. **A-she-au-kou,** *Sunfish.* Sac Chief. King, 1837.

96. **Mar-ko-me-ta,** *Bear's Oil.* [II.]
97. **Rant-che-waime.** [See No. 131. McK. and H., I.]
98. **Red Jacket.** Seneca Chief. King, 1828. (See No. 143.) [I.]
99. **Teus-qua-ta-wa,** *Open Door.* [= Tenskwautawaw. I. *Cf.* Lewis, No. 66. Copy by King.]
100. ——— Cooke.
101. **Ne-o-mou-ne,** *Walking Rain.* Ioway. King, 1837. [II.]
102. **Waa-pua-taa,** *Playing Fox.* Prince of the Foxes. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Not in Lewis.]
103. **Nau-che-wing-ga,** *No Heart.* Ioway. King, 1837. [= Notchimine. II. See p. liv, No. 3.]
104. **Pee-mash-ka,** *Fox winding in his course.* Chief of the Foxes. King. [= Peahmuska. I. See p. liv, No. 12.]
105. **Wah-bawn-see,** *Causer of Paleness.* Principal Chief of the Potawotamies. King, 1835. [II. See p. liii, No. 2.]
106. **Wa-pella,** *The Prince.* Fox. King, 1837. [II.]
107. **Holato-mico,** *Blue King.* Seminole War Chief. King, 1826.
108. **We-ke-roo-tau,** *He who exchanges.*
109. **Cor-ba-map-pa,** *Wet Mouth.* Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis.]
110. **Ma-hong-ga.** Osage. King, 1830. [= Mohongo. I.]
111. **Heho-tustenugge,** *Deer Warrior.* Seminole Partisan War Chief. King, 1826. [= Itcho Tustennugge. III.]
112. **Es-me-boin** [Essneboin]. Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis. See p. lv, No. 7.]
113. **Cut-taa-tase-tia.** Fox. By Ford, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 33. = Catahecassa, McK. and H., I.]
114. **Pa-nan-se,** *Shedding Elk.* Sac. King, 1827.
115. **Catoouse.** Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis. McK. and H., I.]
116. ——— A Sioux Chief. [*Cf.* Lewis, No. 65.]
117. **O-kee-ma-kee-guid,** *The Chief that speaks.* A Chippeway. [King, after Lewis. McK. and H., I.]
118. **Governor Hicks.** Head Chief of the Seminoles. King, 1826.
119. **Waa-na-taa.** Grand Chief of the Sioux. King, 1826. [= Wanata. I.]
120. **Kis-te-kosh,** *One leg off.* Fox Brave. Cooke, 1837. [= Kishkekosh. II.]
121. ——— A Fox Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Not in Lewis.]

122. **Ocan-gee-wack.** Chippeway Chief. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Not in Lewis.]
123. **Kai-kee-kai-maih,** *All fish.* Chief of Sankys [Sauk]. King.
124. **Ochio-Finico** (war name), Charles Connello (English name). Creek Chief. King, 1825. [= Ochefinceco. III.]
125. **She-tah-wah-coe-wah-mene,** *The sparrow that hunts as he walks.* A Sioux. King. [= Little Crow. I.]
126. **Tshi-zhun-kau-kaw,** *He who runs with the deer.* Of the Day-kau-ray family. Winnebago Chief.
127. **Wau-kaun-hah-kaw,** *Snake Skin.* Of the Day-kau-ray family. [Winnebago. = Wakaunhaka. II. See No. 20.]
128. **Artoway, Paddy Carr.** Creek Boy. [II. King.]
129. **No-din,** *Wind.* Chief of Chippeways. King. [= Notin. III.]
130. **Chou-man-i-case.** Otoe Half Chief; husband of Eagle of Delight. King [1821]. [= Shaumonekusse. I. See p. liii., No. 10.]
131. **Rant-che-wai-me, Ma-ha-ka,** *Female Flying Pigeon, Eagle of Delight.* [An error for "Hayne Hudjihini, the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse." (McK. and H., I.) Ranchewaime, or Female Flying Pigeon (see No. 97 and McK. and H., I.), was the wife of Mahaskah the elder. See also p. liv, Nos. 11 and 14.]
132. **Wa-em-boush-haa.** Chippeway from Sandy Lake. [Lewis, No. 71; McK. and H., I.]
133. **Much-a-tai-me-she-ka-kaik,** *Black Hawk.* King, 1837. [II. *Cf.* Lewis, No. 50. See p. liii, No. 8.]
134. **Ioway.**
135. **Major Timpoochy Barnard.** A Creek [Yuchi] Chief. King, 1825. [II. See p. liii, No. 9.]
136. **Mauch-coo-maim.** Ioway. By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [Lewis, No. 48.]
137. **Ki-he-ga-maw-she-she,** *Brave Chief.* Omahaw. King, 1837.
138. **Ledagie.** Creek Chief. King, 1835. [III.]
139. **We-ke-roo-taw.** *He who exchanges.* Otoe. King, 1837.
140. **Kaa-kaa-huxe,** *Little Crow.* By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1826. [*Cf.* Lewis, No. 23. Not the Little Crow in McK. and H., I. *Cf.* No. 125.]
141. ———
142. **Toma-hake-take,** *The Warrior*[1] *who speaks first.* 1826. [*Cf.* Lewis, No. 64.]

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[1] Error for *Woman.*

143. **Red Jacket.** Seneca Chief. (See 98, and p. liii, No. 1.) [I.]
144. **Keokuk,** *Watchful Fox;* and **Mu-se-wont,** son of Keokuk, *Long-haired Fox.* King, 1827. [See Nos. 33 and 77. McK. and H., II.]
145. **Chippeway Squaws.** 1826. [See Lewis, No. 57.]
146. **Chippeway Squaw and Child.** By King, from a drawing by Lewis, 1827. [Lewis, No. 60.]
147. **Tschusick.** King, 1827. [I.]

It is further fortunate that all the examples of King's Indian portraiture are not lost. On his death at Washington, March 19, 1862, where he had lived for forty years, the Redwood Library at Newport, Rhode Island (in which city King was born in 1785), was bequeathed a sum of money, a small but choice library, and many engravings and paintings, among the latter being twenty Indian portraits and one Indian composition.[1] Most of the portraits in this collection are copies of those that were in the Indian Gallery, and justify the assertion that King's pictures "were prized for their truthfulness rather than for delicacy of finish." A list is appended, the volumes of McKenney and Hall, in which nearly all of them appear, being given.

1. Red Jacket. (I.)
2. Wabaunsee. (II.)
3. Mistippee. (II.)
4. Nesouaquoit. (I.)
5. Moanahonga. (I.)
6. Pushmataha. (I.)
7. Wakechai. (II.)
8. Black Hawk. (II.)
9. Timpooche Barnard. (II.)
10. Chonmonicase. (= Shaumonekusse. I.)

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[1] See *Catalogue of Pictures, Statuary, &c., belonging to the Redwood Library, September* 1, 1885. Numbers 20, 25, 44, 80, 165-170, 174-177, 194-196, 201-203, 219.

11. Hayne Hudjihini. (I.)
12. Peamuska. (I.)
13. Powasheek. (II.)
14. Rantchewaime. (I.)
15. Peskelechaco. (II.)
16. Amiskquew. (III.)
17. Keokuk with the standard of his nation. (Apparently a copy of Lewis's No. 9, reversed.)
18. Chenannoquot. Menominee.
19. An Assiniboin Indian, from the most remote tribe that had ever visited Washington previous to 1838.
20. Indian Chief in dress of ceremony.
21. Indian Girl at her toilet.

In addition to King's Indian portraits in the Redwood Library, a few others are known. Nos. 1 and 2 of the following list are in the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and Nos. 3 to 7 are preserved in the United States National Museum at Washington.

1. "Tul-cee Mathla. Seminole War Chief, much distinguished in the late War. Washington, 1826, painted by Charles B. King." [McKenney and Hall, III.]
2. "The Good Martin. Ojibua Chief. C. B. King, 1827." [=No. 98 of the Peabody Museum list.]
3. "Nau-che-ning-ga; or, *No Heart.* Ioway. By C. B. King, 1837." [McKenney and Hall, III. ("Not-chi-mi-ne.") Rhees Catalogue, No. 103.]
4. "Wad-ben-de-ba, *Little Eagle.* Pawnee Squaw. Coppy from Charles King, September 12, 1822."
5. "Loup Pawnee, *Generous Chief.* Pawnee Nation. Coppy from Charles King, September 19, 1822." [=Petalesharro, McK. and H., I.]
6. "Jack-o-pa, *The Six.* Chippeway Chief. Painted by C. B. King, from a drawing by Lewis. Washington, 1827." [See Lewis, No. 70; Rhees *Catalogue,* No. 72; McKenney and Hall, III.]

7. "Es.-sne-boin. Chippeway Chief. Painted by C. B. King, from a drawing by Lewis. Washington, 1827." [No. 112 of the Rhees list.]
8. "Ne-sou-a-quoit. Fox Chief. Painted by King in 1838." Original in possession of George D. Smith, bookseller, New York City, in 1907. (See note 2 under *Nesouaquoit* in this volume, and for another portrait of the same Indian, see page liii, No. 4.)

The source of most of the illustrations utilised by McKenney and Hall is thus recorded with a reasonable degree of completeness. A few others, not in possession of the Government, were used; to these, reference is made in the form of notes in connection with the portraits and biographical sketches.

The negotiations between McKenney and Samuel F. Bradford, the Philadelphia publisher, in 1830, were not consummated. A *Catalogue of One Hundred and Fifteen Indian Portraits, Representing Eighteen Different Tribes, Accompanied by a Few Brief Remarks on the Character, &c. of Most of Them* (8°, 24 pp.), was issued at Philadelphia under date of April 13, 1836—two months after Hall's letter to Catlin.[1]

The first copies of the Indian pictures for the new

[1] The *Catalogue*, two editions of which were published under the same date (one containing descriptions of 101 portraits, the other of 103, *i.e.*, Nos. 1-101, 117, 119), continues: "More detailed biographies will appear in the great work on Indian history, by Col. M'Kenney & James Hall, which work is now in the press of Messrs. Key & Biddle, a specimen No. of which may be seen in the exhibition room at the Masonic Hall, in Chestnut street. Visitors to the Gallery will see on comparing the likeness of this specimen No. with the portraits, with what fidelity the portraits are lithograph'd. The portraits are copies by Inman, from the celebrated collection in the War Department at Washington, most of which were taken from life, by King, of that city." The letter from former Secretary Barbour, above quoted, appears in this *Catalogue*.

work were made probably in 1832, in which year Henry Inman, then thirty-one years of age, removed from New York to Philadelphia, where he married, and opened a studio. In addition to copying the portraits in the Indian Gallery for the illustration of the forthcoming work, in conjunction with Childs he engraved one of the plates (that of Shingaba W'Ossin) appearing in Volume I. Other individual engravers represented in the first volume were Corbould and J. W. Gear.

The copies of the portraits made by Inman from those in the Indian Gallery of the War Department are now in possession of the Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., and by the kindness of Professor F. W. Putnam a list of them has been furnished the writer. These copies were presented to the Museum in November 1882, by the heirs of Edmund P. Tileston and Amor Hollingsworth (see Sixteenth and Seventeenth Reports of the Peabody Museum, Vol. III., 1884, pp. 189, 199), and a few others are still in possession of the heirs. Through the courtesy of Horace E. Ware, Esq., of Boston, who is related to both families, the firm of Tileston & Hollingsworth, paper manufacturers of Boston, was established in 1801, and was succeeded by the sons of the two members in the '30's. There is current in both families what may be regarded as stronger than a tradition that in 1857, to satisfy a debt to the firm, the latter came in possession of the Inman pictures. It will be seen that Rice & Hart issued editions of McKenney and Hall immediately preceding this date, in 1854, 1855, and 1856. Unfortunately many of the Inman pictures are without number, name, or other data. A few of them bear numbers identical with those of the Indian Gallery collection, and some

afford information, especially regarding the artists of the originals, which the Rhees list does not supply; but owing to the shifting of the pictures and the frames the original numbers have become greatly confused.[1] Frequent reference to this list of Inman copies will be made in subsequent notes. In the Catalogue of the Peabody Museum the portraits bear numbers 28. 187 to 28. 292. Nos. 28. 255 to 28. 284 are not labelled as to names of the subjects. An additional portrait, that of Nawkaw the Winnebago, bears number 66. 307. This is the Inman copy from King, and was presented to the Museum in 1906 by Mrs Cornelia Dexter.

The work of the engravers for the McKenney and Hall work began to bear fruit in 1833, in which year Key & Biddle, of Philadelphia, copyrighted the first of the plates. Then came the publication of Lewis's *Aboriginal Port-Folio*, in 1835, a year before Volume I. of the first Folio Edition of McKenney and Hall was issued at Philadelphia by Edward C. Biddle. Other copyrights were procured by Key & Biddle in 1836 (in which year Hall made his unsuccessful attempt to obtain the use of the Catlin Collection), and by Edward C. Biddle in the year following. In 1837 also, Edward C. Biddle reissued Volume I. (or at least some copies bear that date), and in the same year it appeared in London with the imprint of J[ames] M. Campbell, apparently of the firm of Burns & Campbell, who copyrighted the portrait of Pushmataha appearing in this volume.[2] Volume II.

[1] Since this was written, Mr Charles C. Willoughby, of the Peabody Museum, has traced the original Indian Gallery numbers faintly written in pencil on the backs of fifteen of the portraits.

[2] "Under the energetic management of Mr James M. Campbell, the publisher in England, a large edition is sold in that country. As a

first appeared in Philadelphia in 1838, with Frederick W. Greenough (Biddle's successor) as publisher, who reissued Volume I. in the same year. In 1842 the publication passed to Daniel Rice and James G. Clark, who republished Volume I. (without date, and which appeared in London with the imprint of Charles Gilpin, 5 Bishopsgate Without), and Volume II. (1842), and issued Volume III. (1844).[1] Most of the plates in the second volume were copyrighted in 1838 by Greenough; the remainder between the years 1841 and 1844 (although the title-page bears date 1842), by either James G. Clark or J. T. Bowen. All but one of the plates in Volume III. bear the Clark copyright notice (1842-1843); the exception is that of Bowen (1842). At the lithographic establishment of the latter, most of the plates for the whole work were made. A few of the earlier portraits were lithographed by Lehman & Duval, the engravers of the Lewis *Port-Folio*. The entire work was issued in twenty parts.

The Folio Edition having been pronounced, according to the publishers, "by the learned and polished both of Europe and America, to be one of the most valuable and interesting productions of the present age," a new edition

proof of the patronage it receives, it is enough to state, that the entire work, the plates, coloring, and letterpress, are executed anew in London for the British market, and that there is encouragement for an extensive sale on the continent."—*North American Review*, July 1838, p. 148. Some copies of Vol. II. and Vol. III. also bear the Philadelphia and London imprint, without date.

[1] Volume III. is said to have been published also by Frederick W. Greenough, thus forming a set with this publisher's imprint: Vol. I. (1838), pp. 4, 206 (1); Vol. II. (1838), pp. 237 (1); Vol. III. (1844), pp. (2) 196 (2), facsimiles 18, (1). 120 plates and portraits. See Sabin, *Dictionary of Books relating to America;* Rich, *Bibliotheca Americana Nova*, II., 1801-1844 (London, 1846, pp. 306, 307).

in three royal octavo volumes was published at Philadelphia in 1842-1844 (Volumes I. and II. in 1842, Volume III. in 1844), by D. Rice & A. N. Hart, successors to Rice & Clark, and reissued by the same firm in 1848.

The octavo edition was again reissued at Philadelphia by J. T. Bowen in 1848-1850 (Volume I., 1848; Volume II., 1849; Volume III., 1850); by F. Rice in 1854; by D. Rice & A. N. Hart in 1854, 1855, 1856, and 1858; by Rice, Rutter, & Co., in 1865, 1868 (in which latter year it appeared also in London, in two volumes), and 1870, and by D. Rice in 1872-1874 (2 volumes roy. 8vo and 1 volume of 120 plates folio).

On the title-pages of some of the octavo editions (as 1848, 1850, 1856, and 1865), McKenney's name alone appears as author; and he likewise refers to himself as "author of *The History of the Indian Tribes of North America*," on the title-page of his *Memoirs*, published in 1846.

McKenney appears also as the sole author of a four-volume edition, without date or copyright notice, but which, from its allusion to the recent Smithsonian fire, must have been published not long after January 1865. This edition consists of two imperial volumes of text (450 and 541 pp.), and two folio volumes containing eighty plates only. Volume II. of the text contains a single plate—the portrait of Billy Bowlegs, a Seminole Chief. The title-page of the volumes of text reads:—

History / of the / Indian Tribes / of / North America, / with biographical sketches and anecdotes / of the / principal chiefs. / Embellished with / Eighty Portraits from the Indian Gallery / in the War Department, Washington. /

By Thomas L. McKenney, / late of the Indian Department, Washington. / Two vols. plates.—Two vols. text. / Vol. I. [-Vol. II.]—Text.

Philadelphia: / Published by D. Rice & Co., / 508 Minor Street.

The folio volumes of plates of this edition bear the same title, somewhat rearranged, and with the exception of a change in the eighth line, which reads: "Embellished with 80 Authentic Colored Portraits / Copied from the Indian Gallery, / Recently Destroyed by Fire, / in the / Smithsonian Institute at Washington." And, below: "Two Folio Volumes of Illustrations, and two Imperial Volumes / of Biographies and General History. / Volume I. [-Volume II.]—Plates."

It is not the intention to present a complete bibliography of McKenney and Hall's *History of the Indian Tribes*, which would involve treatment of the variation in the number and placement of the plates in the several editions. The number of the plates ranges from fifty (in an undated two-volume Philadelphia edition not mentioned above) to one hundred and twenty. In successive editions the frontispieces especially are changed, either by the substitution of entirely new plates, or by the transfer of illustrations from the body of the work. All the illustrations in the various editions are included in the present publication with the exception of one, bearing the title "Prairie on Fire (the Escape)," which appears in Volume III. of the octavo edition of 1848, as a substitute for the much more valuable "Encampment of Piekann Indians" appearing in the same volume of the Folio Edition, and reproduced in Volume III. of the present work. The "Prairie on

Fire" is worthless as an illustration, and is therefore omitted.

The value of the great work of McKenney and Hall lies chiefly in the fact that it records the features of numerous Indians prominent in the history of the American Commonwealth, faithfully reproduced from portraits painted from life, by far the most of which were subsequently destroyed; and also in the fact that the data for many of the biographical notices were obtained during the lifetime of the individuals, and are now the only source of information respecting them. As has been seen, the portraits for the greater part were painted either in the native wilds during the trying times of the civilisation of the West, or at Washington, while the subjects were representing their respective tribes before the Government. Considering the remarkable changes that have taken place in the Indians in recent years, the value of a series of coloured portraits showing their native costumes, facial painting, hairdressing. ornaments, etc., cannot be overestimated. Had it not been for our authors' assurance of success in so vast an undertaking, comparatively little would now be extant to illustrate the appearance of the Indians as they were three-quarters of a century ago, when they were in a condition that has passed forever.

So much cannot be said of the "Essay on the History of the North American Indians," prepared by James Hall, and forming a prominent part of Volume III. Considerable material of historical value is incorporated in this essay, but as the author was not an ethnologist, and as, indeed, ethnology as a science had scarcely reached its beginning at that time, his statements regarding the customs and beliefs of the Indians must usually be taken

with allowance. The essay, like the biographical sketches, is nevertheless reproduced verbatim except when otherwise noted, and when necessary, to prevent the reader from drawing erroneous conclusions, or for the purpose of affording additional information, explanatory notes are given.

F. W. HODGE.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA

WAR DANCE

DANCING is among the most prominent of the aboriginal ceremonies. There is no tribe in which it is not practised. The Indians have their War Dance and their Peace Dance, their Dance of Mourning for the Dead, their Begging Dance, their Pipe Dance, their Green Corn Dance, and their *Wabana*.[1] Each of these is distinguished by some peculiarity appropriate to the occasion, though to a stranger they appear much alike, except the last. In the war dance the actors are distinguished by a more free use of red and black paint, except in mimic representations in time of peace, when the colours are not so closely adhered to; in the peace dance by a display of white and green; in that for the dead by black; and generally in the other dances, except the *Wabana*, black prevails, mingled with other colours.

The paint, in all the dances, is put on according to the fancy of each individual. A line is sometimes drawn dividing the body, from the forehead, and from the back of the head downwards, on either side of which different figures are drawn, representing beasts, birds, fish, snakes, etc. Frequently the hand is smeared with paint and pressed on either cheek, the breast, and the sides. It rarely happens that two of a group are painted alike.

The music consists of a monotonous thumping with sticks upon a rude drum, accompanied by the voices of

the dancers, and mingled with the rattling of gourds containing pebbles, and the jingling of small bells and pieces of tin, worn as ornaments.

The *Wabana* is an offering to the devil, and, like some others, the Green Corn Dance for example, winds up with a feast.

The picture which we have selected as a frontispiece for the first number of our series, is an accurate representation of one of the War Dances of the Winnebagoes,* drawn by Rhinedesbacher,[2] a young Swiss artist, who resided for some years on the frontier, and attained a happy facility in sketching both the Indians and the wild animals of that region. This drawing is considered as one of his best efforts, and is valuable not so much as a specimen of art, in which respect it is in some particulars defective, as on account of the correct impression which it conveys of the scene intended to be represented. It was drawn on the spot as the scene was actually exhibited. The actors are persons of some note, and the faces are faithful likenesses.

The War Dances are pantomimic representations of the incidents of border warfare, and, although by no means attractive in themselves, become highly picturesque when contemplated in connection with their significant meaning. The persons engaged are warriors, the leaders of the tribe, and the great men of the day; and the allusions are to the heroic deeds or subtle stratagems of themselves, or their ancestors, or to some danger that threatens, or some act of violence about to be perpetrated.

The dances of the Indians are not designed to be graceful amusements, nor healthful exercises, and bear no

* The person from whom we received the painting of the War Dance stated it to be a representation of a war dance of the Sauks and Foxes. This was an error, which we now correct.

resemblance to the elegant and joyous scenes of the ball-room. The music, the lights, the women, and above all the charms thrown about the hilarious exhibition by the courtesy and gallantry of the parties—all these are wanting in the War Dance, in which the warriors only engage. It is a ceremony, not a recreation, and is conducted with the seriousness belonging to an important public duty. The music is a monotonous beating upon a rude drum, without melody or tune; the movements exhibit neither grace nor agility, and the dancers pass round in a circle with their bodies uncouthly bent forward, as they appear in the print, uttering low, dismal, syllabic sounds, which they repeat with but little perceptible variation throughout the exhibition. The songs are, in fact, short, disjointed sentences, which allude to some victory, or appeal to the passion of revenge, and the object of which is to keep alive the recollection of injury, and excite the hatred of the tribe against their enemies. From the monotony of most of these dances there are, of course, exceptions. Sometimes the excitement of a recent event gives unwonted life and spirit to the ceremony; and occasionally an individual, throwing talent and originality into the representation, dramatises a scene with wonderful force and truth. Keokuk,[3] the chief of the Saukies, is considered a great dancer, because he brings his fine oratorical talents to bear on such occasions, and counterfeits, with singular energy and fidelity, the different passions to which he refers in his recitative, while Shaumonekussee,[4] the celebrated Oto chief, threw a rich fund of humour into these displays, and enacted many practical jokes, to the infinite delight of the spectators. Sometimes the dance is suspended as it were, for a few moments, and a prominent actor in it addresses his companions in a short speech, when the dance is renewed with increased activity. But

it seems to be chiefly by their expressive countenances, and significant gestures, that they convey ideas on these occasions, and produce an interest in the savage assemblage of spectators, who, like most other human beings, are ready to applaud whatever is done by their chiefs and leading men.

NOTES

1. From the Chippewa *wâban*, "it is twilight" (in the morning); plural, *waiabang*. *Biwâban*, "daylight is approaching." Baraga, *Dictionary of the Otchipwe Language*, Montreal, 1878, p. 390. For an account of the dance, see McKenney, *Tour to the Lakes*, 1827, pp. 206, 322.

2. His name correctly appears as "Rindisbacher" on the engraving, which appears as the frontispiece in the folio edition only. The original oil-painting is owned by Mr Fred. B. M'Guire, director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., who received it from the estate of his father, James C. M'Guire, a noted collector of pictures, who bequeathed to the Corcoran Gallery, among others, a fine portrait of Colonel McKenney, by Charles Loring Elliott. It may be added that in the same gallery are two specimens of Charles B. King's work—portraits of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, both painted in 1822, and a painting by J. M. Stanley, "The Disputed Shot." This Rindisbacher may have been related to one Peter Rindesbacher (note the slight difference in the orthography), a prominent member of Lord Selkirk's Red River colony, and one of its seniors in age. See Gen. A. L. Chetlain's "The Red River Colony," in *Harper's Magazine* for December 1878, pp. 48-49, with portrait. A lithograph of the same War Dance picture appears as a frontispiece to Volume II. of Charles Augustus Murray's *Travels in North America during* 1834, 1835, *and* 1836, London, 1839. The same artist painted the "Buffalo Hunt," which forms the frontispiece of Volume II. of the present work.

3. See Volume II.

4. See page 156 of this volume.

RED JACKET

(A SENECA WAR CHIEF)

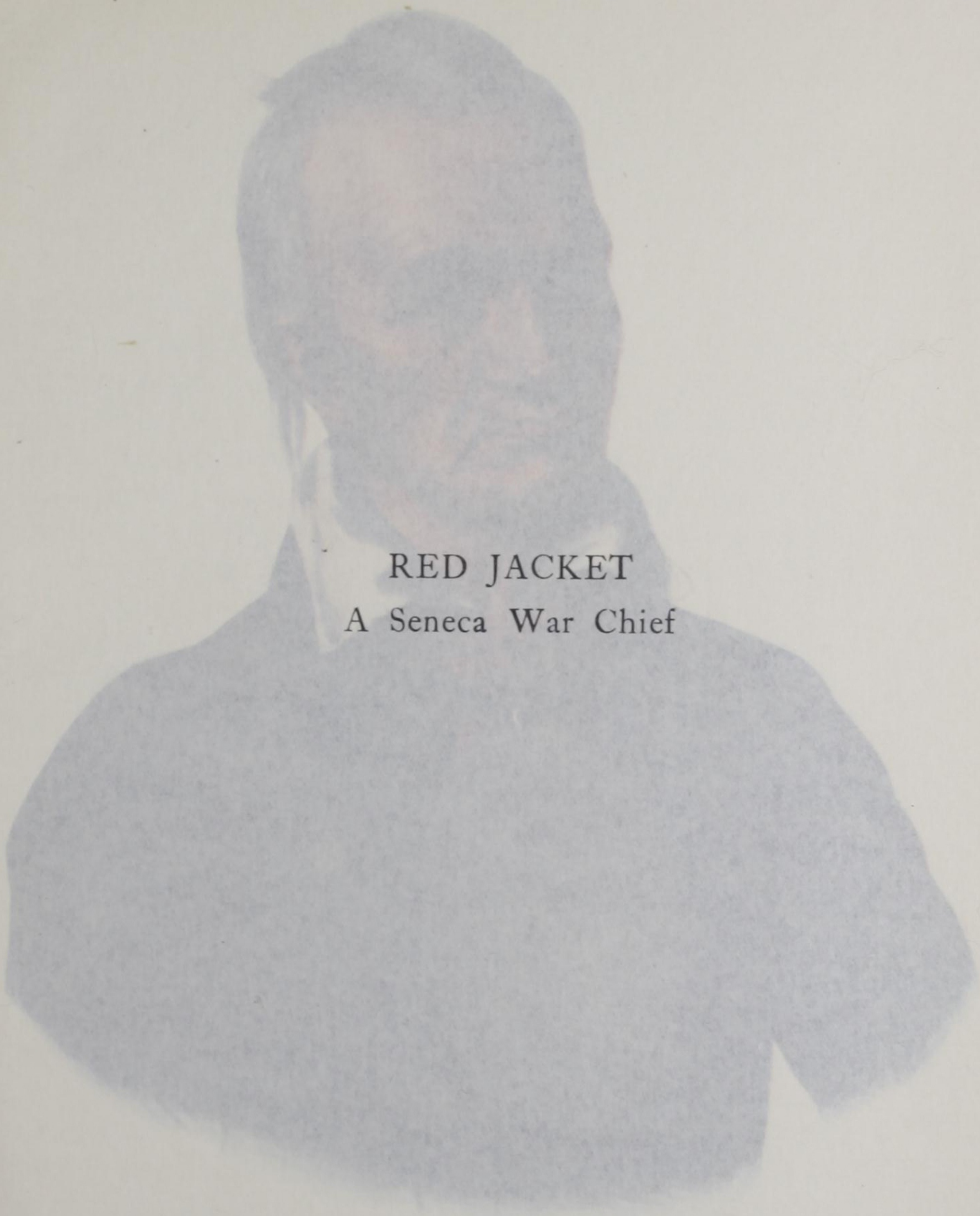
The Seneca tribe was the most important of the celebrated confederacy, known in the early history of the American colonies as the Iroquois, or Five Nations.[1] They were a powerful and warlike people, and acquired a great ascendancy over the surrounding tribes, as well by their prowess as by the systematic skill with which their affairs seem to have been conducted. Their hunting grounds, and principal residence, were in the fertile lands, now embraced in the western limits of the State of New York—a country whose prolific soil and majestic forests, whose limpid streams and chains of picturesque lakes, and whose vicinity to the shores of Erie and Ontario, must have rendered it in its savage state the paradise of the native hunter. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, by the greatest luxuriance of Nature, and by the most pleasing, as well as the most sublime scenery, and inheriting proud recollections of power and conquest, these tribes were among the foremost in resisting the intrusion of the whites, and the most tardy to surrender their independence. Instead of receding before the European race, as its rapidly accumulating population pressed upon their borders, they tenaciously maintained their ground, and when forced to

make cessions of territory to the whites, reserved large tracts for their own use, which they continued to occupy. The swelling tide has passed over and settled around them; and a little remnant of that once proud and fierce people, remains broken and dispirited, in the heart of a civilised country, mourning over the ruins of savage grandeur, yet spurning the richer blessings enjoyed by the civilised man and the Christian. A few have embraced our religion, and learned our arts; but the greater part have dwindled away under the blasting effects of idleness, intemperance, and superstition.[2]

Red Jacket was the *last of the Senecas:* there are many left who may boast the aboriginal name and lineage, but with him expired all that had remained of the spirit of the tribe. In the following notice of that eminent man we pursue, chiefly, the narrative furnished us by a distinguished gentleman, whose information on this subject is as authentic as his ability to do it justice is unquestionable.

That is a truly affecting and highly poetical conception of an American poetess, which traces the memorials of the aborigines of America, in the beautiful nomenclature, which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is inscribed, in the lucid language of Nature, on our majestic rivers.

"Ye say that all have passed away,
The noble race and brave—
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.



RED JACKET

A Seneca War Chief



"Ye say their cone-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your ever rolling rivers speak,
Their dialect of yore."

These associations are well fitted to excite sentiments of deeper emotion than poetic tenderness, and of more painful and practical effect. They stand, the landmarks of our broken vows and unatoned oppression; and they not only stare us in the face from every hill and every stream, that bears those expressive names, but they hold up before all nations, and before God, the memorials of our injustice.

There is, or was, an Indian artist, self-taught, who, in a rude but most graphic drawing, exhibited upon canvas the events of a treaty between the white men and an Indian tribe. The scene was laid at the moment of settling the terms of a compact, after the proposals of our Government had been weighed, and well-nigh rejected by the Indians. The two prominent figures in the front ground were an Indian chief, attired in his peculiar costume, standing in a hestitating posture, with a hand half extended towards a scroll hanging partly unrolled from the hand of the other figure. The latter was an American officer in full dress, offering with one hand the unsigned treaty to the reluctant savage, while with the other he presents a musket and bayonet to his breast. This picture was exhibited some years ago near Lewiston, New York, as the production of a man of the Tuscarora tribe, named *Cusick*.[3] It was an affecting appeal from the Indian to the white man; for although,

in point of fact, the Indians have never been compelled, by direct force, to part with their lands, yet we have triumphed over them by our superior power and intelligence, and there is a moral truth in the picture, which represents the savage as yielding from fear, that which his judgment, and his attachments, would have withheld.[4]

We do not design to intimate that our colonial and national transactions with the Indians have been uniformly, or even habitually unjust. On the contrary, the treaties of Penn, and of Washington, and some of those of the Puritans, to name no others, are honourable to those who presided at their structure and execution; and teach us how important it is to be just and magnanimous in public, as well as in personal acts. Nor do we at all believe that migrating tribes, small in number, and of very unsettled habits of life, have any right to appropriate to themselves as hunting grounds and battlefields, those large domains which God designed to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and which under the culture of civilised man are adapted to sustain millions of human beings, and to be made subservient to the noblest purposes of human thought and industry. Nor can we in justice charge, exclusively, upon the white population, the corrupting influence of their intercourse with the Indian tribes. There is to be presupposed no little vice and bad propensity on the part of the savages, evinced in the facility with which they became the willing captives, and ultimate victims of that "knowledge of evil," which our people have imparted to them. The treachery also of the Indian tribes, on our defenceless frontiers, their untamable ferocity, their brutal mode of warfare, and their systematic indulgence of the principle of revenge, have too often assumed the most terrific forms of wickedness and destruction towards our confiding emigrants. It is difficult to decide between

parties thus placed in positions of antagonism, involving a long series of mutual aggressions, inexcusable on either side, upon any exact principle of rectitude, yet palliated on both by counterbalancing provocation. So far as our Government has been concerned, the system of intercourse with the Indians has been founded in benevolence, and marked by a forbearing temper; but that policy has been thwarted by individual avarice, and perverted by unfaithful or injudicious administration. After all, however, the burthen of guilt must be conceded to lie upon the party having all the advantages of power, civilisation, and Christianity, whose position placed them in paternal relation towards these scattered children of the forest. All the controlling interests of the tribes tended to instil in them sentiments of fear, of dependence, of peace, and even of friendship, towards their more powerful neighbours; and it has chiefly been when we have chafed them to madness by incessant and unnecessary encroachment, and by unjust treaties, or when they have been seduced from their fidelity by the enemies of our country, that they have been so unwise as to provoke our resentment by open hostility. These wars have uniformly terminated in new demands on our part, in ever-growing accessions from their continually diminishing soil, until the small *reservations*, which they have been permitted to retain in the bosom of our territory, are scarcely large enough to support the living, or hide the dead, of these miserable remnants of once powerful tribes.[5]

It is not our purpose, however, to argue the grave questions growing out of our relations with this interesting race; but only to make that brief reference to them, which seems unavoidably connected with the biographical sketch we are about to give, of a chief who was uniformly, through life, the able advocate of the rights of his tribe,

and the fearless opposer of all encroachment—one who was not awed by the white man's power, nor seduced by his professions of friendship.

From the best information we can obtain, it appears probable that this celebrated chief was born about A.D. 1756, at the place formerly called "Old Castle," now embraced in the town of Seneca, Ontario County, in the State of New York, and three miles west of the present beautiful village of Geneva. His Indian name was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Keeper awake*, which, with the usual appropriateness of the native nomenclature, indicates the vigilance of his character.[6] He acquired the more familiar name, which he bore through life among white men, in the following manner. During the war of the revolution, the Seneca tribe fought under the British standard. Though he had scarcely reached the years of manhood, he engaged in the war, was much distinguished by his activity and intelligence, and attracted the attention of the British officers. One of them presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. As lately as the treaty of 1794, Captain Parish,[7] to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these details, presented him with another red jacket, to perpetuate a name to which he was so much attached.

When but seventeen years old, the abilities of Red Jacket, especially his activity in the chase, and his remarkably tenacious memory, attracted the esteem and admiration of his tribe; and he was frequently employed during the war of the revolution, as a *runner* to carry despatches. In that contest he took little or no part as a

warrior; and it would appear that like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, Demosthenes and Cicero, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war than to lead them to victory. The warlike chief, Cornplanter,[8] boldly charged him with want of courage, and his conduct on one occasion at least seems to have fully justified the charge. During the expedition of the American General Sullivan against the Indians in 1779,[9] a stand was attempted to be made against him by Cornplanter, on the beach of the Canandaigua Lake. On the approach of the American army, a small number of the Indians, among whom was Red Jacket, began to retreat. Cornplanter exerted himself to rally them. He threw himself before Red Jacket, and endeavoured to prevail on him to fight, in vain; when the indignant chief, turning to the young wife of the recreant warrior, exclaimed, "Leave that man, he is a coward."

There is no small evidence of the transcendent abilities of this distinguished individual, to be found in the fact of his rising into the highest rank among his people, though believed by them to be destitute of the virtue which they hold in the greatest estimation. The savage admires those qualities which are peculiar to his mode of life, and are most practically useful in the vicissitudes to which it is incident. Courage, strength, swiftness, and cunning are indispensably necessary in the constantly recurring scenes of the battle and the chase; while the most patient fortitude is required in the endurance of the pain, hunger, and exposure to all extremes of climate, to which the Indian is continually subjected. Ignorant and uncultivated, they have few intellectual wants or endowments, and place but little value upon any display of genius, which is not combined with the art of the warrior. To this rule, eloquence forms an exception. Where there is any

government, however rude, there must be occasional assemblies of the people; where war and peace are made, the chiefs of the contending parties will meet in council; and on such occasions the sagacious councillor, and able orator, will rise above him whose powers are merely physical. But under any circumstances, courage is so essential, in a barbarous community, where battle and violence are continually occurring, where the right of the strongest is the paramount law, and where life itself must be supported by its exposure in procuring the means of subsistence, that we can scarcely imagine how a coward can be respected among savages, or how an individual without courage can rise to superior sway among such fierce spirits.

But though not distinguished as a warrior, it seems that Red Jacket was not destitute of bravery; for on a subsequent occasion, the stain affixed upon his character, on the occasion alluded to, was wiped away by his good conduct in the field. The true causes, however, of his great influence in his tribe, were his transcendent talents, and the circumstances under which he lived. In times of public calamity the abilities of great men are appreciated, and called into action. Red Jacket came upon the theatre of active life, when the power of his tribe had declined, and its extinction was threatened. The white man was advancing upon them with gigantic strides. The red warrior had appealed, ineffectually, to arms; his cunning had been foiled and his strength overpowered; his foes, superior in prowess, were countless in number; and he had thrown down the tomahawk in despair. It was then that Red Jacket stood forward as a patriot, defending his nation with fearless eloquence, and denouncing its enemies in strains of fierce invective, or bitter sarcasm. He became their counsellor, their negotiator, and their orator.

Whatever may have been his conduct in the field, he now evinced a moral courage, as cool and sagacious as it was undaunted, and which showed a mind of too high an order to be influenced by the base sentiment of fear. The relations of the Senecas with the American people, introduced questions of a new and highly interesting character, having reference to the purchase of their lands, and the introduction of Christianity and the arts. The Indians were asked not only to sell their country, but to embrace a new religion, to change their occupations and domestic habits, and to adopt a novel system of thought and action. Strange as these propositions must have seemed in themselves, they were rendered the more unpalatable when dictated by the stronger party, and accompanied by occasional acts of oppression.

It was at this crisis that Red Jacket stood forward, the intrepid defender of his country, its customs, and its religion, and the unwavering opponent of all innovation. He yielded nothing to persuasion, to bribery, or to menace, and never, to his last hour, remitted his exertions, in what he considered the noblest purpose of his life.

An intelligent gentleman, who knew this chief intimately, in peace and war, for more than thirty years, speaks of him in the following terms: "Red Jacket was a *perfect Indian* in every respect—in costume,* in his

* Note by McKenney and Hall.—The portrait represents him in a blue coat. He wore this coat when he sat to King of Washington. He rarely dressed himself otherwise than in the costume of his tribe. He made an exception on this occasion.

Note by the Editor.—The accompanying portrait was painted by Charles Bird King in 1828, and a copy, by the same artist, is in possession of the Redwood Library of Newport, Rhode Island, while the Inman (?) copy is in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University (original numbers, 5 and 96; museum number, 28. 187). The copy is not accredited to Inman, but it is fair to assume that it was made by

contempt of the dress of the white men, in his hatred and opposition to the missionaries, and in his attachment to,

him. See further on. Another portrait of Red Jacket (19 × 29), painted from life by Robert Walter Weir at New York City in the same year, is in the collection of the New York Historical Society, having been presented in 1893 by Mr Winthrop Chanler. Another Weir portrait of Red Jacket, or rather a copy of the last, bearing date 1828, is in possession of the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn, New York, having been presented to it by Mr John E. Schumaker in 1864. George Catlin painted a full-length, life-size portrait of him at Table Rock, Niagara Falls, in 1829, and forms No. 263 of his *Descriptive Catalogue* (London, 1840), and plate 205 (pages 104-106) of Volume II. of his *Notes of Eight Years' Travels* (10th ed., London, 1866). Still another portrait of this famous Indian (22 × 30), by an unknown painter (Henry Inman ?), was presented to the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1855. The following interesting note regarding the portraits of Red Jacket is extracted from *The Life and Times of Red Jacket, or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, by William L. Stone (New York and London, 1841), pages 374-376 :—

"There are no portraits of Red Jacket extant, taken in early life, or even when in the prime of his manhood, although many efforts were made by the artists of New York and Philadelphia, and also by other gentlemen, during his visits to those cities, to induce him to sit. His reply to all importunities upon the subject, for many years, was, that when Red Jacket died, all that appertained to him should die with him. He wished nothing to remain. But this purpose was changed in the autumn of 1820, through the interposition of the blacksmith of the tribe, and he was induced to sit to Mr Mathies, a self-taught artist, residing at Rochester. Indeed, his reluctance was readily overcome by an appeal to his vanity—Mr Mathies having assured him that his only motive was to obtain a likeness to be placed by the side of the portraits of other great men of the United States. He sat three times to Mathies, and the picture is said to be very good. The Rubicon having been passed, there was less difficulty in prevailing upon him to favour other artists; among them was the distinguished delineator of Indians, Mr George Catlin, who painted him twice. Henry Inman also made a sketch of him—a head only—which is thought very spirited. But the picture by Mr Robert W. Weir, taken in 1828, at the request of Doctor John W. Francis, of New York, is of far the highest order of merit, and has become the standard likeness of 'the last of the Seneca orators.' An acquaintance of several years, and the reception of some trifling presents

and veneration for, the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He had a contempt for the English language,

from Doctor Francis, had enabled the latter to induce a promise from the old chief to sit, on his next visit to New York. This happened in the year last mentioned; when, with his interpreter, Jemison, he very promptly repaired to the painting-room of Mr Weir. 'For this purpose he dressed himself in the costume which he deemed most appropriate to his character, decorated with his brilliant overcovering and belt, his tomahawk, and Washington medal. For the whole period of nearly two hours, on four or five successive days, he was as punctual to the arrangements of the artist as any individual could be. He chose a large arm-chair for his convenience, while his interpreter, as well as himself, was occupied, for the most part, in surveying the different objects which decorated the artist's room. He had a party of several Senecas with him, who, adopting the horizontal position, in different parts of the room, regaled themselves with the fumes of tobacco to their utmost gratification. Red Jacket occasionally united in this relaxation; but was so deeply absorbed in attention to the work of the painter as to think, perhaps, of no other subject. At times he manifested extreme pleasure, as the outlines of the picture were filled up. The drawing of his costume, which he seemed to prize, as peculiarly appropriate, and the distant view of the Falls of Niagara—scenery at no great distance from his residence at the reservation—forced him into an indistinct utterance of his satisfaction. When his medal appeared complete in the picture, he addressed his interpreter, accompanied by striking gestures; and when his noble front was finished, he sprang upon his feet with great alacrity, and seizing the artist by the hand, exclaimed, with great energy, "Good! good!" The painting being finished, he parted with Mr Weir with a satisfaction apparently equal to that which he doubtless, on some occasions, had felt on effecting an Indian treaty. Red Jacket must have been beyond his seventieth year when the painting was made. He exhibited in his countenance somewhat of the traces of time and trial on his constitution. Nevertheless, he was of a tall and erect form, and walked with a firm gait. His characteristics are preserved by the artist to admiration; and his majestic form exhibits an attitude surpassing every other that I have ever seen of the human skull. As a specimen for the craniologist, Red Jacket need not yield his pretensions to those of the most asute philosopher. He will live long by the painting of Weir, the poetry of Halleck, and the fame of his own deeds.'"

and disdained to use any other than his own. He was the finest specimen of the Indian character I ever knew, and sustained it with more dignity than any other chief. He was the second in authority in his tribe. As an orator he was unequalled by any Indian I ever saw. His language was beautiful and figurative, as the Indian language[10] always is, and delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. His gesticulation was easy, graceful, and natural. His voice was distinct and clear, and he always spoke with great animation. His memory was very strong. I have acted as interpreter to most of his speeches, to which no translation could do adequate justice."

Another gentleman, who had much official and personal intercourse with the Seneca orator, writes thus: "You have no doubt been well informed as to the strenuous opposition of Red Jacket, to all improvement in the arts of civilised life, and more especially to all innovations upon the religion of the Indians—or as they generally term it, the religion of their fathers. His speeches upon this and other points, which have been published, were obtained through the medium of illiterate interpreters, and present us with nothing more than ragged and disjointed sketches of the originals. In a private conversation between Red Jacket, Colonel Chapin[11] and myself, in 1824, I asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his people. The question seemed to awaken in the sage old chief feelings of surprise, and after a moment's reflection he replied, with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself, 'Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians; if they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them

at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labour of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book; they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country, to be cheated out of, these black coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish us for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light, that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves, and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary. The black coats tell us to work and raise corn; they do nothing themselves and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will, why do they beg from us, and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white man; as soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to teach us how to quarrel about their religion. Red Jacket can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilised; they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work, and to read, as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no better than negroes. We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy, if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers.'"

It is much to be regretted that a more detailed account

of this great man cannot be given. The nature of his life and attachments, threw his history out of the view, and beyond the reach of white men. It was part of his national policy to have as little intercourse as possible with civilised persons, and he met our country only amid the intrigues and excitement of treaties, or in the degradation of that vice of civilised society, which makes white men savages, and savages brutes. Enough, however, has been preserved to show that he was an extraordinary man.

Perhaps the most remarkable attribute of his character was commanding eloquence. A notable illustration of the power of his eloquence was given at a council, held at Buffalo Creek, in New York. Cornplanter, who was at that period chief of the Senecas, was mainly instrumental in making the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784.[12] His agency in this affair, operated unfavourably upon his character, and weakened his influence with his tribe. Perceiving that Red Jacket was availing himself of his loss of popularity, he resolved on counteracting him. To do this effectually, he ordained one of his brothers a prophet, and set him to work to *pow-wow* against his rival, and his followers. The plan consummated, Red Jacket was assailed in the midst of the tribe, by all those arts that are known to be so powerful over the superstition of the Indian. The council was full—and was, no doubt, convened mainly for this object. Of this occurrence De Witt Clinton says: "At this crisis, Red Jacket well knew that the future colour of his life depended upon the powers of his mind. He spoke in his defence for near three hours—the iron brow of superstition relented under the magic of his eloquence. He declared the Prophet an impostor, and a cheat—he prevailed—the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favour. Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous

instance of the power and triumph of oratory in a barbarous nation, devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty." Of the power which he exerted over the minds of those who heard him, it has been justly remarked, that no one ignorant of the dialect in which he spoke can adequately judge. He wisely, as well as proudly, chose to speak through an interpreter, who was often an illiterate person, or sometimes an Indian, who could hardly be expected to do that justice to the orator of the forest, which the learned are scarcely able to render to each other. Especially, would such reporters fail to catch even the spirit of an animated harangue, as it fell rich and fervid from the lips of an injured patriot, standing amid the ruins of his little state, rebuking on the one hand his degenerate tribe, and on the other repelling the encroachments of an absorbing power. The speeches which have been reported as his are, for the most part, miserable failures, either made up for the occasion in the prosecution of some mercenary, or sinister purpose, or unfaithfully rendered into puerile periods by an ignorant native.

There are several interesting anecdotes of Red Jacket, which should be preserved as illustrations of the peculiar points of his character and opinions, as well as of his ready eloquence. We shall relate a few which are undoubtedly authentic.

In a council which was held with the Senecas by Governor Tompkins of New York, a contest arose between that gentleman and Red Jacket, as to a fact connected with a treaty of many years' standing. The American agent stated one thing, the Indian chief corrected him, and insisted that the reverse of his assertion was true. But, it was rejoined, "you have forgotten—we have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie,"

was the confident answer; "I have it written here," continued the chief, placing his hand with great dignity upon his brow. "You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers; but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here—this is the book the Great Spirit gave us—it does not lie!" A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all present, and to the triumph of the tawny statesman, the document confirmed every word he had uttered.

About the year 1820, Count D., a young French nobleman, who was making a tour in America, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, and that he hoped that the chief would visit him at Buffalo, the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied, "Tell the *young* man that if he wishes to see the *old chief*, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him." The Count sent back his messenger, to say that he was fatigued by his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see Red Jacket, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so great a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. "Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my residence." The retort was richly merited. The Count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with the foreign traveller at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman declared that he considered Red Jacket a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara. This

remark was the more striking, as it was made within view of the great cataract. But it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation.

It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which Lafayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America he should consider the sun of his country had set for ever. In his travels through the Indian country, when last in America,[13] it happened at a large assemblage of chiefs, that Lafayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "Pray tell me if you can, what has become of that daring youth who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live; and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket; "the decided enemy of the Americans, so long as the hope of opposing them successfully remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

During the war between Great Britain and the United States, which commenced in 1812, Red Jacket was disposed to remain neutral, but was overruled by his tribe, and at last engaged heartily on our side, in consequence of an argument which occurred to his own mind. The lands of his tribe border upon the frontier between the United States and Canada. "If the British succeed," he said, "they will take our country from us; if the Americans drive them back, *they* will claim our land by right of conquest." He fought through the whole war, displayed the most undaunted intrepidity, and completely redeemed his character from the suspicion of

that unmanly weakness with which he had been charged in early life; while in no instance did he exhibit the ferocity of the savage, or disgrace himself by any act of outrage towards a prisoner or a fallen enemy. His, therefore, was that true moral courage, which results from self-respect and the sense of duty, and which is a more noble and more active principle, than that mere animal instinct which renders many men insensible to danger. Opposed to war, not ambitious of martial fame, and unskilled in military affairs, he went to battle from principle, and met its perils with the spirit of a veteran warrior, while he shrunk from its cruelties with the sensibility of a man, and a philosopher.

Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his God; her honour, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the Cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that among white, and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized domains; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilised habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the

nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people. But the district of land reserved for the Senecas was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population impatient to possess their lands, and restricting their hunting grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarcation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions, which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction.

It must also be stated in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over-zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they doubtless often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. "What have you said to them?" inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. "I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit," was the reply. "I said no such thing," cried the missionary; "Tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and True God, and of the life that is to be hereafter—well, what have you said?" "That you will tell them about Manito[14] and the land of spirits." "Worse and worse!" exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is doubtless the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen.

There is another cause which has seldom failed to

operate in opposition to any fair experiment in reference to the civilisation of the Indians. The frontiers are always infested by a class of adventurers, whose plans of speculation are best promoted by the ignorance of the Indian; who, therefore, steadily thwart every benevolent attempt to enlighten the savage; and who are as ingenious as they are busy, in framing insinuations to the discredit of those engaged in benevolent designs towards this unhappy race.

Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skilful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the *Christian*, and the other the *Pagan*, party. The Christian party in 1827 outnumbered the Pagan—and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of Chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Cornplanter. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his Great Father. His first call on arriving at Washington was on Colonel McKenney, who was in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of it, displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, "I have a talk for my Father." "Tell him," answered Colonel McKenney, "I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him." Colonel McKenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to

the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, "Our Father has got a long eye!" He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians to adopt the ceremonies of that religion, whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than Pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views, that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said with inimitable severity and shrewdness, "Your talk is fair and good. But I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo, for one

year. They need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If in that time you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people."

A gentleman, who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt; with blue leggings, very neat moccasins, a *red jacket*, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favourable auspices, he inquired, "What are you, a gambler, (meaning a land speculator,) a sheriff, or a black coat?" Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object, other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself, for many years. "He said that he had no doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them, and, therefore, the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and not having made it,

it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

The whole life of the Seneca chief was spent in vain endeavours to preserve the independence of his tribe, and in active opposition as well as to the plans of civilisation proposed by the benevolent, as to the attempts at encroachment on the part of the mercenary. His views remained unchanged and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits, and although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession in continual drinking.

The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them, upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. "I am about to leave you," said he, "and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many

winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails, when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten." These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs and his funeral.

There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced "the man in dark dress," and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment: "Bury me," said he, "by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!" He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo.[15] With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighbouring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and

followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed, which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had anything to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked, "This house was built for the white man, the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it." Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration.[16]

The medal which Red Jacket wore, and which is faithfully copied in the portrait before the reader, he prized above all price. It was a personal present, made in 1792, from General Washington.[17] He was never known to be without it. He had studied and comprehended the character of Washington, and placed upon this gift a value corresponding with his exalted opinion of the donor.[18]

NOTES

1. After the admission of the Tuscarora tribe into the Iroquois confederacy in 1728, it became known to the English as the Six Nations.

2. In 1906 there were 2742 Seneca in New York State, and 383 in Indian Territory.

3. This was, perhaps, the treaty between the Oneida, Tuscarora, and Stockbridges, concluded at Oneida, New York, December 2, 1794, of which treaty "Kanatjogh, or Nicholas Cusick," war-chief of the Tuscarora, was one of the signers. Nicholas died near Lewiston, New York, in 1840, aged about eighty-two years. His son David, the historian of the tribe, died shortly after. James, another son, became a Baptist minister in 1838, and was a leader in temperance work. He went to the Indian territory with other emigrants, most of whom died, and being ill himself, he returned in three years. Being blamed for their deaths, he became unpopular and went to Canada, where he preached until his death.

4. For the best presentation of the Indians' beliefs respecting land tenure, and of their ideas concerning land cessions, see Dr George Bird Grinnell's "Tenure of Land among Indians," in *American Anthropologist*, N. S., IX., No. 1, Lancaster, Pa., 1907.

5. The facts are here generally well summarised. For an able account of the policy of the various Governments having dealings with the Indians of North America, see the Introduction, by Cyrus Thomas, to C. C. Royce's "Indian Land Cessions in the United States," in the *Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1899.

6. Red Jacket's original name was *Otetiani*, "Always ready"; but when he was elevated to a chiefship, he was given the name *Shagoie'hwăt'hă'*, which, according to Mr J. N. B. Hewitt, signifies, "He causes them to be awake." See also Horatio Hale in "Obsequies of Red Jacket at Buffalo, October 9th, 1884" (*Transactions of the Buffalo Historical Society*, Vol. III., Buffalo, 1885), app. 12, p. 71.

7. The treaty with the Six Nations, concluded at Canandaigua, New York, November 11, 1794. Of this treaty Jasper Parish was a witness.

8. See page 174 of this volume.

9. Consult *Journals of the Military Expedition of General John Sullivan against the Six Nations of Indians in* 1779, prepared by Frederick Cook, Secretary of State, Auburn, New York, 1887; Mary Cheney Elwood, *An Episode of the Sullivan Campaign and its Sequel*, Rochester, New York, 1904; George H. Harris, *Aboriginal Occupation of the Lower Genesee Country*, Rochester, 1884.

10. The author falls into the prevalent error of implying that the Indians speak a common tongue. In North America, north of Mexico, alone there were more than fifty stock languages, with at least three times as many mutually unintelligible dialects.

11. "General Israel Chapin, long the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department, died early in the spring of 1795" (Stone, *Life and Times of Red Jacket*, 1841, page 145).

12. The treaty of Fort Stanwix, New York, was concluded, October 22, 1784, between the Six Nations and the United States. Cornplanter

(see page 174 of this volume) signed under the name Keyenthoghke, in behalf of the Seneca tribe.

13. In 1824-1825.

14. The mysterious and unknown potencies and powers of life and of the universe, adopted by the whites to express the idea of God, "Great Spirit."

15. According to Stone, he died "at his residence, near the church and mission-house at the Seneca village." For an account of the subsequent removal of the remains, and the obsequies attending their reburial at Forest Lawn, Buffalo, New York, in 1884, see "Obsequies of Red Jacket," above cited, note 6.

16. Regarding this account of his death and burial, Stone (pages 393-395) makes the following important statement:—

"The management of his funeral was committed by himself to his wife's son-in-law, William Jones. He himself had not a near kinsman in the world. His friends of the Wolf-clan, to which he belonged, determined that his remains should be carried to the church in which they worshipped, and buried in the ground belonging to the Christian party. The funeral was numerously attended, not only by his own race, but by the white people, who gathered from the adjacent country. Among the latter were some of the leaders of the infidel white men, who had acted in concert with the deceased in his opposition to Christianity. These latter came with high expectations of beholding a splendid pagan funeral, accompanied by the howlings of women, and all the barbarous rites and ceremonies incident to savage funerals in the days when 'darkness brooded' over the wilds of the continent. Great, therefore, was their disappointment on finding themselves in the train of a Christian funeral, attended by its simple and solemn observances."*

17. This medal, of solid silver, measuring $6\frac{3}{4}''$ by $4\frac{3}{4}''$, was presented by Washington to Red Jacket at Philadelphia, having been engraved at the United States Mint in that city. The obverse represents Washington in uniform presenting a pipe to an Indian, who is smoking it; near the feet of the Indian is a tomahawk; behind him some pine trees; in the distance a man ploughing; in exergue, *George Washington President* 1792. Reverse, arms and crest of the United States on the

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* "My authority for the preceding account of the last days of Red Jacket's life, including the last council summoned by him, and his funeral, is the Rev. Mr Harris, with whom I have had repeated and full conversations upon the subject, and whose report, written at the time, and published in the *Missionary Herald*, Vol. XXVI., I have consulted. Very grievous misrepresentations in regard to the conduct of this gentleman at the death and funeral of the chief were sent abroad by the disappointed white pagans, referred to in the text, some of which unfortunately found their way into the sketch published in the Indian Biography of Colonel McKenney. [After some extracts from McKenney and Hall bearing on this point, Stone adds:] Now all this is very well told, and with good dramatic effect. But, like most other dramatic compositions, it is an entire fiction."

breast of an eagle, in the right talon of which is an olive branch, in the left a sheaf of arrows, in its beak a ribbon with the motto *E Pluribus Unum;* above, a glory breaking through the clouds, and surrounded by thirteen stars. The medal descended to General Eli S. Parker, and is now in possession of the Buffalo Historical Society.

18. The foregoing biography of Red Jacket is attributed by Stone (page 18, note) to the Reverend John Breckenridge, D.D. In addition to the works above cited, consult Elizabeth Seelye and E. Eggleston, *Brant and Red Jacket*, New York [1879]; J. N. Hubbard, *An Account of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket, and his People*, Albany, 1886.

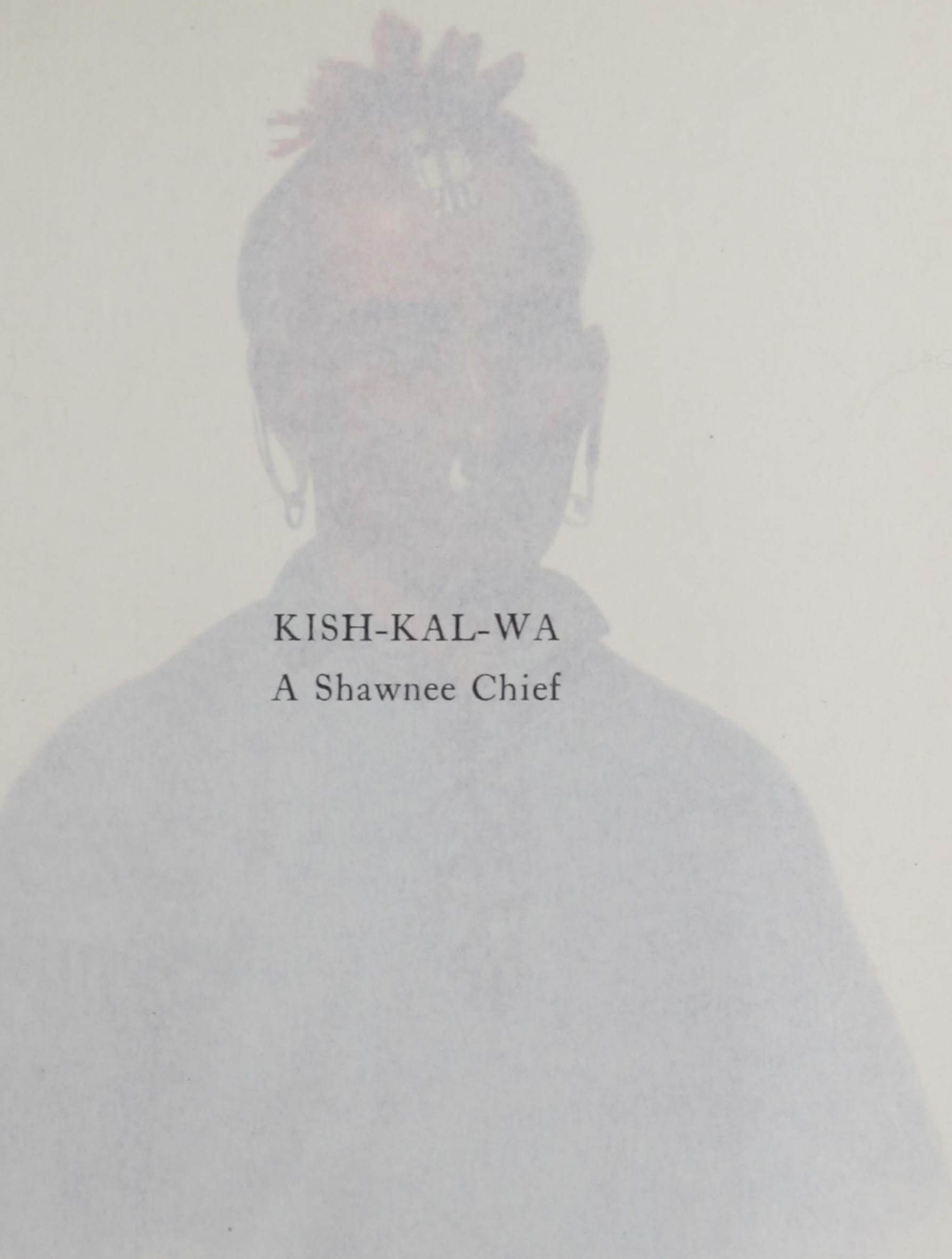
KISHKALWA

(A SHAWNEE CHIEF)

KISHKALWA[1] is nominally and legally the head chief of the Shawanoe[2] nation, but is too far advanced in life to take any active part in its affairs. He is believed to be between eighty-six and ninety years of age, and is living, with a daughter, upon the Kansas River, although his band have settled in the neighbourhood of the Sabine. The family of this chief is numerous and very distinguished; he is one of seven brothers, all renowned warriors, one of whom was the celebrated Black Hoof,[3] who died in 1831, at the advanced age of from ninety-five to one hundred years.

This chief was about seventeen years of age when he engaged, for the first time, in a war party; and on that occasion he made himself conspicuous for his bravery. The expedition was of a character which strikingly illustrates the history of savage life. The Shawanese were a warlike tribe, that roved through the whole of the territory north-west of the Ohio, and were continually engaged in hostilities, at first with the English, and subsequently with their descendants, while they maintained friendly relations with the French. The latter occupied Fort Massac,[4] a military station, on the northern shore of the Ohio, not far above its junction with the Mississippi; and were at variance with the Chickasaws, who lost no opportunity to do them an injury. Among other strata-

gems which were practised by these Indians, was one that was frequently adopted by all the tribes, and in which the savages were very successful. A party of warriors disguised in the skins of deer, or of bears, would appear creeping upon the shore of the river opposite the fort. The width of the stream was so great as to render it quite possible to practise the deception with good effect, even if the imitation of the animals had been less perfect than it really was. But the Indians, accustomed to notice the habits of the brute creation, and versed in all the strategy of sylvan sport, and border war, played their parts with admirable fidelity to nature. Sometimes the French saw a number of bears issuing from the forest which clothed the bank, and walking sluggishly over the narrow margin of sand that fringed the river; and sometimes a herd of deer was seen, half-disclosed among the bushes, as if reclining in the shade, and gazing upon the placid stream. The ardent Frenchmen, unsuspicious of danger, would cross the river hastily in pursuit of the supposed game and fall into an ambuscade prepared by the Chickasaws. The Shawanese heard of several massacres which occurred in this manner, and determined to avenge their friends. A war party proceeded secretly to the neighbourhood of the fort, and waited for the appearance of the counterfeit game, which they knew could not impose upon them, however it had deceived the Europeans. It was not long before the trick which had often proved successful was again attempted; the mimic animals appeared upon the shore; the French soldiers, apprised of the plan of their allies, busied themselves in preparing a boat as if to cross the river, while the Shawanese having made a circuit through the woods, and passed the river at a distant point, threw themselves into the rear of the enemy. The Chickasaws were surprised and defeated with great loss.



KISH-KAL-WA
A Shawnee Chief

KISH-KAL-WA
A Shawnee Chief



On such expeditions, the *medicine bag*, supposed to possess supernatural virtues, is carried, during the march from home, by the leader of the enterprise, whose station is in the van of the party; but on the return, this mysterious bag is borne by the warrior who has acquired the greatest distinction during that expedition, or, in some cases, by him who killed the first enemy, and the person thus honoured marches foremost. The young Kishkalwa, on this occasion, returned in the proud station of bearer of the medicine bag.

Another adventure occurred a year or two afterwards, the recital of which will serve to throw some light, as well on the character of Kishkalwa, as on the peculiarities of the Indian. The beautiful and fertile country, which now forms the State of Kentucky, was not, previous to its occupation by the whites, inhabited by any tribe of Indians, but was a common hunting ground, and battle field, for the various surrounding tribes, whose fierce conflicts gave to this lovely region the name of "The dark and bloody ground."[5] The Indian who ventured among those forests, was prepared alike for the chase, and for war. The daring spirit of the young Kishkalwa led him into Kentucky, to hunt the buffalo, then abundant on the southern shore of the Ohio; but before he had succeeded in getting any game, he was discovered, and pursued, by a party of hostile Indians. Being alone, resistance would have been unavailing, and his only hope of escape was in flight. While running with great speed through the woods, a vestment which constituted his only article of clothing,[6] became entangled in the bushes, and was torn off; but as the pursuit was very hot, he had not time to recover it. Having reached the river opposite Fort Massac, he tied his gun to his head with his long hair, and swam across. Among the Shawanese it is highly

disreputable in a warrior to throw away his arms or clothing, when in flight from an enemy, as the act indicates cowardice, and supplies a trophy to the pursuer. "None," they say, "but an Osage, will thus disencumber himself, that he may run the faster from his foes." When Kishkalwa, therefore, arrived in safety among his friends, who had seen his pursuers following him to the water's edge, they no sooner noticed the absence of the garment, than a number of jokes were passed at his expense. He explained the manner of the loss, and the urgency of the case, but his companions perceiving that he was annoyed, affected not to be satisfied, and deplored with mock gravity, that so fine a young man should be so destitute of activity as to be obliged to throw away his clothes in order to outrun his enemies.

As the accusation implied a want of courage, Kishkalwa said that he would show that he was no coward. Accordingly he set off, a few days afterwards, *alone*, in search of some enemy on whom he could prove his prowess. In the forest of Kentucky, late in the night, he discovered a fire, by which slept two Indians, who were easily distinguished as belonging to a hostile tribe. He approached near to them with a stealthy tread, then crouching like the panther, waited according to the custom of the Indian, until the first indications of the approaching dawn of day; when taking a deliberate aim he shot one of his foemen, and rushing upon the other, despatched him instantly with the tomahawk. This exploit gained him great credit; although it would seem characterised only by the lowest species of cunning, and to be destitute of all the higher attributes of warfare, it was, according to the notions of the savage, not only in exceedingly good taste, but a fine specimen of courage and military talent; for the Indian awards the highest honour to the success which is

gained at the least expense, and considers every stratagem meritorious which leads to the desired result. Still his companions continued to jeer him upon the loss of a garment in the former adventure. Nettled by these jokes, and determined to retrieve his reputation, he secretly raised a party of four or five young men, whom he led on another expedition. They were successful, and returned with seven-teen scalps.

Those who imagine that the apparent apathy of the Indian character indicates the entire absence of a pro-pensity for mirth, will be surprised to learn that the remarkable success which attended the arms of Kish-kalwa, failed to blunt the point of that unhappy jest, which had become a source of serious inconvenience to this great warrior. The pertinacity with which his companions continued to allude to this subject evinces, on their part, a strong perception of the ludicrous and a relish for coarse raillery, which balanced even their decided admiration of warlike qualities, while the extreme sensitive-ness of Kishkalwa shows how highly the Indian prizes his honour. Successful as he had been, he conceived it necessary that the blood of his enemies should continue to flow, to blot out a stain affixed upon him in the mere wantonness of boisterous humour. He now took the field in a more im-posing manner; and having raised a party of twenty-five warriors, went forth in pursuit of the enemies of his tribe, travelling only in the night, and lying in ambush during the day. They proceeded down the southern shore of the Ohio and Mississippi, until they reached the Iron Banks, near which they came upon an encampment of hostile Indians, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Kishkalwa halted his party, and having reconnoitred the enemy, directed the mode of attack. His men were so stationed as to surround the camp,

and remained concealed until the dawn of day, when, at a signal given, the dreadful war-whoop was uttered by the whole in concert, and the assailants rushed in. The astonished enemy, believing themselves hemmed in by superior numbers, fled in every direction; thirty-three men were killed, and seventeen women and children taken prisoners. Kishkalwa returned in triumph with his captives and the scalps of the slain. On his arrival, many of the tribe who had lost their relatives in battle, clamorously demanded vengeance upon the prisoners; but Kishkalwa declared that not a drop of their blood should be spilt. He consented to the adoption of the captives into the families of those who had been killed in battle, and successfully protected these unfortunates from injury. Among them was a beautiful young woman, whom Kishkalwa presented to the chief, to be his wife, on condition that orders should be given, prohibiting the repetition of the jest which had so long galled his pride. The proclamation was accordingly made, in the manner in which all public acts are announced in the Indian villages, by a crier who passed about, declaring in a loud voice that Kishkalwa having proved that he could not have thrown away his clothes out of fear, no one was permitted thereafter to repeat or allude to that event. The reader will decide, whether this warrior's success or his judicious present to the chief contributed most to relieve him from so annoying a dilemma.

Whatever might have been the effect upon his private character, or social intercourse, these successful expeditions, in which not a single life had been lost, established the reputation of Kishkalwa, as a brave, skilful, and fortunate warrior, and he was soon after raised to the dignity of principal brave, or war chief. It may be proper to remark here, that, to this day, nothing so vexes the old chief, as an allusion to the story which distressed him so

much in his youth, and that, although more than half a century has passed since the occurrence, it would not be safe in any, but an intimate friend, to mention it in his presence.

This chief took part in the great battle at Point Pleasant,[7] between the Virginians under General Lewis, and a large Indian force, consisting of Shawanese, Delawares, Mingoes, and other tribes; but unwilling to be again embroiled with the Americans, towards whom he was well disposed, or to take any part in the contest which was about to be commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he removed with a part of the tribe, called the Sawekela band,[8] to the south, in 1774, and settled among the Creeks. This band returned again to the shores of the Ohio, in 1790, but took no part in the war of 1794, nor in that of 1812, nor has this portion of the tribe ever been engaged against the Americans since the decisive battle of Point Pleasant.

During the last war, a part of the Sauk and Fox nations, who had been in the habit of trading with the British, were removed from Illinois to the interior of Missouri, at their own request, that they might not be within the reach of British influence. But restless by nature, unable to remain neutral in time of war, and receiving no encouragement to join the Americans, who from principle declined employing the savages, they took up the hatchet against us, and after committing some depredations, fled to Canada. The alarm created by these hostilities, in which the Weas and Piankeshaws were believed to participate, induced the Governor of the Missouri Territory to call out the militia, and to request the assistance of the Shawanoe and Delaware Indians. A party of sixty-six warriors was accordingly raised by Kishkalwa, and the other chiefs, and placed under the command of General Dodge.[9]

The Sauks and Foxes having fled before the arrival of

the militia, a small fort was surrounded in which it was supposed that the Weas and Piankeshaws were concealed; but in the morning it was found that they too had retreated. They were pursued, overtaken, and made prisoners. The object of General Dodge, in their capture, was to protect and not to injure them. The inhabitants of the frontier are at all times quick to take umbrage at any supposed hostility on the part of the Indians, against whom they have long been accustomed to entertain a mingled feeling of fear and hatred; and believing that the party now in their power had been equally as guilty as the Sauks and Foxes, the militia were excited to such a state of indignation, that they could with difficulty be restrained from the perpetration of what they supposed to be a just revenge. General Dodge, with a decision that did him honour as a man and a soldier, immediately placed the captives under the protection of a disciplined volunteer company from St Louis, and of the Indians under Kish-kalwa. This resolute conduct had the desired effect; and no further molestation was offered to the unfortunate prisoners, who were trembling with dread. We have the testimony of a gentleman who was himself a volunteer in this expedition, that a finer set of men was seldom seen than the band of Shawanese and Delawares to which this anecdote has reference, and that their whole conduct during this campaign was most orderly, decorous, and proper.

Disappointed in the desired objects of their vengeance, the militia set fire to the fort which had been abandoned by the Weas and Piankeshaws, and gave vent to the wantonness of their excited feelings by shooting a few dogs of the Indians that lingered about the premises. One of these faithful creatures was caught by a soldier, who so far forgot himself in the fury of the moment, as to throw

the animal into the fire, from which it escaped, howling with pain. Some of the bystanders laughed; but Kishkalwa, perceiving that an Indian boy joined in the merriment, instantly checked him, and explained in a few words the impropriety of making sport of the miseries of a helpless brute.

The last military adventure in which Kishkalwa engaged, was in a war undertaken by the Cherokees, Delawares, and Shawanese, against the Osages, in 1818. In a battle which was fought, and which resulted in the defeat of the Osages, this chief is represented as having displayed his usual bravery and prudence, although he must then have been burthened by the weight of upwards of eighty years. In attacking their enemies, it is customary with the Osages to rush to the onset with great impetuosity, uttering the savage yell with deafening concert, and endeavouring to win the battle by the terrors attending the first blow; but failing in this object they usually abandon the contest. All the Indian tribes, indeed, act upon this system, to a greater or less extent, seeking victory by cunning rather than force, and avoiding the hazard of a battle which must be contested upon equal terms. Kishkalwa, aware of this trait in the character of his race, and knowing that the Osages pursued this mode of warfare more invariably than his own followers, exhorted them to stand firmly, and resist the first attack; "Do not heed their shouts," said he; "they are but the yells of cowardly wolves, who, as soon as they come near enough to look you in the eye, will flee; while if you turn your backs on them, they will devour you." This counsel evinced the sagacity of one who had observed human nature, and could adapt his own measures to the circumstances in which he was placed. The result verified his prediction. The Osages, twice as numerous as the party

of Kishkalwa, rushed to the attack with their usual impetuosity, and with loud shouts; but failing in making an impression in the first onset, recoiled before the steady firmness of their opponents, and fled in confusion, suffering great loss in killed and prisoners.

Kishkalwa visited Washington in 1825, as one of a delegation of chiefs, accompanied by Colonel Menard,[10] a highly respectable agent of the Indian Department, to whom we are indebted for the details included in the foregoing biographical sketch.

We have said that this chief was the brother of Black Hoof; but we are not certain that they might not have been cousins-german, as the term *brother* is applied among the Indians to this degree of relationship.

NOTES

1. In Volume I. of the folio edition of 1838 the accompanying portrait of "Kish-kallo-wa" is accredited to King. It does not appear, however, in Rhees's *Catalogue of Indian Paintings belonging to the Government Collection* (1859), and no trace of the original has been found. The Inman copy, in the Peabody Museum (original number, 14; museum number, 28. 189), bears the information that it is after King. Kishkalwa was a signer of the treaty with the Shawnee held at St Louis, Missouri, November 7, 1825, in which year he also visited Washington, when, no doubt, his portrait was painted.

2. The Shawanoe, or Shawanese, now better known as the Shawnee, are a tribe of the Algonquian family. Their remnant reside in Oklahoma, where they number about 800. See note 8.

3. This is Catahecassa, whose biography appears on page 235 of this volume.

4. Near the present Metropolis City, Massac County, Illinois. For details, consult Coues, *Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, II., 656-657, note, 1895.

5. This has led to the popular belief that the name Kentucky bears the same meaning; on the contrary, the word signifies "place of coonti," according to information furnished Mr J. N. B. Hewitt. *Coonti*

is a cycadaceous plant (*Zamia integrifolia*), or the breadstuff obtained from it.

6. His breech-cloth, no doubt.

7. At the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in the present West Virginia, October 10, 1774. The leader of the Shawnee on this occasion was Cornstalk, and the battle has been regarded as the greatest that had taken place between the Indians and the colonists up to that time. Gen. Andrew Lewis (1720-1781) is the officer alluded to.

8. This band, properly called Hathawekela, formed the principal division of the Shawnee. With others they removed to Missouri about 1793, thence into Arkansas, and, about 1832, to Texas, where they settled on Sabine River, until driven out by the Texas Government. The Hathawekela form part of the so-called "Absentee Shawnees," because they were absent from the more recent treaties with the rest of the tribe.

9. Major (afterward General) Henry Dodge (1782-1867), a noted Indian fighter, for whose services Congress voted a sword. President Jackson appointed him Governor of Wisconsin Territory and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in 1836, which office he held until 1841, when he was elected delegate to Congress, serving two terms. In 1846 he again served as Governor of Wisconsin; and, after its admission to the Union, was one of its first senators, serving from 1846 until 1857.

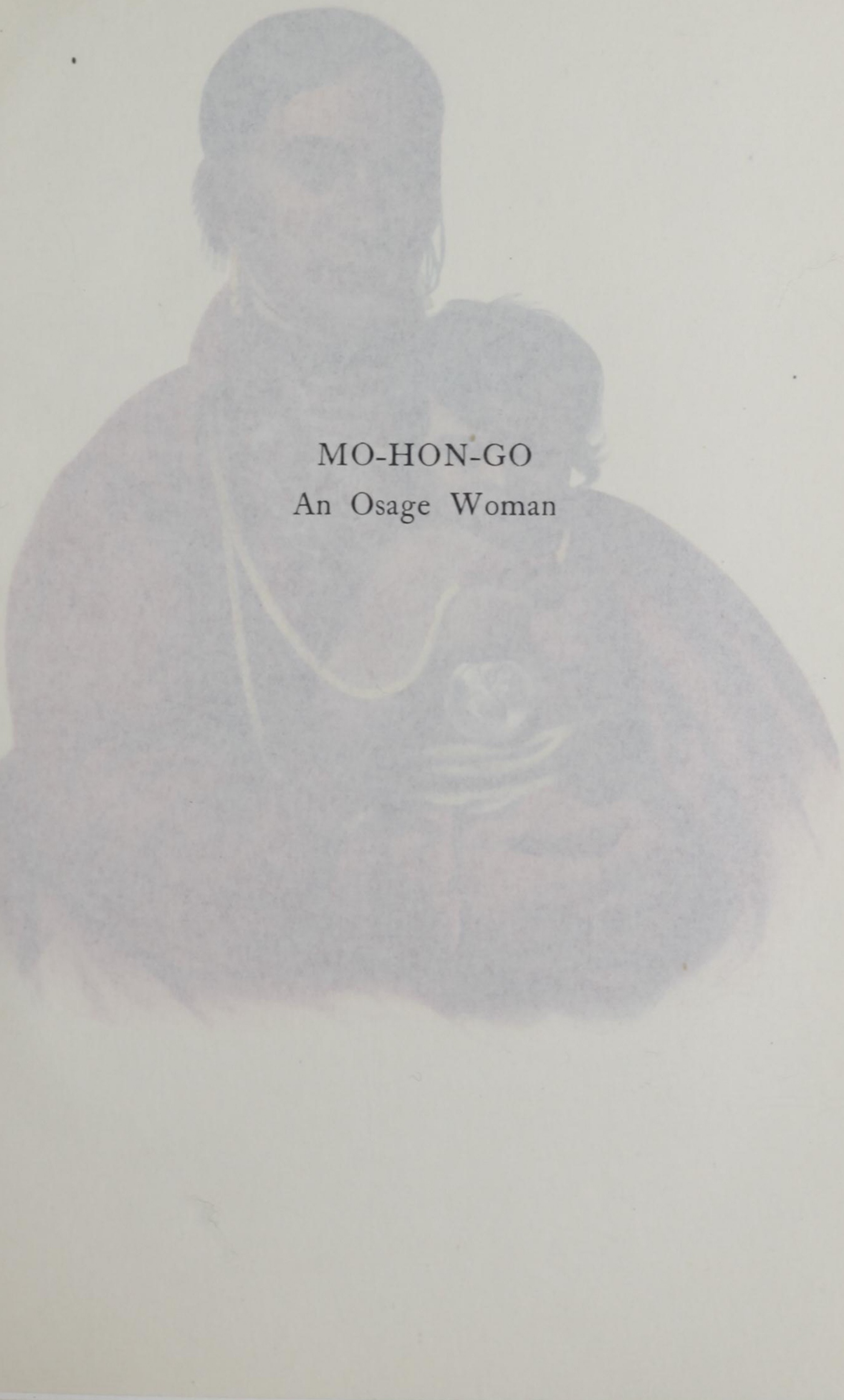
10. Pierre Menard, a sub-Indian agent, who witnessed the Shawnee treaty of 1825, above referred to.

MOHONGO

(AN OSAGE WOMAN)

Of the early life of this female we know nothing; and, perhaps, little could be gathered that would be worthy of record. She is interesting on account of the dignity and beauty of her countenance, and the singular nature of her adventures since her marriage. She was one of a party of seven of her tribe, who were decoyed from the borders of Missouri by an adventurer whose intention was to exhibit them in Europe, for the purpose of gain. He was a Frenchman, and was assisted in his design by a half-breed Indian, who acted as interpreter between him and the deluded victims of his mercenary deception. The Indians were allured from home by the assurance that curiosity and respect for the Indian character would make them so welcome in Europe, that they would be received with distinguished marks of respect, and loaded with valuable presents. It is not probable that they understood that they were to be shown for money, or that they had any knowledge of the nature of such exhibitions; but it is obvious that their own views were mercenary, and that they were incited to travel by the alleged value of the presents which would probably be made them.

Whether any other arguments were used to induce these untutored savages to embark in an enterprise so foreign from their timid and reserved habits, we have been



MO-HON-GO
An Osage Woman

MO-HON-GO

An Osage Woman



unable to discover. It is only known that the individual who seduced them from their native plains assumed the character and dress of an American officer, and by this deception gained their confidence; and it is more than probable that, as they only knew him under this disguise, they were deceived into the belief that he was acting under the sanction of the Government. Whatever may have been the pretence, it was a cruel deception; and it would be curious to know what were the feelings and the reflections of those wild savages, accustomed to roam uncontrolled through the deep forests, and over the boundless plains, when they found themselves among the habitations of an enlightened people, the objects of intense curiosity, and the prisoners of a mercenary keeper. The delusion under which they commenced their journey was probably not dispelled previous to their arrival at New York; those with whom they met on the way supposed them to be proceeding to Washington, on a visit to the President; and as the Indians were ignorant of our language, it is not surprising that this singular device escaped detection.

At New York the party embarked for Europe. They visited Holland, Germany, and some other parts of the continent, and at last came to the French metropolis. Here the imposture was detected. The pretended American officer had been at Paris before; he was recognised by his creditors, stripped of his borrowed character, and thrown into prison; while the wandering savages were so fortunate as to find a protector in Lafayette, whose affection for America was so great that the native of our land, even though an illiterate Indian, was ever sure of a welcome under his hospitable roof. He supplied them with money, and caused arrangements to be made for their passage to the United States. During the voyage they were attacked by the smallpox, and three

of them died. Among the victims was the husband of Mohongo, who was now left to carry back to her people, with the varied tale of her adventures, the bitter story of her bereavement.

The party landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, whence they were sent to Washington City. They were kindly received at the seat of Government, where directions were given for their hospitable entertainment during their stay, and for their safe conveyance to the Osage villages. They reached their forest home in safety, and have done us the justice to acknowledge that, although they suffered much from the treachery of one of our race, who allured them from the wigwams of their tribe, they were indebted to the white man for many acts of kindness and sympathy during their novel and adventurous journey. They profess to have been on the whole gratified with the expedition.

The likeness which we have copied was taken at Washington, by order of the War Department, while Mohongo remained in that city. It is a faithful and striking representation of the original; and the contemplation of it, to one acquainted with the Indian character, gives rise to a train of thought which it may be well to notice. The ordinary expression of the countenance of the Indian woman is subdued and unmeaning; that of Mohongo is lighted up with intelligence. It is joyous as well as reflective. It is possible that this difference may be accidental; and that Mohongo adventured upon her perilous journey *in consequence* of possessing a mind of more than common vigour, or a buoyancy of spirit, not usual among her tribe. But we incline to a different theory. The Indian woman is rather the servant than the companion of man. She is a favourite and confidential servant, who is treated with kindness, but who is still an inferior. The life of the untamed savage affords little

range for the powers of reflection; his train of thought is neither varied nor extensive; and as the females are confined to domestic duties, neither meddling in public affairs, nor mingling in that which we would call society, the exercise of their mental powers must be extremely limited. The Indian village affords but few diversions, and still fewer of the operations of industry, of business, or of ingenuity. The mind of the warrior is bent on war, or on the chase, while the almost undivided attention of the female is devoted to the procuring and preparation of food. In the moments of leisure, when the eye would roam abroad, and the mind unbend itself in the play of its powers of observation, a monotonous scenery is ever present. They have their mountains and plains, their woods and rivers, unchanged from year to year; and the blue sky above them subjected only to the varieties of storm and sunshine. Is it strange that the countenance of the Indian woman should be vacant, and her demeanour subdued?

Mohongo travelled in company with her husband. Constantly in his society, sharing with him the perils, the vicissitudes, and the emotions incident to the novel scenes into which they were thrown, and released from the drudgery of menial occupation, she must have risen to something like the station of an equal. Perhaps when circumstances of embarrassment, or perplexing objects of curiosity, were presented, the superior tact and flexibility of the female mind became apparent, and her companions learned to place a higher estimation upon her character than is usually awarded by the Indian to the weaker sex. Escaped from servile labour, she had leisure to think. New objects were continually placed before her eye; admiration and curiosity were often awakened in her mind; its latent faculties were excited, and that beautiful

system of association which forms the train of rational thought became connected and developed. Mohongo was no longer the drudge of a savage hunter, but his friend. Such are the inferences which seem to be fairly deducible, when contrasting the agreeable expression of this countenance with the stolid lineaments of other females of the same race. If our theory be correct, the example before us affords a significant and beautiful illustration of the beneficent effects of civilisation upon the human mind.

NOTE

The name of this Osage woman, as interpreted by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, is possibly the Osage form of the Omaha *Mihunga*, signifying "woman leader, or chief." Fortunately, we are able to add some interesting data regarding this woman and her companions, from contemporary brochures, which bear the following titles:—

Six indiens rouges de la tribu des grands Osages, arrivés du Missouri au Havre, le 27 Juillet 1827, *sur la navire Américain New-England, cap. Hunt.* Troisième Edition [etc.]. Paris: Delaunay, Libraire [etc.], 1827. (8°, 36 pp., 1 pl.)

Histoire de la tribu des Osages, peuplade sauvage de l'Amérique Septentrionale, dans l'état du Missouri, l'un des États-Unis d'Amérique; écrite d'après les six Osage actuellement à Paris. Par P[aul] V[issier], [etc.]. Paris: Chez Charles Béchet, Libraire [etc.], 1827. (8°, 92 pp.)

It is gathered from these accounts that, accompanied by David Delaunay, a native of France, who, it is said, had been a colonel in the service of the United States, and who had lived in St Louis for twenty-five years, together with M. Tesson, a resident of St Louis, and M. Loise, their interpreter, the party left St Louis in 1827, and proceeded down the Mississippi, on the steamboat *Commerce*, to New Orleans. (One David Delaunay was an associate-justice in the Court of Quarter Sessions at St Louis, according to Thwaites, *Original Journals of Lewis and Clark*, Vol. I., 22, 1904.) The Indian members of the party were Kihegashugah, Kishagashugah, or Little Chief, his wife Mohongo or Myhangah, and his cousin Grétomih; Washingsabba, Washingasbha, or Black Spirit, Marcharthitahtoongah, or the Orator, and Minkchatahooh. The plate in the brochure first mentioned consists of a portrait group of the six Osages. Sailing from New Orleans, the party arrived at Havre, July 27, 1827, and later went to Paris, everywhere being the objects of marked attention and curiosity. They were

showered with gifts, entertained by people of prominence, and on August 21 were received at St Cloud by Charles X. It is said that Kihegashugah was inspired to visit France, because an ancestor had been there during the reign of Louis XIV. In addition to the above writings, see Miss Fletcher's note in *American Anthropologist*, II., 395, New York, 1900, and David I. Bushnell, jr., in the same journal, X., 6, 1908. As Mohongo's infant is not mentioned in the accounts noted, it is probable that it was born before the return of the Indians to America, thus constituting the seventh member of the party. In the Rhees *Catalogue of the Indian Gallery*, Mohongo's portrait by King is numbered 110, and was painted in 1830, or the third year after the party left their Western home. A portrait of "Cah-he-ga-shín-ga, the Little Chief" (apparently the same name as Kihegashugah), was painted by George Catlin in 1834.

Osage, the name of the tribe to which these Indians belonged, is the French trader's corruption of *Wa-zhahez*, their designation for themselves. They belong to the Siouan family, and, when first known to history, lived in the present Missouri, whence they moved into Kansas, and subsequently were assigned a reservation in Oklahoma, where they numbered 1994 in 1906. They are credited with a fund of more than $8,300,000, which, together with pasturage leases, yields them an annual income of about $550,000. They thus constitute one of the wealthiest communities in the world.

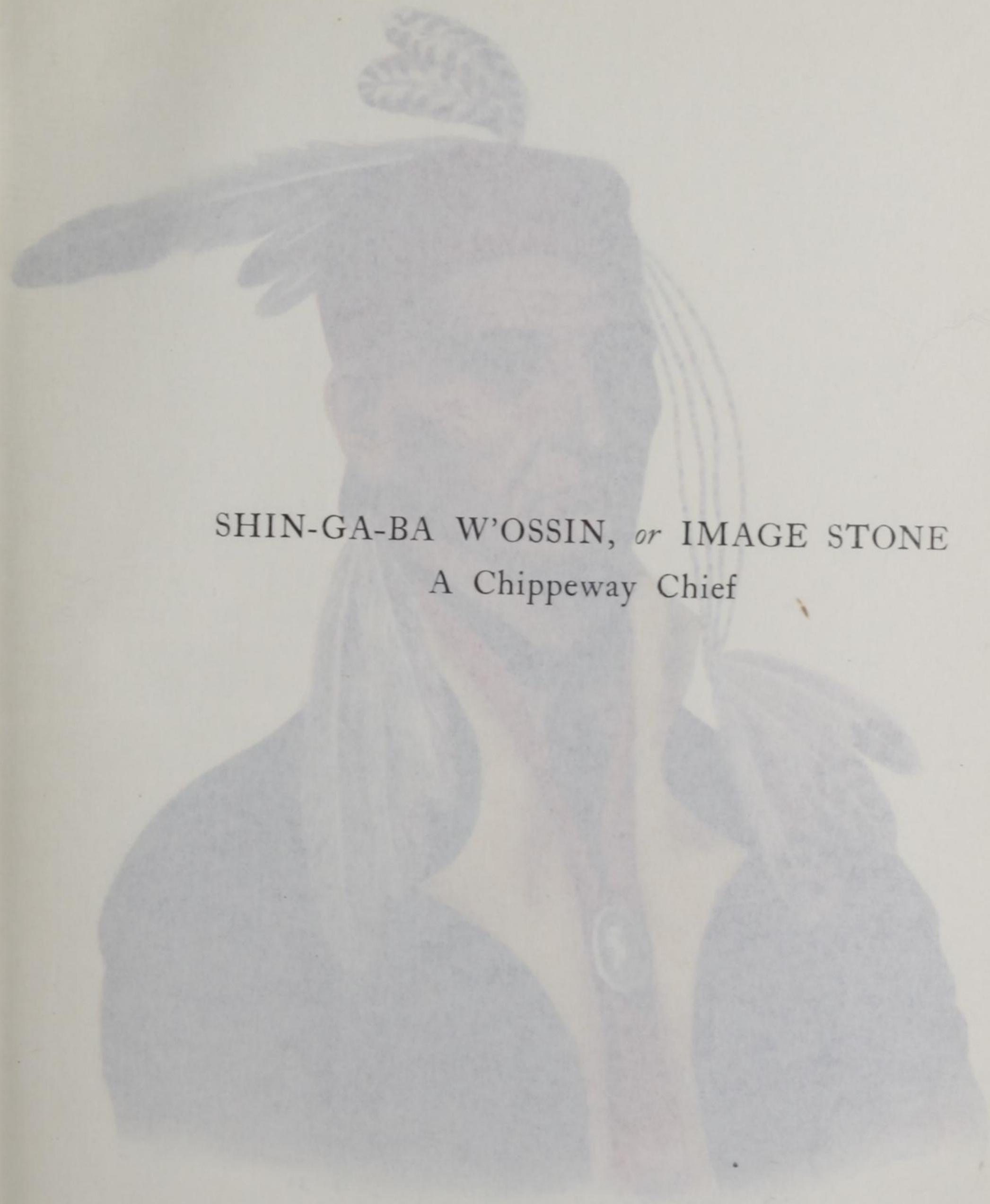
SHINGABA W'OSSIN

(OR, IMAGE STONE)

SHINGABA W'OSSIN, or *Image Stone*,[1] was a Chippeway, and first chief of his band. In summer he lived on the banks of the St Mary's, at the outlet of Lake Superior—in winter he retired with his band to his hunting grounds. Fish was his food in summer; in winter he subsisted on the carcasses of animals, whose fur was the great object of his winter's toils, it being the medium of exchange with the traders for blankets, strouds, calico, ammunition, vermilion, etc., and such articles of necessity or of ornament as he and his people required.

Shingaba W'Ossin was one of the most influential men in the Chippeway nation. He was deservedly esteemed, not only by the Indians, but by the whites also, for his good sense, and respectful and conciliating deportment. In his person he was tall, well-proportioned, and of a commanding and dignified aspect. In council he was remarkable for a deliberate and thoughtful manner; in social intercourse no less so for his cheerfulness. He was disposed to be familiar, yet never descended to frivolity. He was of the totem of the Crane, the ancient badge of the chiefs of this once powerful band.[2]

War is the chief glory of the Indian. He who dissuades from war is usually regarded as a coward; but Shingaba W'Ossin was the uniform advocate of peace, yet his



SHIN-GA-BA W'OSSIN, *or* IMAGE STONE
A Chippeway Chief



bravery was never questioned. Perhaps his exemption from the imputation of cowardice was owing to his having, when but a youth, joined several war parties against the Sioux, those natural and implacable enemies of his people, to reach whom he had to travel at least five hundred miles. He is said to have distinguished himself at the great battle on the St Croix, which terminated the feud between the Chippeways and the Foxes. In that battle he fought under the northern Alaric, *Waab-Ojeeg*.

We hope to be excused for introducing, in this place, some remarks upon this extraordinary chieftain, especially as the few incidents we shall use are from our own work, published in 1827.[3]

We made our voyage up Lake Superior in 1826. So late as that, the name of Waab-Ojeeg was never spoken but in connection with some tradition exemplifying his great powers as a chief and warrior. He was a man of discretion, and far in advance of his people in those energies of the mind which command respect, wherever and in whomsoever they are found. He was, like Pontiac and Tecumthe, exceedingly jealous of the white man. This jealousy was manifested when the hand of his daughter, *O-shaw-ous-go-day-way-gua*, was solicited by Mr Johnson, the accomplished Irish gentleman, who resided so many years after at the Sault de St Mary,[4] and who was not better known for his intelligence and polished manners than for his hospitality. He lived long enough to merit and receive the appellation of *Patriarch of the Sault*. This gentleman was a native of Dublin or Belfast, in Ireland. In the course of his travels he arrived at Montreal, when he determined to ascend the great chain of lakes to the head waters of Lake Superior. On arriving at Michael's Island he heard of Waab-Ojeeg, whose village lay across the strait which divides the island

from the main. He made him a visit. Being well received he remained some time, formed an attachment to his daughter, and solicited permission to marry her. Waab-Ojeeg replied to his request thus :—"White man, I have noticed your behaviour. It has been correct. But, white man, *your colour is deceitful.* Of you, may I expect better things? You say you are going to return to Montreal—go; and if you return I shall be satisfied of your sincerity, and will give you my daughter." Mr Johnson, being honest in his professions, went to Montreal and returned, when the chief fulfilled his promise. The amiable, excellent, and accomplished Mrs Schoolcraft, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., so favourably known as a tourist and mineralogist, and a family of as interesting children as we met with in our travels, are the fruits of this marriage.[5]

Waab-Ojeeg used to stimulate his warriors to battle by singing a favourite war song. Doubtless Shingaba W'Ossin, on the memorable occasion referred to, felt the stirring influence of this song. We received the following translation of it from Mr Johnson, to whom the Chippeway language was quite familiar :—

"On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low;
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe, the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

"On that day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead;
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

"Our chiefs shall return no more, no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more;

And their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore, deplore,
Like women their fates shall deplore.

"Fine winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
Fine winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days like our fathers we'll end, we'll end,
And our days like our fathers we'll end." [6]

It is not surprising that, under such a leader, Shingaba W'Ossin should acquire fame sufficient to make good his claims to bravery in after life. Thus fortified at the point where the Indian no less than the white man is peculiarly sensitive, he could counsel his band to cultivate peace, and attend to the more important concerns of hunting, without the danger of losing his influence over them. "If my hunters," he would say, "will not take the game, but will leave the chase and join the war parties, our women and children must suffer. If the game is not trapped, where will be our packs of furs? And if we have no furs, how shall we get blankets? Then when winter comes again we shall perish! It is time enough to fight when the war drum sounds near you—when your enemies approach—then it is I shall expect to see you painted for war, and to hear your whoops resound in the mountains; and then you will see me at your head with my arm bared—

'Just vengeance to take on the foe.'"

Besides thus wisely counselling his people to live in peace, and follow the chase, he gave much of his time to attending the public councils convened under the authority of our Government. These councils, in those regions especially, had for their principal object the adjustment of boundaries between the tribes—encroachments upon each

other's territory being a principal cause of war. Councils of pacification were held in 1825 at Prairie du Chien, on the Upper Mississippi; at the Fond du Lac Superior in 1826; and at the Butte des Morts, on the Fox River of Lake Michigan, in 1827. Shingaba W'Ossin attended each of these councils, and signed the treaties.[7] We were present at the two last, and witnessed the good conduct and extraordinary influence of the subject of this brief memoir. At the council of Fond du Lac, Shingaba W'Ossin was the first to respond to the commissioners. He spoke as follows:—

"*My relations*—Our fathers have spoken to us about the line made at the Prairie. With this I and my band are satisfied. You who live on the line are most interested. To you I leave the subject. The line was left unfinished last summer, but will be finished this.

"*My relations*—The land to be provided for my half-breeds I will select. I leave it to you to provide your reserves for your own.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to establish a school at the Sault. Our great father over the hills (meaning the President of the United States) has said this would be well. I am willing. It may be a good thing for those who wish to send their children.

"*My brothers*—Our fathers have not come here to speak hard words to us. Do not think so. They have brought us bread to eat, clothing to wear, and tobacco to smoke.

"*My brothers*—Take notice. Our great father has been at much trouble to make us live as one family, and to make our path clear. The morning was cloudy. The Great Spirit has scattered those clouds. So have our difficulties passed away.

"*My friends*—Our fathers have come here to embrace their children. Listen to what they say. It will be good

for you. If you have any copper on your lands, I advise you to sell it. It is of no use to us. They can make articles out of it for our use. If anyone has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light.

"*My brothers*—Let us determine soon. We, as well as our fathers, are anxious to go home."[8]

This talk was taken down as it was interpreted, and in the words of the interpreter. A good deal of the speaker's style is no doubt lost. Critics tell us that Pope, in his admirable translation of Homer, has failed to show the father of poetry to his readers in his original costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that an Indian interpreter should make the Indian talk like a white man. There is enough in this address of the old chief, however, to show that he was a man of sense and discretion. A few explanatory remarks may make this more apparent. The "line," to which he referred, was the proposed boundary between the Sioux and Chippeways. He and his band, living five hundred miles from it, were not so immediately interested as were those bands who bordered it. Hence, although he and his band were satisfied with it, he referred it to his "relations," who were more immediately concerned, and whose peace and lives depended upon its suitable and harmonious adjustment, to decide for themselves.

The next subject was one of great importance to the whole Chippeway nation. It had for some time engaged the attention of Shingaba W'Ossin; and the proposition originated with him. It was, that reservations of land should be laid off in the most genial and productive situations, and assigned to the half-breeds, to be cultivated by them. The wisdom and humanity of the measure will appear when the reader is informed that almost the whole country of the Chippeways is sterile, and that scarcely any vegetables do or can grow in it. The soil is cold and

barren; and winter pervades so much of the year, that if seed of any kind be sown, except in the most favourable situations, the frosts overtake and destroy the hoped for increase before it arrives at maturity. The Chippeways suffer greatly by reason of their climate, and when, from any cause, they fail in their hunts, many of them perish with cold and of starvation. The frequent recurrence of this calamity led Shingaba W'Ossin to consider how it might be provided against. He saw the military gardens at the Sault, and those of Mr Johnson, producing, by the culture that was bestowed upon them, large crops of potatoes and other roots. It occurred to him, that if the half-breeds of his nation could be induced to profit by such examples, they might husband away these products of the earth, and when the dreaded famine should threaten them, they could retire to the neighbourhood of those provisions and be preserved. In pursuance of his earnest entreaties, and seeing in the plan everything to recommend it, and nothing to oppose it, the commissioners inserted an article in the treaty making the provision, and accompanied it with a schedule of the names of those half-breeds that were given in by the chiefs of the various bands, and who it was intended should engage in this new employment. The persons to whom it was proposed to make these grants were prohibited the privilege of conveying the same, without the permission of the President of the United States.

This article in the treaty was not ratified by the Senate. So the old chief was saved the trouble of selecting situations for the half breeds of his band; as were his "relations," to whom he left it to "provide reserves" for theirs.[9]

Shingaba W'Ossin was the patron of the school that has since been established at the Sault for the education

of Indian children, and advised that the thousand dollar annuity, the only annuity the tribe receives, should be appropriated for its support. It was accordingly done. He was not an advocate for school knowledge in his own family, but remarked that some of the Chippeways might profit by it. In this he gave proof of his disinterestedness.

The largest mass of virgin copper of which we have any knowledge, is in the Chippeway country. It is supposed to weigh from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds. The existence of this mass, and the fact that pieces of copper were brought in by the Indians who assembled from many parts of their country to attend the council, induced the belief that the country abounded in this metal. The commissioners endeavoured to obtain all the knowledge they could on this subject, and their inquiries were responded to by Shingaba W'Ossin in the manner as indicated in his talk.

It may not be out of place to remark, that this huge specimen of virgin copper lies about thirty-five miles above the mouth of the Ontanagon of Lake Superior; and on the west bank of that river, a few paces only above low-water mark. An intelligent gentleman, who accompanied a party sent by the commissioners from the Fond du Lac for the purpose of disengaging this specimen of copper from its bed, and transporting it down the lakes to the Erie Canal, and thence to New York and Washington, says:—"It consists of pure copper, ramified in every direction through a mass of stone (mostly serpentine, intermixed with calcareous spar), in veins of one to three inches in diameter; and in some parts exhibiting masses of pure metal of one hundred pounds weight."

It was found impossible, owing to "the channel of the river being intercepted by ridges of sandstone, forming

three cataracts, with a descent in all of about seventy feet," to remove this great natural curiosity. Specimens were broken from it, some of which we ascertained were nearly as pure as a silver dollar, losing in fusion a residuum of only one part in twenty-seven. Evidences were disclosed, in prying this rock of copper from its position, confirming the history of the past, which records the efforts of companies to extract wealth from the mines that were supposed to abound there. These evidences consisted in chisels, axes, and various implements which are used in mining. It is highly probable that this copper rock may have once been of larger dimensions—since those who worked at it no doubt took away specimens, as have all persons who have since visited.[11]

It was in reference to the wish of the commissioners to obtain every possible information respecting the existence of copper in the Chippeway country, that Shingaba W'Ossin was induced to say—"If anyone has any knowledge on this subject, I ask him to bring it to light." In doing this, as will be seen in the sequel, he placed himself above the *superstitions* of his people, who regard this mass of copper as a *manitou*.

Being weatherbound at the portage of Point Keweena, we had an opportunity of observing the habits of Shingaba W'Ossin, and occasionally to hear him talk. During this time the old chief made frequent visits to our tent, always in company with a young Indian who attended him. At this time he was a good deal concerned about a blindness which threatened him. He spoke principally of this, but never without saying something in favour of his attendant. Among other things, he said—"Father, I have not the eyes I once had. I am now old. I think soon this great world will be hid from me. But the Great Spirit is good. I want you, father, to hear me.

This young man is eyes to me, and hands too. Will you not be good to him?" At each visit, however, inflamed as were the old chief's eyes, he would, like other Indians, be most grateful for a little whisky; and like them too, when he tasted a little, he wanted more. It is impossible to conceive the ratio with which their wants increase, after a first taste. The effects are maddening. Often, to enjoy a repetition of the beverage, have instances occurred in which life itself has been taken, when it stood between the Indian and this cherished object of his delight. Shingaba W'Ossin would indulge in the use of this destructive beverage occasionally; but even when most under its influence he was harmless—so generally had the kindly feelings taken possession of him. On the occasion referred to, we found him to be gentle, obliging, and free from all asperities of manner or temper. He was then in his sixty-third year, and used to assist in the management of his canoe, and in all the business connected with the prosecution of his voyage. He kept company with us to the Fond du Lac; not always, however, encamping where we did. The old man and his party partook of our refreshments; and when he would meet with any of his people who had been taking fish, he never failed to procure some, and always divided his good luck with us—appearing happy to have something to offer in return for our attentions to him.

Shingaba W'Ossin's father was named *Maid-O-Saligee*. He was the chief and chronicler of his tribe. With him died much of their traditionary information. He was also noted for the tales which he related for the amusement of the young. But he was a voluptuary. He married four wives, three of whom were sisters. By these wives he had twenty children. Each of the male children, in time, deemed himself a legitimate chief, and attached to himself some followers. Political divisions were the consequence.

The harmony of the band was thus destroyed, and the posterity of the ancient chief scattered along the waters of the St Mary's.

The superior intellect of Shingaba W'Ossin, in these times of contention for the supremacy, became manifest. He secured the respect and confidence of his band, and was at last acknowledged as the *nittum*,[12] or first man. His band became more and more attached to him, until on all hands the choice was admitted to be well ordered, and that he upon whom it had fallen merited the distinction. Having secured the general confidence, he counselled his charge in all their trials, and enabled them to overcome many difficulties, whilst by his kindness and general benevolence of character, he made himself beloved. He was on all occasions the organ for expressing the wants and wishes of his people, and through him also they received both presents and advice from the officers and agents of our Government.

During the late war, in 1813, Shingaba W'Ossin went to York, in Canada, and had an interview with Proctor and Tecumthe.[13] Nothing is known of the object or result of this interview, except that one of his brothers joined the British, and fought and fell in the battle of the Thames, in Upper Canada. His death was deeply lamented by Shingaba W'Ossin—so much so as to induce the belief that he counselled, or at least acquiesced in, his joining the British standard.[14]

NOTES

1. The name is strictly *Shingabäwasin*, signifying "Reclining human figure of a stone," according to information kindly furnished by Dr William Jones, a leading authority on the central Algonquian languages, of which Chippeway, or Ojibwa, is one. These "image stones," or *shingaba-wossins*, are described and illustrated by Schoolcraft, *Western Scenes and Reminiscences*, Auburn, 1853, pp. 291-293.

2. That is, he was a member of the Ojeejok or Crane gens.

3. The reference is to McKenney's *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes,* Baltimore, 1827. See the Introduction to the present work.

4. Sault de Sainte Marie, in the present Chippeway county, northern peninsula of Michigan.

5. Schoolcraft's wife was Jane Johnston (not Johnson), an accomplished woman, who had been educated in Europe. See Schoolcraft's *Personal Memoirs,* Philadelphia, 1851, p. xl., and McKenney's *Tour,* op. cit.

6. From McKenney's *Tour,* pp. 189-190.

7. "Shingaubaywassin" signed also the treaty of Sault de Sainte Marie, concluded June 16, 1820. At the "Prairie des Chiens" treaty of August 19, 1825, his name is signed "Shinguaba × W'Ossin, 1st chief of the Chippeway nation, Sault St Marie."

8. From McKenney's *Tour,* p. 459. Regarding the treaty, see the Introduction.

9. For the Fond du Lac treaty, as finally ratified (February 7, 1827), see *Treaties between the United States and the Several Indian Tribes, from* 1778 *to* 1837, Washington, 1837, p. 396.

10. This huge copper bowlder is now in the National Museum at Washington. For an account of its history, see Charles Moore, "The Ontonagon Copper Bowlder in the U. S. National Museum," *National Museum Report for* 1895, Washington, 1897.

11. There is no doubt that the copper deposits of the Lake Superior region were worked by the Indians in prehistoric times, and that they formed the chief source of supply to the Indians of the central part of the United States, who made extensive use of this metal for implements and ornaments.

12. *Nitam,* "first," "the first one."—Baraga, *Dictionary of the Otchipwe Language,* 1878. See note 2, 346.

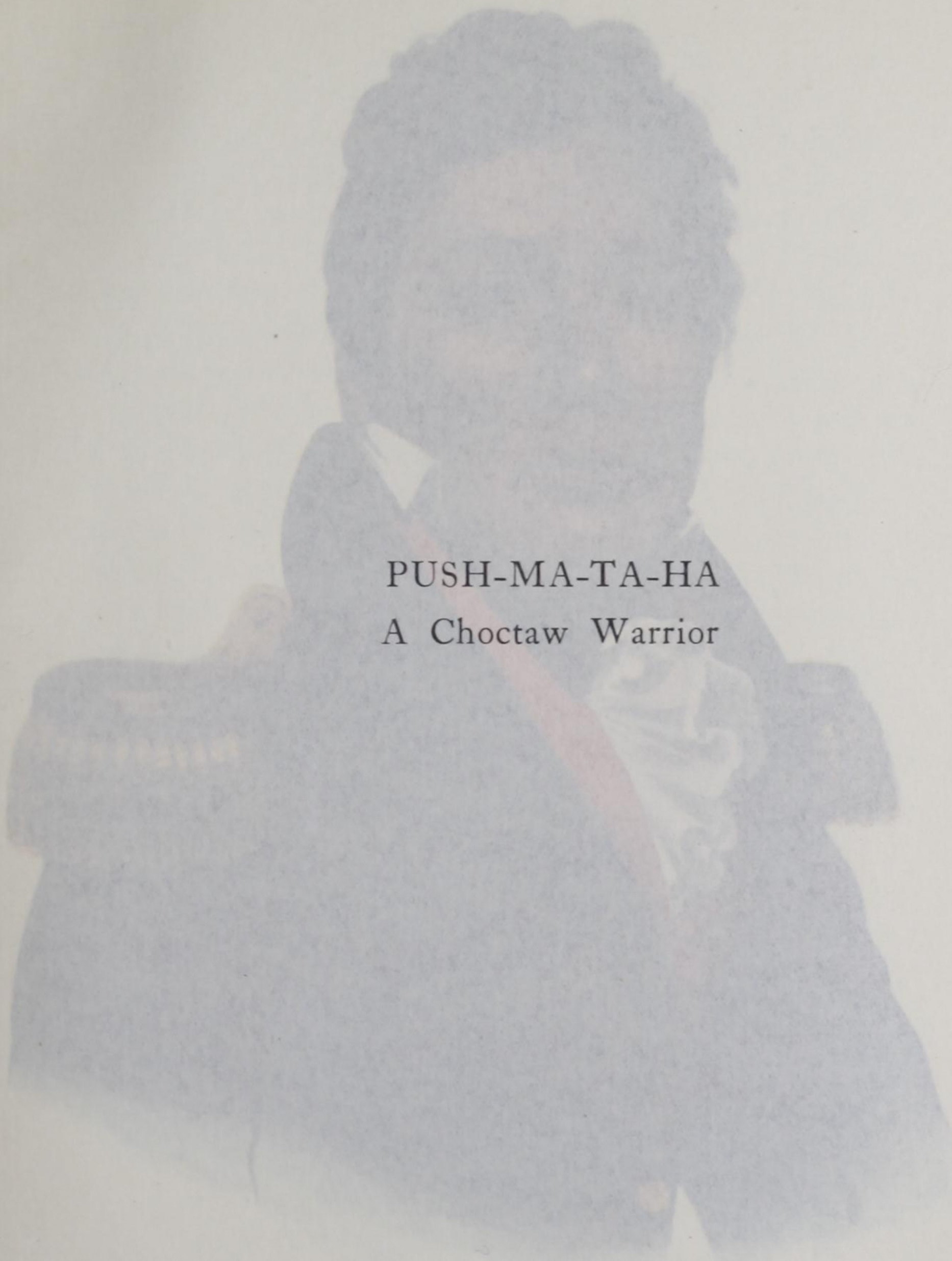
13. Brigadier-General Henry A. Proctor, in command of the British forces at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813, in which Tecumthe, or Tecumseh, the famous Shawnee, was killed.

14. The accompanying portrait of this chief was painted originally by J. O. Lewis during the period of the Treaty of Fond du Lac in 1826. It forms the frontispiece of McKenney's *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes.* Another portrait by the same artist, and quite different in dress and pose, appears in Lewis's *Port-folio,* 1835. In Rhees's *Catalogue* of the Government collection, the name is given as "Shing-yaw-ba-wus-sen, The Figured Stone," but neither the artist nor the date is given. The copy in the Indian Gallery was probably by King. The copy in the Peabody Museum (original number, 57; museum number, 28. 190) furnishes no information respecting either the original artist or the copyist, but there is little doubt that the copy was made by Inman.

PUSHMATAHA

(A CHOCTAW WARRIOR)

This individual[1] was a distinguished warrior of the Choctaw nation,[2] and a fair specimen of the talents and propensities of the modern Indian. It will have been noticed, by those who have paid attention to Indian history, that the savage character is always seen in a modified aspect among those of the tribes who reside in juxtaposition with the whites. We are not prepared to say that it is either elevated or softened by this relation; but it is certainly changed. The strong hereditary bias of the wild and untamed rover of the forest remains in prominent development, while some of the arts, and many of the vices of the civilised man, are engrafted upon them. The Choctaws have had their principal residence in that part of the country east of the Mississippi River which now forms the State of Mississippi, and have had intercourse with the European race from the time of the discovery of that region by the French, nearly two centuries ago. In 1820, that tribe was supposed to consist of a population of twenty-five thousand souls. They have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and have permitted our missionaries to reside among them; some of them have addicted themselves to agriculture, and a few of their females have intermarried with the white traders.



PUSH-MA-TA-HA
A Choctaw Warrior

PUSH-MA-TA-HA

A Choctaw Warrior



Pushmataha was born about the year 1764, and at the age of twenty was a captain, or a war chief, and a great hunter. In the latter occupation he often passed to the western side of the Mississippi, to hunt the buffalo, upon the wide plains lying towards our southern frontier. On one occasion, while hunting on the Red River with a party of Choctaws, he was attacked by a number of Indians of a tribe called the Callageheahs,[3] near the Spanish line, and totally defeated. He made his own escape, alone, to a Spanish settlement, where he arrived nearly starved; having, while on the way given a little horse, that he found grazing on the plains, for a single rush. He remained with the Spaniards five years, employing himself as a hunter, brooding over the plans of vengeance which he afterwards executed, and probably collecting the information necessary to the success of his scheme. Wandering back to the Choctaw country, alone, he came by stealth, in the night, to a little village of the enemies by whom he had been defeated, suddenly rushed in upon them, killed seven of the inhabitants, and set fire to the lodges, which were entirely consumed before the surviving occupants recovered from their alarm.

After this feat he remained in his own nation about six years, increasing his reputation as a hunter, and engaging occasionally in the affairs of the tribe. He then raised a party of his own friends, and led them to seek a further revenge for the defeat which still rankled in his bosom. Again he surprised one of their towns upon Red River, and killed two or three of their warriors without any loss on his own side. But engaging in an extensive hunt, his absence from home was protracted to the term of eight months. Resting from this expedition but ten days, he prevailed on another party of Choctaw warriors to follow his adventurous steps in a new enterprise against

the same enemy, and was again victorious, bringing home six of the scalps of his foes without losing a man. On this occasion he was absent seven or eight months. In one year afterwards he raised a new party, led them against the foe whom he had so often stricken, and was once more successful.[4]

Some time before the war of 1812, a party of Creek Indians, who had been engaged in a hunting expedition, came to the Choctaw country, and burned the house of Pushmataha, who was in the neighbourhood intently occupied in playing ball, a game at which he was very expert. He was too great a man to submit to such an injury, and, as usual, immediate retaliation ensued. He led a party of Choctaws into the Creek country, killed several of that nation, and committed as great destruction of their property as was practicable in his rapid march; and he continued from time to time, until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Great Britain, to prosecute the hostilities growing out of this feud with relentless vigour; assailing the Creeks frequently with small parties, by surprise, and committing indiscriminate devastation upon the property or people of that tribe. Such are the quarrels of great men; and such have been the border wars of rude nations from the earliest times.

In the war that succeeded, he was always the first to lead a party against the British or their Indian allies; and he did much injury to the Creeks and Seminoles during that contest. His military prowess and success gained for him the honorary title which he seems to have well deserved; and he was usually called *General* Pushmataha.

This chief was not descended from any distinguished family, but was raised to command, when a young man, in consequence of his talents and prowess. He was always

poor, and when not engaged in war, followed the chase with ardour and success. He was brave and generous; kind to those who were necessitous, and hospitable to the stranger. The eagerness with which he sought to revenge himself upon his enemies, affords no evidence of ferocity of character; but is in strict conformity with the Indian code of honour, which sanctions such deeds as nobly meritorious.

It is curious to observe the singular mixture of great and mean qualities in the character of a barbarous people. The same man who is distinguished in war, and in the council, is often the subject of anecdotes which reflect little credit on his character in private life. We shall repeat the few incidents which have reached us, in the public and private history of Pushmataha.

He attended a council held in 1823 near the residence of Major Pitchlynn,[5] a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the third of July, and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn to Col. Ward, the agent of the Government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the Government agent suggested to Mr Pitchlynn the propriety of presenting him a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whisky; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the Agency, on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. "But did you not promise Mr Pitchlynn," said the agent, "that you would

not sell his horse?" "I did so, in the presence of yourself and many others," replied the chief; "but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball."

It is said that during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our Southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of his sword to teach him better manners—"But if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier," continued he, "I should have used the sharp edge of my sword in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself."

At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the Agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and as there was no guard house, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause, and on being informed, exclaimed, "Is that all?" and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking coolly, "many good warriors get drunk."

At a meeting of business at the Agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied, "No; is it not right that every woman should be married—and how can that be, when there are more

women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our Great Father the President caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous, and if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband."

In 1824, this chief was at the City of Washington, as one of a deputation sent to visit the President, for the purpose of brightening the chain of friendship between the American people and the Choctaws. The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable and triumphal tour through the United States, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and among the rest, Pushmataha addressed him in these words: "Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country; and now you are come back to revisit a land where you are honoured by a numerous and powerful people. You see everywhere the children of those by whose side you went to battle crowding around you, and shaking your hand as the hand of a father. We have heard these things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us for ever."

The old warrior pronounced these words with an affecting solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life. The concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days he was no more. He was taken sick at Washington,

and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honours, and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends shortly before his death, he said: "I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, '*Where is Pushmataha?*' and you will say to them, '*He is no more.*' They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it.[6] The person addressed was the Secretary of War.

"*Father*—I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—*I am Pushmataha.*

"*Father*—When in my own country, I often looked towards this Council House, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, Father, I hang in the

bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak.

"*Father*—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth that none of my fathers or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw, ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

"*Father*—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my Father Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another and says, How do you do? Another will talk further."[7]

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the Senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: "Sir, in a late visit to the public graveyard,[8] my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: '*Pushmataha, a Choctaw Chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year* 1824, *to the*

Government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the 24*th of December*, 1824, *of the croup, in the* 60*th year of his age.'"* Among his last words were the following: "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me."

The chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of 21, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal has been sent by the President to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior whose attachment to our Government was steady and unshaken throughout his life.

The day after the funeral of Pushmataha, the deputation visited the officer in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.[9] The countenances of the chiefs wore a gloom which such a loss was well calculated to create. Over the face of one of the deputation, however, was a cloud darker than the rest, and the expression of his face told a tale of deeper sorrow. Ask that young man, said the officer in charge of the Bureau, what is the matter with him? The answer was, "*I am sorry.*" Ask him what makes him sorry? The loss, the answer was expected to be, of our beloved chief—But no—it was, "*I am sorry it was not me.*" Ask him to explain what he means by being sorry that it was not him. The ceremonies of the funeral, the reader will bear in mind, were very imposing. The old chief had said, "When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me"; and they were fired. Beside the discharge of minute guns on the Capitol Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages,

cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways, and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honours at the grave, combined to produce in this young chief's mind a feeling of regret that he had not been himself the subject of these honours—Hence his reply—"*I am sorry it was not me*"; and so he explained himself.[10]

NOTES

1. The full original form of his name is *Apushimataha*, or *Apushimalhtaha*, "which name, no doubt, was given to the future *mingo* [chief] in his babyhood, from some trivial circumstance, the memory of which has long since been lost. *Apushi im alhtaha*, literally translated, is 'The sapling is ready, or finished for him.' The statement made in Brewer's *Alabama*, p. 16, note, that *Pushmataha* means, 'He has won all the honours of his race,' is not worth a second's consideration."—Halbert in *Transactions Alabama Historical Society*, Vol. II., 108, 1898.

2. The Choctaw are a tribe of the Muskhogean family. Their early habitat was the territory now included in southern and central Mississippi, and extending for some distance eastward from Tombigbee River into Georgia. Soon after the middle of the eighteenth century, some of their bands settled beyond the Mississippi River, in Louisiana and Texas, and most of the remainder, beginning in 1832 (having ceded their lands in the south), departed for Indian Territory, where lands had been set aside for them. Here they still live, their population numbering 17,529 in 1906, exclusive of 1550 "Choctaw by intermarriage," and 5378 negroes, who were formerly slaves. The Choctaw have made marked progress in civilisation, constituting one of the Five Civilised Tribes.

3. These were the Cherokee. The locality referred to is the Texas border.

4. Early in the nineteenth century Pushmataha became *mingo*, or chief, of the Okla Hannali, or the Six Towns district of the Choctaw. His influence extended also over the Potato-eating People and the Long People, as the north-eastern and western divisions of the Choctaw were called.—Halbert in *Transactions Alabama Historical Society*, II., 109, 1898.

5. Evidently the father of Peter P. Pitchlynn, born in the present Noxubee County, Mississippi, January 30, 1806; died in Washington, D.C.,

in January, 1881, and was buried in the graveyard (Congressional Cemetery) where lie the remains of Pushmataha. Dickens refers to him in his *American Notes*. See also Charles Lanman, *Recollections of Curious Characters and Pleasant Places*, Edinburgh, 1881, pp. 67-94.

6. The occasion was the treaty with the Choctaw and the United States, concluded at Washington, January 20, 1825. McKenney was a witness to this treaty. The tenth article reads: "The chief, Puck-she-nubbee [Pushmataha], one of the members of the delegation, having died on his journey to see the President, and Robert Cole being recommended by the delegation as his successor, it is hereby agreed, that the said Robert Cole shall receive the medal which appertains to the office of chief, and, also, an annuity from the United States of one hundred and fifty dollars during his natural life, as was received by his predecessor."

7. Much has been written about the oratory of this celebrated chief, but inasmuch as Pushmataha knew no English himself, and as none of the other members of the Choctaw delegation were educated men, the flowery speeches attributed to this Indian, as well as to many others, must be taken with considerable allowance. Mr H. S. Halbert (*Transactions Alabama Historical Society*, Vol. II., p. 114, 1898) regards "the dying talk of Pushmataha," given by McKenney and Hall, as a piece of pure fiction, and presents good reasons for his assertion.

8. The Congressional Cemetery at Washington.

9. This officer was Thomas L. McKenney.

10. The accompanying portrait of Pushmataha was painted by Charles B. King, probably at the time of the visit to Washington that ended with Pushmataha's death in 1824. The subject was evidently a favourite one with this artist, as two portraits of the celebrated Choctaw hung in the Indian Gallery (numbers 22 and 42 of the Rhees list), while another, representing him as wearing a hat adorned in front with three ostrich plumes, is among the King collection (number 201) in the Redwood Library at Newport, Rhode Island. The Inman copy is preserved in the Peabody Museum (No. 28. 188).

The following notice of Pushmataha appeared in *The National Journal*, Washington, December 28, 1824:—

"Died, at his lodgings at Tennison's, on Thursday night last, at about 12 o'clock, in his sixtieth year, Push-ma-ta-ha, one of the Choctaw Delegation, now at Washington, on business with the Government. The best attendance and best medical skill were employed to save him, but in vain. He died of the croup, and was ill but a day. He was buried on Saturday with military honours, which were performed by the Marine Corps, by direction the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, assisted by Captain Mauro's and Captain Dyer's companies of volunteers: Christian ceremonies by the Rev. Mr Hawley. The procession was large (at least two thousand), and highly respectable. General Jackson, who knew and appreciated the services of this Chief, paid his last respects to his memory, as did also many members of both Houses of

Congress, and members of the Government, some of whom attended him, though so distant, to the grave.

"Push-ma-ta-ha was an extraordinary man. He was one of the three great Chiefs of his nation, and had attained that distinction by his powers of oratory and military prowess. Nature had impressed him with the stamp of greatness, and he was himself even in death. 'I am told,' he said (in his native tongue, for he spoke no English), 'that I am better. It is a mistake. I shall die—and at about 12 o'clock to-night. It has always been in my heart that I should die in the land of strangers.' He then gave some directions respecting his family, and the disposition of his affairs, and concluded by saying: 'When I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me.' His request was respected. He had won this high distinction by his uniform attachment to the people and cause of the United States, and by the scars he had received, and the blood he had shed in seconding our power on our borders, when it was exerted to save our citizens from the hostile of his own race, and the combined hostility of the enemy with them, and especially in the late war. He even foiled Tecumseh — though not with the sword. He saw his opportunity, and seized it; he knew his means, and he employed them. He triumphed over that master-spirit, broke the spell in which he was attempting to bind his nation, and turned the sword of his people upon our enemies. *It was by the powers of his oratory.* Every arm fell when Push-ma-ta-ha had spoken. Every hostile spirit was hushed; and the Choctaw nation, powerful as it was, were united to us. He put himself at the head of 500 warriors, and entered our service—was in twenty-four battles—served under the eye of General Jackson in his Pensacola campaign, and won the admiration of even this veteran. Push-ma-ta-ha remembered his leader in death. 'I want,' said he, 'to see General Jackson.' But it was late at night, and the knowledge of this wish was not conveyed. To the writer of this hasty notice, General Jackson said, when informed of it the next day, 'I deeply regret it. Had it been midnight, I would have risen and gone to see him.'

"Push-ma-ta-ha, though uneducated himself, saw the necessity of improving his people, and demonstrated his attachment to civilization by giving $2000 of his annuity, for fifteen years, towards the support of the school system.

"Push-ma-ta-ha sleeps with the great and the venerated of our land. He lies in the same enclosure with our Clintons and Gerrys. When the tidings of his death shall reach his people, they will be like the fall of the noblest tree in their forest, which had long furnished them with shelter and shade; every ear will listen to the echoes occasioned by its fall, and all hearts will mourn the mighty ruin. But let them remember, though he 'died in the land of strangers,' that he was respected and treated like a friend, and that the 'big guns' were fired over him, not barely in compliance with his last request, but out of respect for his services, and to show that his attachment to our people, and his efforts in our cause, were not forgotten.

"It was the boast of Push-ma-ta-ha that '*his hand was white.*' 'It has never been stained,' said he, 'by the blood of Americans. But it is *red* with that of their enemies.' 'I am an American,' said he, the other day, to the writer of this. 'My skin is red, but my heart is white.' He was asked, about ten weeks ago, how he was? He threw his eyes upward, and, with a most devotional and grateful look, spoke: 'He says,' said his interpreter, 'he feels that the Great Spirit loves him to-day. He is so well that he feels *happy*.'

"On his way to Washington he met an old acquaintance going to the land of his achievements in war. 'You have come in a path, so far,' said Push-ma-ta-ha, 'which is straight, and the green grass and flowers border it. The trees are all leafy, and the birds sing amidst their branches. You are going where the paths are all crooked, and where the land is desolate and white with the bones of my enemies.'

"Did time permit, even with the barren resources which are at hand, it would be easy to illustrate the extraordinary sayings of this man. He was of Nature's construction in intellect and prowess. And when she turns off a favourite, as in Shakespeare, art only fetters, and its adventitious aids are spurned as beneath the attention of the mind which is rich and powerful in its own resources."

For additional information, consult Halbert, *op. cit.*, and Lanman, *Recollections of Curious Characters*, Edinburgh, 1881.

TENSKWAUTAWAW

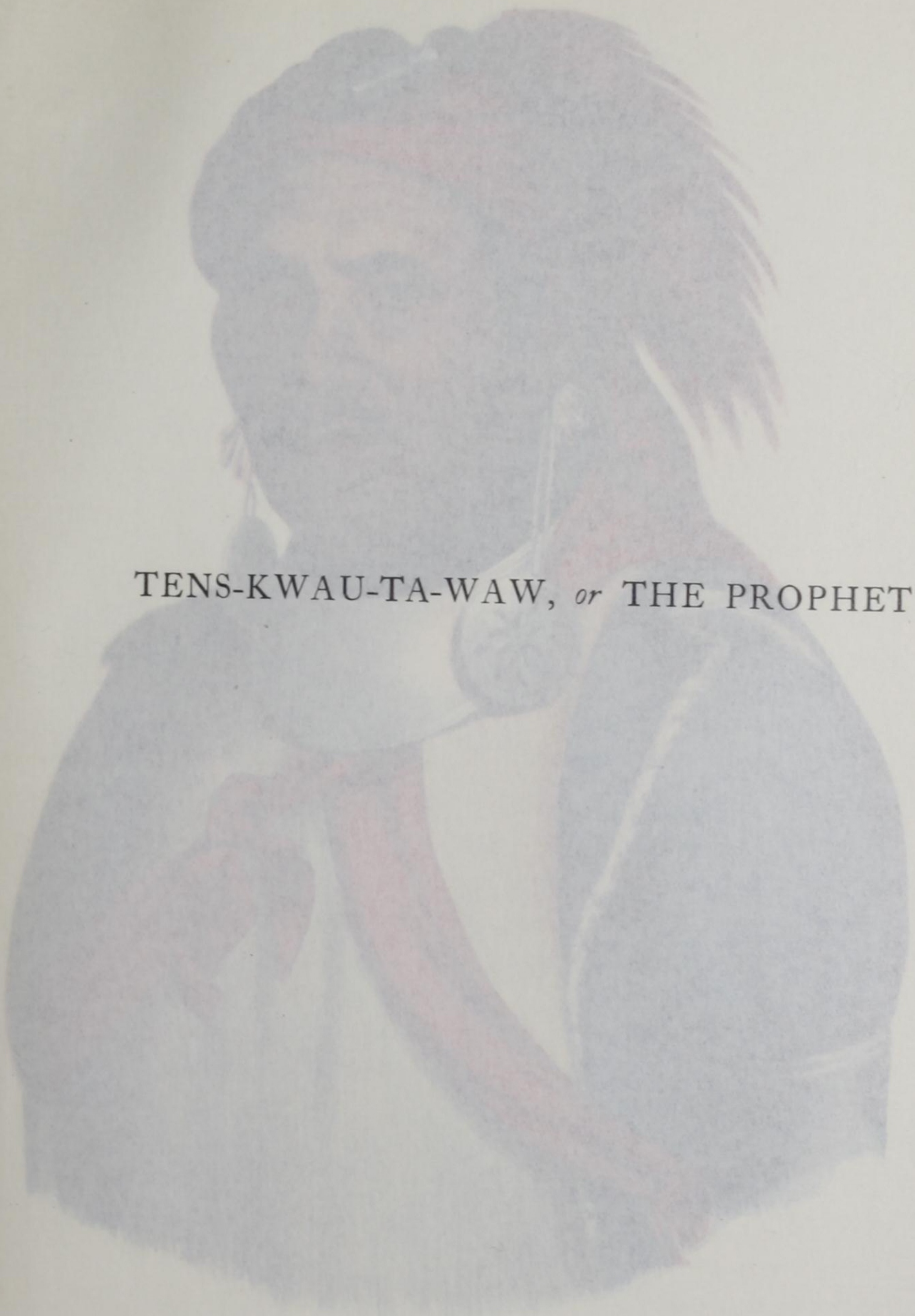
(OR, THE PROPHET)

This individual is a person of slender abilities, who acquired great celebrity from the circumstances in which he happened to be placed, and from his connection with the distinguished Tecumthe, his brother. Of the latter, unfortunately, no portrait was ever taken; and, as the two brothers acted in concert in the most important events of their lives, we shall embrace what we have to say of both, in the present article.[1]

We have received, through the politeness of a friend, a narrative of the history of these celebrated Indians, dictated by the Prophet himself, and accurately written down at the moment. It is valuable as a curious piece of auto-biography, coming from an unlettered savage, of a race remarkable for tenacity of memory, and for the fidelity with which they preserve and transmit their traditions among themselves; while it is to be received with great allowance, in consequence of the habit of exaggeration which marks the communications of that people to strangers. In their intercourse with each other, truth is esteemed and practised; but, with the exception of a few high-minded men, little reliance is to be placed upon any statement made by an Indian to a white man. The same code which inculcates an inviolable faith among themselves, justifies any deception towards an enemy, or one of an

alien race, for which a sufficient motive may be held out. We know, too, that barbarous nations in all ages have evinced a decided propensity for the marvellous, which has been especially indulged in tracing the pedigree of a family, or the origin of a nation. With this prefatory caution, we proceed to give the story of Tenskwautawaw, as related by himself—compiled, however, in our own language, from the loose memoranda of the original transcriber.

His paternal grandfather was a Creek, who, at a period which is not defined in the manuscript before us, went to one of the southern cities, either Savannah or Charleston, to hold a council with the English governor, whose daughter was present at some of the interviews. This young lady had conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character; and, having determined to bestow herself upon some "warlike lord" of the forest, she took this occasion to communicate her partiality to her father. The next morning, in the council, the governor inquired of the Indians which of them was the most expert hunter; and the grandfather of Tecumthe, then a young and handsome man, who sat modestly in a retired part of the room, was pointed out to him. When the council broke up for the day, the governor asked his daughter if she was really so partial to the Indians as to prefer selecting a husband from among them, and finding that she persisted in this singular predilection, he directed her attention to the young Creek warrior, for whom, at first sight, she avowed a decided attachment. On the following morning the governor announced to the Creeks that his daughter was disposed to marry one of their number; and, having pointed out the individual, added that his consent would be given. The chiefs, at first, very naturally, doubted whether the governor was in earnest; but, upon his assuring them that he was sincere, they advised the young



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man to embrace the lady and her offer. He was not so ungallant as to refuse; and, having consented to the fortune that was thus buckled on him, was immediately taken to another apartment, where he was disrobed of his Indian costume by a train of black servants, washed, and clad in a new suit, and the marriage ceremony was immediately performed.

At the close of the council the Creeks returned home, but the young hunter remained with his wife. He amused himself in hunting, in which he was very successful, and was accustomed to take a couple of black servants with him, who seldom failed to bring in large quantities of game. He lived among the whites until his wife had borne him two daughters and a son. Upon the birth of the latter, the governor went to see his grandson, and was so well pleased that he called his friends together, and caused thirty guns to be fired. When the boy was seven or eight years old the father died, and the governor took charge of the child, who was often visited by the Creeks. At the age of ten or twelve he was permitted to accompany the Indians to their nation, where he spent some time; and, two years after, he again made a long visit to the Creeks, who then, with a few Shawnees, lived on a river called Pauseekoalaakee, and began to adopt their dress and customs. They gave him an Indian name, Pukeshinwau, which means, *Something that drops down;* and, after learning their language, he became so much attached to the Indian mode of life, that when the governor sent for him he refused to return. He married a Creek woman, but afterwards discarded her, and united himself with Methoataaskee, a Shawnees, who was the mother of Tecumthe, and our narrator, the Prophet. The oldest son by this marriage was Cheeseekau; and, six years afterwards, a daughter was born, who was called Menewaulaakoosee; then a son,

called Sauawaseekau, soon after whose birth, the Shawnees determined to remove to other hunting grounds. His wife, being unwilling to separate from her tribe, Pukeshinwau accompanied them, after first paying a visit to his grandfather. At parting, the governor gave him a written paper, and told him, that upon showing it at any time to the Americans, they would grant any request which he might make—but that he need not show it to French traders, as it would only vex them, and make them exclaim, *Sacre Dieu!* His family, with about half the Shawnees, then removed to old Chillicothe[2]; the other half divided again, a part remaining with the Creeks and the remainder going beyond the Mississippi. Tecumthe was born on the journey. Pukeshinwau was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, in the autumn of 1774,[3] and the Prophet was born the following winter.[4]

The fourth child of this family was Tecumthe—the fifth, Nehaaseemoo, a boy—and the sixth, the Prophet, whose name was, originally, Laulewaasikaw, but was changed when he assumed his character of Prophet, to Tenskwautawaw, or the *Open Door*.[5] Tecumthe was ten years older than the Prophet; the latter was one of three brothers born at a birth, one of whom died immediately after birth, while the other, whose name was Kumskaukau, lived until a few years ago.[6] The eldest brother had a daughter, who, as well as a daughter of Tecumthe, is living beyond the Mississippi. No other descendant of the family remains, except a son of Tecumthe, who now lives with the Prophet.

Fabulous as the account of the origin of this family undoubtedly is, the Prophet's information as to the names and ages of his brothers and sisters may be relied upon as accurate, and as affording a complete refutation of the common report, which represents

Tenskwautawaw and Tecumthe as the offspring of the same birth.

The early life of the Prophet was not distinguished by any important event, nor would his name ever have been known to fame, but for his connection with his distinguished brother. Tecumthe was a person of commanding talents, who gave early indications of a genius of a superior order. While a boy he was a leader among his playmates, and was in the habit of arranging them in parties for the purpose of fighting sham battles. At this early age his vigilance, as well as his courage, is said to have been remarkably developed in his whole deportment. One only exception is reported to have occurred, in which this leader, like the no less illustrious Red Jacket, stained his youthful character by an act of pusillanimity. At the age of fifteen he went, for the first time, into battle, under the charge of his elder brother, and at the commencement of the engagement ran off, completely panic stricken. This event, which may be considered as remarkable, in the life of an individual so conspicuous through his whole after career for daring intrepidity, occurred on the banks of Mad River, near the present site of Dayton.[7] But Tecumthe possessed too much pride, and too strong a mind, to remain long under the disgrace incurred by a momentary weakness, and he shortly afterwards distinguished himself in an attack on some boats descending the Ohio. A prisoner, taken on this occasion, was burnt, with all the horrid ceremonies attendant upon this dreadful exhibition of savage ferocity; and Tecumthe, shocked at a scene so unbecoming the character of the warrior, expressed his abhorrence in terms so strong and eloquent, that the whole party came to the resolution that they would discontinue the practice of torturing prisoners at the stake. A more striking proof of the genius of Tecumthe could

not be given; it must have required no small degree of independence and strength of mind, to enable an Indian to arrive at a conclusion so entirely at variance with all the established usages of his people; nor could he have impressed others with his own novel opinions without the exertion of great powers of argument. He remained firm in the benevolent resolution thus early formed; but we are unable to say how far his example conduced to the extirpation of the horrid rite to which we have alluded, and which is now seldom, if at all, practised. Colonel Crawford, who was burned in 1782, is the last victim to the savage propensity for revenge who is known to have suffered this cruel death.[8]

Tecumthe seems to have been connected with his own tribe by slender ties, or to have had a mind so constituted as to raise him above the partialities and prejudices of clanship, which are usually so deeply rooted in the Indian breast. Throughout his life he was always acting in concert with tribes other than his own. In 1789, he removed, with a party of Kickapoos, to the Cherokee country; and, shortly after, joined the Creeks, who were then engaged in hostilities with the whites. In these wars Tecumthe became distinguished, often leading war parties—sometimes attacked in his camp, but always acquitting himself with ability. On one occasion, when surrounded in a swamp by superior numbers, he relieved himself by a masterly charge on the whites; through whose ranks he cut his way with desperate courage. He returned to Ohio immediately after Harmar's defeat,[9] in 1791; he headed a party sent out to watch the movements of St Clair, while organising his army, and is supposed to have participated in the active and bloody scenes which eventuated in the destruction of that ill-starred expedition.[10]

In 1792, Tecumthe, with ten men, was attacked by twenty-eight whites, under the command of the celebrated Simon Kenton,[11] and, after a spirited engagement, the latter were defeated; and, in 1793, he was again successful in repelling an attack by a party of whites whose numbers were superior to his own.

The celebrated victory of General Wayne,[12] in which a large body of Indians, well organised and skilfully led, was most signally defeated, took place in 1794, and produced an entire change in the relations then existing between the American people and the aborigines, by crushing the power of the latter at a single blow, and dispersing the elements of a powerful coalition of the tribes. In that battle Tecumthe led a party, and was with the advance which met the attack of the infantry, and bore the brunt of the severest fighting. When the Indians, completely overpowered, were compelled to retreat, Tecumthe, with two or three others, rushed on a small party of their enemies who had a fieldpiece in charge, drove them from the gun, and cutting loose the horses, mounted them, and fled to the main body of the Indians.

In 1795, Tecumthe again raised a war party, and, for the first time, styled himself a chief, although he was never regularly raised to that dignity; and in the following year he resided in Ohio, near Piqua. Two years afterwards, he joined the Delawares, in Indiana, on White River, and continued to reside with them for seven years.

About the year 1806, this highly gifted warrior began to exhibit the initial movements of his great plan for expelling the whites from the valley of the Mississippi. The Indians had, for a long series of years, witnessed with anxiety the encroachments of a population superior to themselves in address, in war, and in all the arts of civil

life, until, having been driven beyond the Alleghany Ridge, they fancied that Nature had interposed an impassable barrier between them and their oppressors. They were not, however, suffered to repose long in this imaginary security. A race of hardy men, led on step by step in the pursuit of game and in the search of fertile lands, pursued the footsteps of the savage through the fastnesses of the mountains, and explored those broad and prolific plains, which had been spoken of before in reports supposed to be partly fabulous, but which were now found to surpass in extent and in the magnificence of their scenery and vegetation all that travellers had written, or the most credulous had imagined. Individuals and colonies began to emigrate, and the Indians saw that again they were to be dispossessed of their choicest hunting grounds. Wars followed, the history of which we have not room to relate —wars of the most unsparing character, fought with scenes of hardy and romantic valour, and with the most heartrending incidents of domestic distress. The vicissitudes of these hostilities were such as alternately to flatter and alarm each party; but as year after year rolled away, the truth became rapidly developed, that the red men were dwindling and receding, while the descendants of the Europeans were increasing in numbers, and pressing forward with gigantic footsteps. Coalitions of the tribes began to be formed, but they were feebly organised, and briefly united. A common cause roused all the tribes to hostility, and the whole frontier presented scenes of violence. Harmar, St Clair, and other gallant leaders, sent to defend the settlements, were driven back by the irritated savages, who refused to treat on any condition than that which should establish a boundary to any farther advance of the whites. Their first hope was to exclude the latter from the valley of the Mississippi; but driven

from this position by the rapid settlement of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, they assumed the Ohio River as their boundary, and proposed to make peace with General Wayne, on his agreeing to that stream as a permanent line between the red and white men. After their defeat by that veteran leader, all negotiation for a permanent boundary ceased, the tribes dispersed, each to fight its own wars, and to strike for plunder or revenge, as opportunity might offer.

Tecumthe seems to have been at this time the only Indian who had the genius to conceive, and the perseverance to attempt, an extended scheme of warfare against the encroachment of the whites. His plan embraced a general union of all the Indians against all white men, and proposed the entire expulsion of the latter from the valley of the Mississippi. He passed from tribe to tribe urging the necessity of a combination which should make a common cause; and burying, for a time, all feuds among themselves, wage a general war against the invader who was expelling them, all alike, from their hunting grounds, and who would not cease to drive them towards the setting sun until the last remnant of their race should be hurled into the great ocean of the West. This great warrior had the sagacity to perceive that the traffic with the whites, by creating new and artificial wants among the Indians, exerted a powerful influence in rendering the latter dependent on the former; and he pointed out to them in forcible language, the impossibility of carrying on a successful war while they depended on their enemies for the supply of articles which habit was rendering necessary to their existence. He showed the pernicious influence of ardent spirits, the great instrument of savage degradation and destruction; but he also explained, that in using the guns, ammunition, knives, blankets, cloth, and

other articles manufactured by the whites, they had raised up enemies in their own wants and appetites more efficient than the troops of their oppressors. He urged them to return to the simple habits of their fathers—to reject all superfluous ornaments, to dress in skins, and to use such weapons as they could fabricate, or wrest by force from the enemy; and, setting the example, he lived an abstemious life, and sternly rejected the use of articles purchased from the traders.

Tecumthe was not only bold and eloquent, but sagacious and subtle; and he determined to appeal to the prejudices as well as the reason of his race. The Indians are very superstitious; vague as their notions are respecting the Deity, they believe in the existence of a *Great Spirit*, to whom they look up with great fear and reverence; and artful men have, from time to time, appeared among them, who have swayed their credulous minds by means of pretended revelations from Heaven.[13] Seizing upon this trait of the Indian character, the crafty projector of this great revolution prepared his brother Tenskwautawaw, or Ellsquatawa (for the name is pronounced both ways), to assume the character of a Prophet; and, about the year 1806, the latter began to have dreams, and to deliver predictions. His name, which, previous to this time, was Olliwachica,[14] was changed to that by which he was afterwards generally known, and which signifies "*the open door*"—by which it was intended to represent him as *the way*, or door, which had been opened for the deliverance of the red people.

Instead of confining these intrigues to their own tribe, a village was established on the Wabash, which soon became known as the *Prophet's town*,[15] and was for many years the chief scene of the plots formed against the peace of the frontier. Here the Prophet denounced the white

man, and invoked the malediction of the Great Spirit upon the recreant Indian who should live in friendly intercourse with the hated race. Individuals from different tribes in that region—Miamis, Weas, Piankashaws, Kickapoos, Delawares, and Shawnees collected around him, and were prepared to execute his commands. The Indians thus assembled were by no means the most reputable or efficient of their respective tribes, but were the young, the loose, the idle—and here, as in the case in civilised societies, those who had least to lose were foremost in jeoparding the blood and property of the whole people. The chiefs held back, and either opposed the Prophet or stood uncommitted. They had, doubtless, intelligence enough to know that he was an impostor; nor were they disposed to encourage the brothers in assuming to be leaders, and in the acquisition of authority which threatened to rival their own. Indeed, all that portion of the surrounding tribes which might be termed the *aristocratic*, the chiefs and their relatives, the aged men and distinguished warriors, stood aloof from a conspiracy which seemed desperate and hopeless, while the younger warriors listened with credulity to the Prophet, and were kindled into ardour by the eloquence of Tecumthe. The latter continued to travel from tribe to tribe, pursuing the darling object of his life with incessant labour, commanding respect by the dignity and manliness of his character, and winning adherents by the boldness of his public addresses, as well as by the subtlety with which in secret he appealed to individual interest or passion.

This state of things continued for several years. Most of the Indian tribes were ostensibly at peace with the United States; but the tribes, though unanimous in their hatred against the white people, were divided in opinion as to the proper policy to be pursued, and distracted by

intestine conflicts. The more prudent deprecated an open rupture with our Government, which would deprive them of their annuities, their traffic, and the presents which flowed in upon them periodically, while the great mass thirsted for revenge and plunder. The British authorities in Canada, alarmed at the rapid spread of our settlements, dispersed their agents along the frontier, and industriously fomented these jealousies. Small parties of Indians scoured the country, committing thefts and murders—unacknowledged by their tribes, but undoubtedly approved, if not expressly sanctioned, at their council fires.

The Indiana Territory, having been recently organised, and Governor Harrison [16] being invested with the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, it became his duty to hold frequent treaties with the Indians; and on these occasions Tecumthe and the Prophet were prominent men. The latter is described as the most graceful and agreeable of Indian orators; he was easy, subtle, and insinuating — not powerful, but persuasive in argument; and it was remarked that he never spoke when Tecumthe was present. He was the instrument, and Tecumthe the master-spirit, the bold warrior, the able, eloquent, fearless speaker, who, in any assembly of his own race, awed all around him by the energy of his character, and stood forward as the leading individual.

The ground assumed by these brothers was, that all previous treaties between the Indians and the American Government were invalid, having been made without authority. They asserted that the lands inhabited by the Indians belonged to all the tribes indiscriminately—that the Great Spirit had given them to *the Indians* for hunting grounds—that each tribe had a right to certain tracts of country so long as they occupied them, but no longer—that if one tribe moved away another might take

possession; and they contended for a kind of entail, which prevented any tribe from alienating that to which he had only a present possessory right. They insisted, therefore, that no tribe had authority to transfer any soil to the whites without the assent of all; and that, consequently, all the treaties that had been made were void.[17] It was in support of these plausible propositions that Tecumthe made his best speeches, and showed especially his knowledge of human nature by his artful appeals to the prejudices of the Indians. He was, when he pleased to be so, a great demagogue; and when he condescended to court the people, was eminently successful. In his public harangues he acted on this principle; and while he was ostensible in addressing the Governor of Indiana, or the chiefs who sat in council, his speeches, highly inflammatory yet well digested, were all in fact directed to the multitude. It was on such an occasion that, in ridiculing the idea of selling a country, he broke out in the exclamation—"Sell a country! why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?"

We select the following passages from the *Memoirs of General Harrison*:—[18]

"In 1809, Governor Harrison purchased from the Delawares, Miamis, and Pottawatimies, a large tract of country on both sides of the Wabash, and extending up that river about sixty miles above Vincennes.[19] Tecumthe was absent, and his brother, not feeling himself interested, made no opposition to the treaty; but the former, on his return, expressed great dissatisfaction, and threatened some of the chiefs with death who had made the treaty. Governor Harrison, hearing of his displeasure, despatched a messenger to invite him to come to Vincennes, and to assure him 'that any claims he might have to the lands

which had been ceded, were not affected by the treaty; that he might come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions, and if they were found to be valid, the land would be either given up, or an ample compensation made for it.'

"Having no confidence in the faith of Tecumthe, the governor directed that he should not bring with him more than thirty warriors; but he came with four hundred, completely armed. The people of Vincennes were in great alarm, nor was the governor without apprehension that treachery was intended. This suspicion was not diminished by the conduct of the chief, who, on the morning after his arrival, refused to hold the council at the place appointed, under an affected belief that treachery was intended on our side.

"A large portico in front of the governor's house had been prepared for the purpose, with seats as well for the Indians as for the citizens who were expected to attend. When Tecumthe came from his camp, with about forty of his warriors, he stood off, and on being invited by the governor, through an interpreter, to take his seat, refused, observing that he wished the council to be held under the shade of some trees in front of the house. When it was objected that it would be troublesome to remove the seats, he replied, 'that it would only be necessary to remove those intended for the whites — that the red men were accustomed to sit upon the earth, which was their mother, and that they were always happy to recline upon her bosom.'

"At this council, held on the 12th of August, 1810, Tecumthe delivered a speech, of which we find the following report, containing the sentiments uttered, but in a language very different from that of the Indian orator:—

"'I have made myself what I am; and I would that I could make the red people as great as the conceptions of

my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules over all. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty; but I would say to him, Brother, you have liberty to return to your own country. Once there was no white man in all this country: then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes—but we are determined to go no farther. The only way to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be now—for it never was divided, but belongs to all. No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians who had it first—it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all, is not good. The late sale is bad—it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all.'

"Governor Harrison, in his reply, said, 'That the white people, when they arrived upon this continent, had found the Miamis in the occupation of all the country of the Wabash; and at that time the Shawnees were residents of Georgia, from which they were driven by the Creeks. That the lands had been purchased from the Miamis, who were the true and original owners of it. That it was ridiculous to assert that all the Indians were one nation; for if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put six different tongues into their heads,

but would have taught them all to speak one language. That the Miamis had found it for their interest to sell a part of their lands, and receive for them a further annuity in addition to what they had long enjoyed, and the benefit of which they had experienced, from the punctuality with which the *seventeen fires* complied with their engagements; and that the Shawnees had no right to come from a distant country to control the Miamis in the disposal of their own property.'

"The interpreter had scarcely finished the explanation of these remarks, when Tecumthe fiercely exclaimed, 'It is false!' and giving a signal to his warriors, they sprang upon their feet, from the green grass on which they were sitting, and seized their war-clubs. The governor and the small train that surrounded him were now in imminent danger. He was attended by a few citizens, who were unarmed. A military guard of twelve men, who had been stationed near him, and whose presence was considered rather as an honorary than a defensive measure —being exposed, as it was thought unnecessarily, to the heat of the sun in a sultry August day, had been humanely directed by the governor to remove to a shaded spot at some distance. But the governor, retaining his presence of mind, rose and placed his hand upon his sword, at the same time directing those of his friends and suite who were about him to stand upon their guard. Tecumthe addressed the Indians in a passionate tone, and with violent gesticulations. Major G. R. C. Floyd, of the U.S. army, who stood near the governor, drew his dirk; Winnemak,[20] a friendly chief, cocked his pistol, and Mr Winans, a Methodist preacher, ran to the governor's house, seized a gun, and placed himself in the door to defend the family. For a few moments all expected a bloody rencounter. The guard was ordered up, and would instantly

have fired upon the Indians, had it not been for the coolness of Governor Harrison, who restrained them. He then calmly but authoritatively told Tecumthe, that 'he was a bad man—that he would have no further talk with him—that he must now return to his camp, and take his departure from the settlements immediately.'

"The next morning, Tecumthe having reflected on the impropriety of his conduct, and finding that he had to deal with a man as bold and vigilant as himself, who was not to be daunted by his audacious turbulence, nor circumvented by his specious manœuvres, apologised for the affront he had offered, and begged that the council might be renewed. To this the governor consented, suppressing any feeling of resentment which he might naturally have felt, and determined to leave no exertion untried to carry into effect the pacific views of the Government. It was agreed that each party should have the same attendance as on the previous day; but the governor took the precaution to place himself in an attitude to command respect, and to protect the inhabitants of Vincennes from violence, by ordering two companies of militia to be placed on duty within the village.

"Tecumthe presented himself with the same undaunted bearing which always marked him as a superior man; but he was now dignified and collected, and showed no disposition to resume his former insolent deportment. He disclaimed having entertained any intention of attacking the governor, but said he had been advised by white men to do as he had done. Two white men—British emissaries undoubtedly—had visited him at his place of residence, had told him that half the white people were opposed to the governor, and willing to relinquish the land, and urged him to advise the tribes not to receive pay for it, alleging that the governor would soon be recalled, and a good man

put in his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. The governor inquired whether he would forcibly oppose the survey of the purchase. He replied, that he was determined to adhere to the *old boundary*. Then arose a Wyandot, a Kickapoo, a Pottawatimie, an Ottawa, and a Winnebago chief, each declaring his determination to stand by Tecumthe. The governor then said, that the words of Tecumthe should be reported to the President, who would take measures to enforce the treaty; and the council ended.

"The governor, still anxious to conciliate the haughty savage, paid him a visit next day at his own camp. He was received with kindness and attention—his uniform courtesy and inflexible firmness having won the respect of the rude warriors of the forest. They conversed for some time, but Tecumthe obstinately adhered to all his former positions; and when Governor Harrison told him that he was sure the President would not yield to his pretensions, the chief replied: 'Well, as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up this land. It is true, he is so far off, he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.'"

The two brothers who thus acted in concert, though, perhaps, well fitted to act together in the prosecution of a great plan, were widely different in character. Tecumthe was bold and sagacious—a successful warrior, a fluent orator, a shrewd, cool-headed, able man in every situation in which he was placed. His mind was expansive and generous. He detested the white man, but it was with a kind of benevolent hatred, based on an ardent love for his own race, and which rather aimed at the elevation of the one than the destruction of the other. He had

sworn eternal vengeance against the enemies of his race, and he held himself bound to observe towards them no courtesy, to consent to no measure of conciliation, until the purposes to which he had devoted himself should be accomplished. He was full of enthusiasm and fertile of expedient. Though his whole career was one struggle against adverse circumstances, he was never discouraged, but sustained himself with a presence of mind and an equability of temper which showed the real greatness of his character.

The following remarkable circumstance may serve to illustrate the penetration, decision, and boldness of this warrior chief:—He had been down south, to Florida, and succeeded in instigating the Seminoles in particular, and portions of other tribes, to unite in the war on the side of the British.[21] He gave out, that a vessel, on a certain day, commanded by red coats, would be off Florida, filled with guns and ammunition, and supplies for the use of the Indians. That no mistake might happen in regard to the day on which the Indians were to strike, he prepared bundles of sticks—each bundle containing the number of sticks corresponding to the number of days that were to intervene between the day on which they were received, and the day of the general onset. The Indian practice is, to throw away a stick every morning—they make, therefore, no mistake in the time. These sticks Tecumthe caused to be painted red. It was from this circumstance that, in the former Seminole war, these Indians were called "Red Sticks."[22] In all this business of mustering the tribes, Tecumthe used great caution. He supposed inquiry would be made as to the object of his visit. That his plans might not be suspected, he directed the Indians to reply to any questions that might be asked about him, by saying that he had counselled them to cultivate the ground, abstain

from ardent spirits, and live in peace with the white people. On his return from Florida, he went among the Creeks, in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa River, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the *Big Warrior*.[23] He explained his object; delivered his war talk —presented a bundle of sticks—gave a piece of wampum and a war hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. When Tecumthe, reading the spirit and intentions of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face, said—"Your blood is white. You have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckhabatchee directly—and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned, and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often, and talked over this matter—and counted the days carefully, to know the day when Tecumthe would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the day of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when, at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumthe has got to Detroit." The effect was electric. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earth-

quake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumthe arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfilment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckhabatchee in 1827, and near the residence of the Big Warrior.[24] The anecdote may, therefore, be relied on. Tecumthe's object, doubtless, was, on seeing that he had failed by the usual appeal to the passions, and hopes, and war spirit of the Indians, to alarm their fears, little dreaming himself that on the day named his threat would be executed with such punctuality and terrible fidelity.

Tecumthe was temperate in his diet, used no ardent spirits, and did not indulge in any kind of excess. Although several times married, he had but one wife at a time, and treated her with uniform kindness and fidelity; and he never evinced any desire to accumulate property, or to gratify any sordid passion. Colonel John Johnston, of Piqua, who knew him well, says: "He was sober and abstemious; never indulging in the use of liquors, nor catering to excess; fluent in conversation, and a great public speaker. He despised dress, and all effeminacy of manners; he was disinterested, hospitable, generous, and humane—the resolute and indefatigable advocate of the rights and independence of the Indians." Stephen Ruddle, a Kentuckian, who was captured by the Indians in childhood, and lived in the family of Tecumthe, says of him, "His talents, rectitude of deportment and friendly disposition, commanded the respect and regard of all about him"; and Governor Cass, in speaking of his oratory, says, "It was the utterance of a great mind, roused by the strongest motives of which human nature is susceptible, and developing a power and a labour of reason which commanded the

admiration of the civilised as justly as the confidence and pride of the savage."

The Prophet possessed neither the talents nor the frankness of his brother. As a speaker, he was fluent, smooth, and plausible, and was pronounced by Governor Harrison the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen among the Indians; but he was sensual, cruel, weak, and timid. Availing himself of the superstitious awe inspired by supposed intercourse with the Great Spirit, he lived in idleness, supported by the presents brought him by his deluded followers. The Indians allow polygamy,[25] but deem it highly discreditable in anyone to marry more wives than he can support; and a prudent warrior always regulates the number of his family by his capacity to provide food. Neglecting this rule of propriety, the Prophet had an unusual number of wives, while he made no effort to procure a support for his household, and meanly exacted a subsistence from those who dreaded his displeasure. An impostor in everything, he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life.

We have not room to detail all the political and military events in which these brothers were engaged, and which have been related in the histories of the times. An account of the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place in 1811, and of the intrigues which led to an engagement so honourable to our arms, would alone fill more space than is allotted to this article.[26] On the part of the Indians it was a fierce and desperate assault, and the defence of the American general was one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of Indian warfare; but Tecumthe was not engaged in it, and the Prophet, who issued orders from a safe position, beyond the reach of any chance of personal exposure, performed no part honourable to himself or important to the result. He added cowardice to the degrading traits which had

already distinguished his character, and from that time his influence decreased. At the close of the war, in 1814, he had ceased to have any reputation among the Indians.

The latter part of the career of Tecumthe was as brilliant as it was unfortunate. He sustained his high reputation for talent, courage, and good faith without achieving any advantage for the unhappy race to whose advancement he had devoted his whole life. In the war between the United States and Great Britain, which commenced in 1812, he was an active ally of the latter, and accompanied their armies at the head of large bodies of Indians. He fought gallantly in several engagements, and fell gloriously in the battle of the Thames, where he is supposed, with reason, to have fallen in a personal conflict with Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.[27]

One other trait in the character of this great man deserves to be especially noticed. Though nurtured in the forest, and accustomed through life to scenes of bloodshed, he was humane. While a mere boy, he courageously rescued a woman from the cruelty of her husband, who was beating her, and declared that no man was worthy of the name of a warrior who could raise his hand in anger against a woman. He treated his prisoners with uniform kindness; and, on several occasions, rescued our countrymen from the hands of his enraged followers.

The Prophet is living west of the Mississippi, in obscurity.[28]

NOTES

1. For Tecumthe, see the following:—Benj. Drake, *Life of Tecumseh and of his Brother the Prophet*, Cincinnati, 1852; Edward Eggleston and Lillie E. Seelye, *Tecumseh and the Shawnee Prophet*, New York, 1878; also, *The Shawnee Prophet, or The Story of Tecumseh*, London (n.d.); Lossing, *The American Revolution and the War of* 1812, Vol. III., 1875;

Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, Vol. IV., p. 259, 1854; Catlin, *Letters and Notes*, Vol. II., pp. 117-118, London, 1844; Mooney in *Fourteenth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, Washington, 1896, p. 670 *et seq.*; F. Moore, *American Eloquence*, Vol. II., 1864; *Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, Vol. IV., 1859; James A. Green, "Tecumseh," in *Great Men and Famous Women*, edited by Charles F. Horne, New York, 1894.

The only known portrait of Tecumthe is a pencil sketch made by Pierre Le Dru, a young French trader, at Vincennes, Indiana, in 1808. Forty years later Lossing found it at Quebec, in possession of Le Dru's son, who permitted him to copy it. The likeness appears in Lossing's *American Revolution*, above cited, which is the source of many subsequent copies.

The painter of the accompanying portrait of Tenskwautawaw would have remained unknown, but for the information accompanying the Inman copy in the Peabody Museum (original numbers, 20 and 99; museum number, 28. 192), which accredits the original to King. In the museum list the name is spelled "Els-kwau-ta-waw." No date is given. According to the Rhees *Catalogue*, this portrait was number 99 of the Indian Gallery. The portrait is quite distinct from that by Lewis, painted at Detroit in 1823, at the instance of Governor Lewis Cass. In the Lewis *Port-folio* the latter bears the title, "Tens-qua-ta-wa, or the one that opens the door."

2. In the present State of Ohio.

3. See note 7, p. 43.

4. Regarding the ancestry and birth of Tecumseh and the Prophet, little reliance is now placed in the story as here recorded. Eggleston and Seelye say, and their statement is regarded as authoritative:—

"There are always curious contradictions in the accounts of an event that reach us only through the traditions of Indians and frontier men. Tecumseh was born, according to some accounts, in 1768, and according to others, in 1771, some say near Chillicothe, though Tecumseh is reported to have said his birth occurred near the old Indian village of Piqua. There is a story that he and his brother, the Prophet, were twins, and even that a third brother was born at the same time; though, according to one account, the Prophet and a twin brother were some years younger than Tecumseh. It seems more likely that the earlier date, 1768, was that of Tecumseh's, and the latter, 1771, the date of the Prophet's birth, who was perhaps a twin. There can be little doubt that Tecumseh was born at the old Indian village of Piqua, or Pickaway, on the Mad River, near the Miami.

"There is likewise great contradictoriness in the accounts given of the family history. It would be easy to believe, from Tecumseh's superior mind, that there was white blood in his family. There is, however, pretty good evidence that the family was of pure Shawnee extraction. The assertions of some, that he had both Anglo-Saxon and Creek blood in his veins, seem to be entirely founded on a boast of Lauliwasikau, the

Prophet, who excelled more in bragging than he did in battle, and who was more voluble than truthful. The story is interesting to us as a small novel of the Prophet's own invention, rather than for any probable historical basis."

5. His original name was properly *Lalawéthika* ("Laulewaasikaw," on p. 78), signifying, in the Shawnee language, a rattle or similar instrument. *Tenskwatawa* is from *skwaté*, "a door," and *thénui*, "to be open." He is frequently called Elskwatawa (see Mooney, *op. cit.*, p. 674).

6. That is, a few years prior to 1836.

7. Tecumthe was born on Mad River, at the "Old Piqua Town," south-west of the present Springfield, Ohio. See note 4.

8. Colonel William Crawford was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, in 1732. He became a surveyor and a companion of Washington, and, like the latter, served under Braddock in the expedition to Fort Duquesne, Pennsylvania, continuing in service until 1761. He served also in the Pontiac war of 1763-64, and in 1767 settled in western Pennsylvania, where he purchased land, and became a justice of the peace. He fought in the Revolution, resigning in 1781 after winning a colonelcy, and retiring to his home. At the request of Washington and Irvine, in 1782, Crawford assumed command of an expedition against the Wyandot and Delaware Indians on the Muskingum in Ohio. After a two days' fight, the soldiers found themselves surrounded by the Indians, and in cutting their way out the former became separated, and Crawford fell into the hands of the savages. After being held a prisoner for several days, he was burned to death on June 11th, at a point about ten miles north-west of the present Upper Sandusky, Ohio. See Hill, "Crawford's Campaign," in *Magazine of Western History*, Cleveland, Ohio, May, 1885.

9. General Josiah Harmar (born in Philadelphia in 1753, died there August 20, 1813) led this expedition against the Miami Indians. He resigned his commission in 1792, and became Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, which office he held until 1799.

10. General Arthur St Clair was born in Thurso, Caithness, Scotland, in 1734; died at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1818. He was Governor of the North-West Territory from 1789 until 1802. He made a treaty with the Indians at Fort Harmar, Ohio, in 1789, and in the following year established the seat of justice of the territory at Cincinnati, which town he named in honour of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was president for Pennsylvania from 1783 until 1789. In March 1791, St Clair was appointed commander-in-chief of the army then operating against the Indians, and although suffering so severely from gout that he had to be borne on a litter, moved toward the savages on the Wabash and the Miami, in Ohio. On November 4 he was surprised near the Miami villages, in western central Ohio, not

far from the Indiana line, suffering defeat. His actions were criticised, and Washington refusing a court of inquiry, he resigned his General's commission in March 1792; but Congress later ordered a committee of inquiry, which fully exonerated him. See St Clair's *Narrative of the Manner in which the Campaign against the Indians in the Year* 1791 *was Conducted*, Philadelphia, 1812; William H. Smith, *Life and Public Services of Arthur St Clair*, Cincinnati, 1882.

11. Kenton (born in Virginia, April 3, 1755; died in Logan County, Ohio, April 29, 1836) was of Scotch-Irish descent. Being involved in a difficulty growing out of a love affair, during which he believed he had killed his opponent, he fled beyond the Alleghanies, where he formed a friendship with several adventurers then living in Ohio. He served as a spy against the Indians for several years, and once saved the life of the celebrated pioneer, Daniel Boone. He served under General George Rogers Clark during the revolutionary period, and in 1778 was captured by the Indians and delivered to the British commandant at Detroit; but escaped in July 1779, and in 1782 again commanded a company under Clark. Learning that the man he supposed he had killed was still alive in Virginia, he went to his old home in 1782; but soon returned with his father's family, and settled near Maysville, Kentucky. Kenton served with the rank of major under General Anthony Wayne in 1793-94, became Brigadier-General of the Ohio Militia in 1805, and fought in the battle of the Thames, Canada (in which Tecumthe was killed), in 1813. During his absence his lands were taken by settlers, reducing him to great poverty, but Congress afterward granted him a pension of $240 a year.

12. Anthony Wayne was born in Easttown, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 1, 1745; died at Presque Isle (Erie), Pennsylvania, December 15, 1796. He was educated at the Philadelphia Academy, became a surveyor, and when twenty years of age was sent to Nova Scotia, on the recommendation of Benjamin Franklin, as the representative of a wealthy corporation. Two years later, in 1767, he was married and settled on a farm in his native county, but continued to follow his profession, and held several local offices. In 1774 he served as a provincial deputy, to consider the disturbing relations between Great Britain and the colonies, and also as a member of the Pennsylvania Convention to discuss similar questions. During 1774-75, he was representative from Chester County to the Pennsylvania Colonial Legislature, and in 1775 was a member of the Committee of Safety. Meanwhile, he devoted himself to the study of the art of war, and raised a regiment of troops, receiving the commission of Colonel, January 3, 1776. Having been sent to reinforce the northern army, he met the British at Three Rivers, but was wounded and compelled to withdraw his troops, concentrating them at Ticonderoga, over which he was given charge. On February 21, 1777, he became a Brigadier-General, and joined Washington's army in New Jersey. He was actively engaged against the British during the following summer, his bravery and good

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conduct being publicly testified to by Washington. Wayne was successively engaged at the Brandywine, at Warren Tavern, and near Paoli, where the left wing of his division was compelled to retreat, but afterward joined the other wing not far away. Charges against Wayne's action on this occasion led to his demand for a court of inquiry, which acquitted him "with the highest honour." He took a prominent part in the battle of Germantown; in the winter of 1777-78 he did much to relieve the suffering of the troops at Valley Forge, and in March successfully raided the British lines, capturing horses, cattle, and other material. It was through him that the victory of Monmouth was made possible after retreat had been ordered. During the summer of 1779 he commanded a corps of light infantry, which captured the strongly fortified and important Stony Point on the Hudson, July 15-16, in which he was wounded in the head. So important was this victory regarded that Congress voted Wayne a gold medal and the thanks of the nation, and his native State conferred a similar honour. He quelled a mutiny of 1300 Pennsylvania troops in January 1781, to the satisfaction of the troops, and to the advantage of the Government. Sent by Washington to join Lafayette, then operating against Cornwallis in Virginia, Wayne met the entire British army at Jamestown Ford, and by Lafayette's orders attacked the enemy at Green Springs, July 6, thus disconcerting a projected movement by the British before himself falling back. This action demonstrated Wayne's great ability as a General, in that he turned an almost positive defeat into a success. He was actively engaged in the investment and capture of Yorktown, October 6-14, and, after the surrender of Cornwallis, joined Greene in the South. On June 23-24, 1782, Wayne's force was surrounded by a numerous body of Creek Indians under a British officer, who for a brief time held possession of his artillery; but Wayne succeeded in recovering it by a furious attack with swords and bayonets, which compelled the Indians to flee. His last military service was to take possession of Charleston, South Carolina, after its evacuation by the British, December 14, 1782. The brevet rank of Major-General was conferred on him in October 1783.

Returning to Pennsylvania, Wayne resumed his civil life; in 1784 he was elected to the General Assembly, and served in the Convention that ratified the Federal Constitution. Subsequently, Wayne settled in Georgia, on a tract of land granted him by the State in recognition of his military services, and became a delegate to the Convention that framed the State Constitution in 1787. He was elected to represent Georgia in Congress in 1791, but served only five months, his seat being contested and declared vacant in March 1792. A new election was ordered, but he declined to be a candidate. On Washington's recommendation, Wayne was nominated to be General-in-Chief of the United States army, and was confirmed in that office in April 1792. As several of the Indian tribes of the North-West Territory refused to cease hostilities after the peace of 1783, and attempts by Generals Harmar

and St Clair to subjugate them having failed, Wayne collected an adequate and selected force, drilled them for more than a year for the special service for which they were required, and in the autumn of 1793 marched into the North-West, and near Greenville, Ohio, built a stockade, which he called Fort Recovery. Pushing on through the wilderness to the Maumee River in the following summer, Wayne built another post, Fort Adams, at the mouth of the Auglaize, and in August went down the Maumee with a thousand men and encamped at a British post at the foot of the Maumee rapids, called Fort Miami. Here Wayne offered the Indians peace if they would lay down their arms; and, on their refusal, advanced to Fallen Timbers, where, on August 20, the Indians were attacked, and after a severe fight were defeated. Almost all the dead warriors were found with British arms. After laying the country waste, he moved to the mouth of St Joseph and St Mary's Rivers, in the present Indiana, where he built a strong fortification, which he called Fort Wayne. He spent the winter at Greenville, Ohio, where, on August 3, 1795, was signed one of the most important treaties held up to that time, the twelve participating tribes agreeing to lasting peace, and to the cession to the United States of about two-thirds of the present state of Ohio and a portion of Indiana. Returning to Pennsylvania, Wayne was appointed sole commissioner to treat with the Indians, and to take possession of all the forts that had been held by the British, but died from an attack of gout while descending Lake Erie from Detroit.

Wayne's unexpected successes in perilous expeditions won for him the appellation of "Mad Anthony," although Washington referred to him as a prudent officer; and on account of his attention to dress, the sobriquet "Dandy Wayne" was also applied to him. To the Indians he was known as "The Black Snake," and after their defeat in 1794, as "Wind" and "Tornado." His body was removed in 1809 from Presque Isle to Radnor, in his native county. See Armstrong, "Life of Anthony Wayne," in Sparks's *American Biography; Orderly Book of the Northern Army at Fort Ticonderoga and Mount Independence*, Albany, 1859; Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*.

13. The general statement in regard to the belief of the Indians in a "Great Spirit" equivalent to "God," is a popular fallacy. To the Indian every object had a spirit, or shade, but it is improbable that any Indians realised a spirit greater than all the rest prior to the teachings of the missionaries.

14. Properly Lalawéthika. See note 5.

15. In the northern part of the present Tippecanoe County, Indiana.

16. William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States. Indiana territory, organised in 1800, then included the area now comprising the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota.

17. This, in brief, is exactly the attitude of the Indians in regard to

the tenure of land. There was no individual ownership, and when the tribes first ceded their lands to the Government, it was in the belief that the transfer was for the temporary use of the whites. The Indian had no idea whatsoever of title in fee. See Grinnell in *American Anthropologist*, Vol. IX., No. 1, 1907.

18. *A Memoir of the Public Services of William Henry Harrison, of Ohio*, by James Hall (one of the authors of the present work), Philadelphia, 1836.

19. The purchase was made under the provisions of the treaty held at Fort Wayne, September 30, 1809.

20. "Winemac" was a Potawatomi, and one of the signers of the treaty that aroused Tecumthe's indignation.

21. Tecumthe first had an interview with Harrison in July 1811, and started on this southern trip the next day. He was among the Choctaw in Mississippi in the late summer or early fall of the year named.

22. The settlements of the Creeks and the Seminole were divided into "red towns" and "white towns," or war and peace towns respectively. In the former all wars were declared; in the latter peace was negotiated, and no human blood was allowed to be shed. When war was declared, a red painted pole was erected in the public square, around which the warriors assembled, hence the name "Red Sticks." Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, derived its name from a similar pole erected to define the boundary between the Huma and the Bayougoula tribes.

23. This was Menawa, whose biography and portrait appear in Volume II.

24. During McKenney's journey to the South in the autumn of 1827, for the purpose of conducting negotiations with the Choctaw and the Creeks. See the Introduction. The New Madrid earthquake occurred in 1811.

25. This statement is by no means true of all Indians.

26. See Hall's *Memoir of Harrison*, above cited; also Drake's *Tecumseh*.

27. On this point, see McKenney's *Memoirs*, 1846, Vol. I., p. 181, in which the author aims to support a conclusion that has not been fully substantiated.

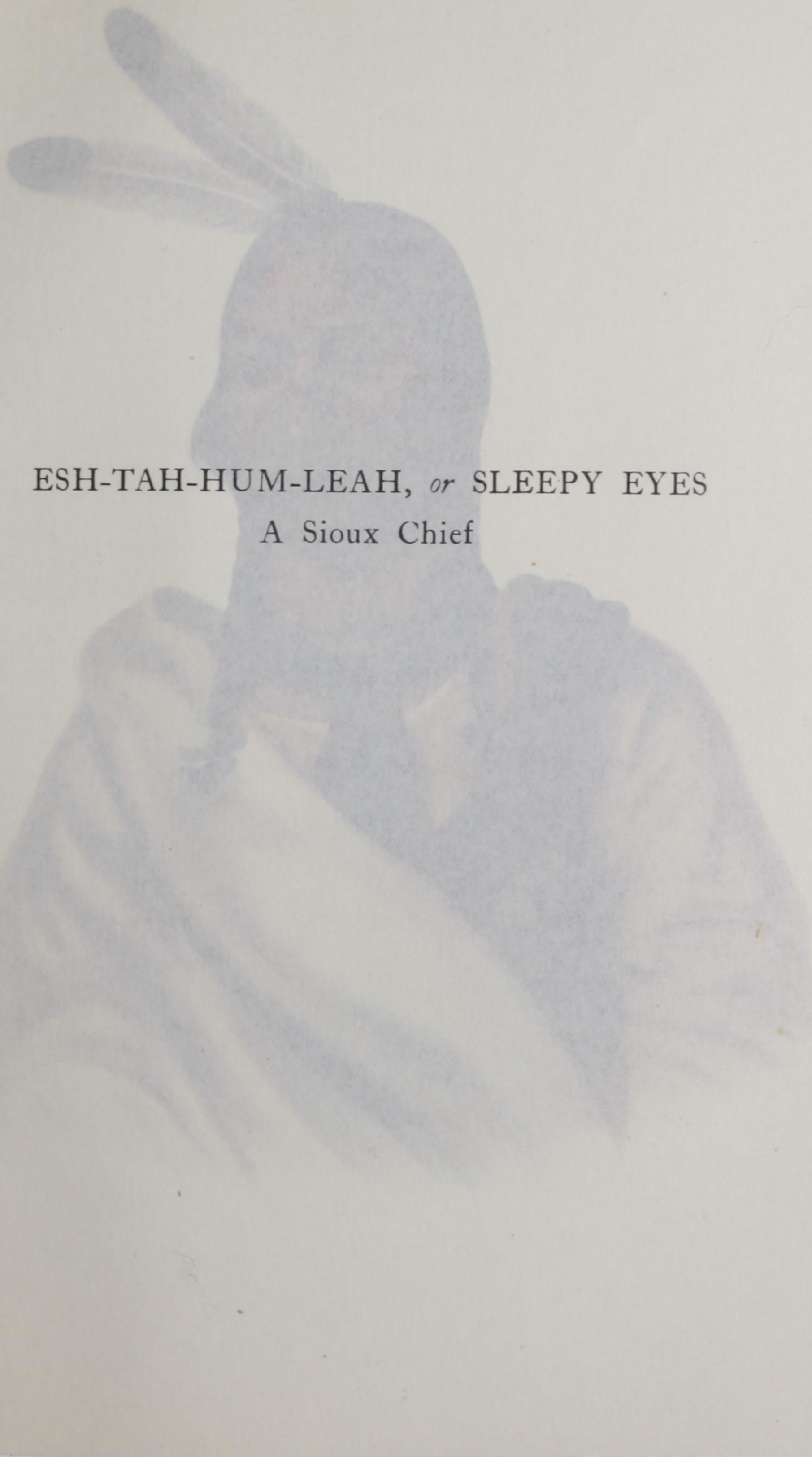
28. The date of his death is not known.

ESHTAHUMBAH

(OR, SLEEPY EYES)

We have but little to say of this individual, whose name, when translated, signifies *Sleepy Eyes*, and is expressive of the character of his countenance. He is one of the hereditary chiefs of the Teton tribe, of the Dacotah nation. In person, he is large and well-proportioned, and has rather a dignified appearance. He is a good-natured, plausible person, but has never been distinguished either in war or as a hunter.

The word Teton means *boaster*, and has been given to this tribe in consequence of the habit of bragging, which is said to prevail among them. They dwell in skin lodges, which are easily removed, and are constantly roving over the vast plains between the St Peter and the Missouri. They trade on both rivers, and are very hostile to white men, whom they insult and rob when they find them on the prairies, where such acts may be safely perpetrated. But all the tribes who live in contact with our frontier have become so conscious of the power of the American Government, as to be cautious in their depredations upon our citizens; and acts of violence are growing every day less numerous upon our borders. The Tetons are fierce, rapacious, and untamable; but are not considered braver than the other Sioux tribes.



ESH-TAH-HUM-LEAH, *or* SLEEPY EYES

A Sioux Chief

ESH-TAH-HUM-LEAH.

(OR, SLEEPY EYES.)

A Sioux Chief.



NOTE

His name appears as "Eesh-tah-hum-leah (the sleepy eye)" in a list of Indians "now at the seat of Government," in the *National Journal* of Washington City, copied by *Niles' Register* for July 31, 1824. He is mentioned in connection with "She-tah-wah-coe-wah-mene," better known as Little Crow (see p. 125), as one of the "Nacatas, or Sieux—the amiable people." The painter of the portrait, as well as the date, is omitted from the Rhees *Catalogue* of the Government collection; but this lack is supplied by the Inman copy in the Peabody Museum (original numbers, 10 and 43; museum number, 28. 192), which attributes it to King, without date. The name appears as "Esh-tak-hum-leah, Sleepy Eye," in the museum list. The picture (No. 10), according to the Rhees *Catalogue*, bore the title "Eesh-tah-hum-leah, Sleepy Eye. Sioux Chief, from the band called Sipsetongs [Sissetongs]." The subject of the sketch, therefore, belonged to quite another branch of the Dakota, or Sioux. He was born on Minnesota River, near the site of the present Mankato, in Brown County, Minnesota. He died in Roberts county, South Dakota; but his remains, many years after his death, were disinterred and removed to the town in Minnesota that now bears his name, where they were reburied, and a stately monument erected by citizens. The native name of this Indian is doubtless derived from *ishta*, "eye," and *hba*, "dreamy," "sleepy," "drowsy," the *h* in the latter term being a guttural. The last part of the name (*leah*), as given in earlier editions of McKenney and Hall, is hence a misprint of *bah*. Moreover, the name Teton, also, does not signify "boasters" (an error derived from Long's *Second Expedition*, Vol. I., 378, 1824), but is a contraction of *Titoŋwaŋ*, which means "prairie dwellers." The Sisseton and Wahpeton are under the Sisseton Agency, South Dakota, and together numbered 1950 in 1906.

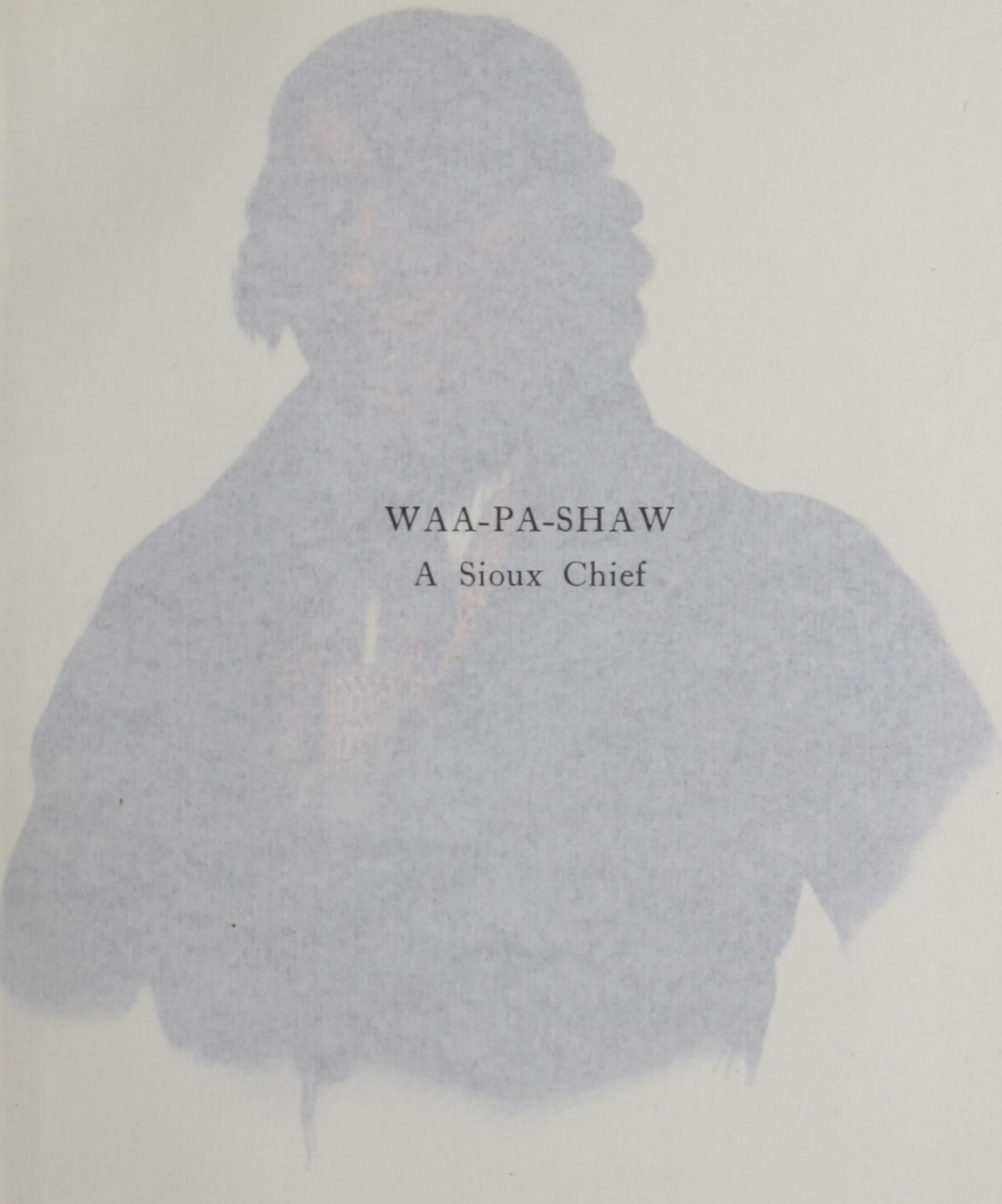
The name of the subject of this sketch was signed to the treaties of Prairie du Chien, August 19, 1825, as "Sleepy Eyes," and July 15, 1830, as "Ete-tahken-bah, Sleeping eyes"; and St Peters, November 30, 1836, as "Ese-tah-ken-bah, or the sleepy eyes." A treaty held at Traverse des Sioux, July 23, 1851, was signed by "Sleepy Eyes young," probably a son. The Sisseton band of which Ishtahba was chief, was known as Chansdachikana, and lived below Lake Traverse, Minnesota. See S. R. Riggs, *Forty Years with the Sioux*, 85, 1880; Heard, *History of the Sioux War*, 1863.

WAAPASHAW

(A SIOUX CHIEF)

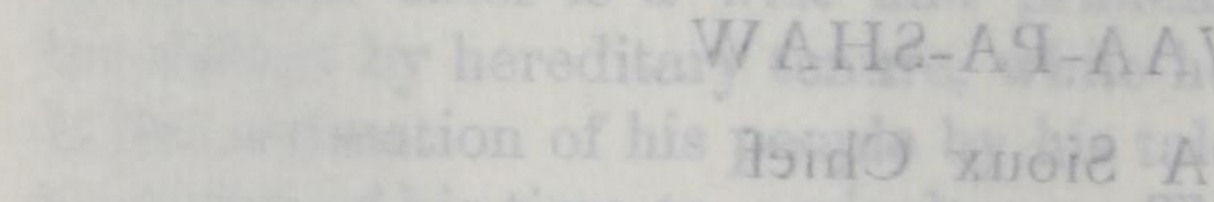
This distinguished man is head chief of the Keoxa tribe, of the Dacotah nation. His father was a great warrior; the present chief is a wise and prudent man, who holds his station by hereditary tenure, while he sustains himself in the estimation of his people by his talents. He devotes a portion of his time to agriculture. The name by which this tribe is distinguished signifies "relationship overlooked"; because, in their marriages, they unite between nearer relations than the other Sioux; first cousins, uncles and nieces, and even brothers and sisters, intermarry.[1]

We extract from the account of *Long's Second Expedition*, an anecdote in reference to a curious and much vexed question, in which the name of this chief is honourably mentioned. It is a matter of some doubt to what extent the practice of cannibalism has prevailed among the North American Indians. It is certain that some of the tribes have been guilty of this outrage upon decency; it is probable that most of them have participated in it; but we are inclined to believe that there is no evidence of the eating of human flesh by our Indians, from choice, as an article of food; but that they have devoured the flesh of victims sacrificed in their war feasts in obedience to some principle of revenge, or of superstition. The Dacotahs repel the imputation of cannibalism with great horror;



WAA-PA-SHAW

A Sioux Chief


WAA-PA-SHAW
A Sioux Chief



they assert that they have never been guilty of it, but charge their neighbours with the crime. The following incident is in the work to which we have referred, stated on the authority of Renville, an interpreter, to have taken place at Fort Meigs,[2] in 1813.

"The fort was besieged by General Proctor, at the head of the British army, attended by a corps of about three thousand Indians, consisting of Dacotahs, Potawatomis, Miamis, Ottowas, Wolves,[3] Hurons, Winnebagoes, Shawnees, Sauks, Foxes, Menominies, etc. They had all shared in the battle, except the Dacotahs, who had not yet engaged against the Americans, and who were then on their way to Quebec. While Renville was seated, one afternoon, with Wapasha and Chetanwakoamane,[4] a deputation came to invite them to meet the other Indians, the object of the meeting not being stated; the two chiefs complied with the request. Shortly after, Frazier (an interpreter), came and informed Renville that the Indians were engaged in eating an American, and invited him to walk over to the place. He went thither, and found the human flesh cut up, and portioned out into dishes, one for each nation of Indians. In every dish, in addition to the flesh, there was corn. At that moment they called upon the bravest man in each nation, to come and take a portion of the heart and head; one warrior from each nation was allowed a fragment of this choice morsel. In the group of Indians present, there was a brave Dacotah, the nephew of Chetanwakoamane, known by the name of the 'Grand Chasseur.' They invited him to step forward and take his share; and among others a Winnebago addressed him, and told him that they had collected their friends to partake of a meal prepared with the flesh of one of that nation that had done them so much injury. Before the Sioux warrior had time to reply, his uncle arose, and bade

his nephew rise and depart thence; he then addressed himself to the Indians: 'My friends,' said he, 'we came here, not to eat the Americans, but to wage war against them; that will suffice for us; and could we even do that if left to our own forces? We are poor and destitute, while they possess the means of supplying themselves with all that they require; we ought not therefore to do such things.' His comrade, Wapasha, added, 'We thought that you, who live near to white men, were wiser and more refined than we are who live at a distance; but it must indeed be otherwise if you do such deeds.' They then rose and departed."[5]

It appears that on this occasion human flesh was not resorted to for want of provisions, as the camp was plentifully supplied; nor did fondness for this species of food lead to the dreadful repast, which seems to have been regarded with a natural aversion. The Dacotahs speak of that case in terms of the most decided reprobation. But one instance of cannibalism is known to have occurred among them; when, during a famine, three women, urged by a necessity which few could have controlled, partook of the flesh of a man who had died of hunger; but, two of them dying shortly after, the Indians attributed their decease to this fatal meal. The third lived in degradation, induced by this single act; the nation regard her with horror, and suppose, that a state of corpulence into which she has grown, has been induced by that food, which they predict will eventually prove fatal to her.[6]

During the war between the United States and Great Britain, which commenced in 1812, the British took possession of the outpost which had been established at Prairie du Chien,[7] for the convenience of our intercourse with the Indians, but afterwards abandoned it. The little village, consisting of a few houses, occupied by French

Canadians, was left defenceless, and the Winnebago Indians, a fierce and restless tribe, who occupied the surrounding country, seemed disposed to create a quarrel, which might afford them an opportunity for plunder. Although the whites had long been established there, and had lived in amity with them, they came to the village, took some articles of private property by force, and threatened to massacre the inhabitants, and plunder the town. The alarmed villagers, intimately acquainted with the reckless and desperate character of their neighbours, and aware of their own danger, immediately despatched a messenger to Waapashaw, at his residence on the opposite shore of the Mississippi, not far above Prairie du Chien.[8] His interposition was claimed on account of his great influence, as well in his own tribe as among his neighbours; he was at peace with the surrounding Indians, and with the whites; and there was, between his own band and the Winnebagoes, a long-standing friendship. These tribes had intermarried, and there were then at Prairie du Chien many individuals, the offspring of these marriages, who stood in an equal degree of relationship to both, and some of whom were nearly allied to Waapashaw. Obeying the request, he went down to the village immediately, attended by but one person. The inhabitants, seeing him thus, without the imposing train of warriors by which they had expected to have seen him followed, gave themselves up as lost; justly apprehending that the Winnebagoes, ascertaining that no force would be opposed to them, would now put their sanguinary threats into execution. To an intimation of their fears, and an earnest appeal which they made to him, the chief, with the characteristic taciturnity of his race, gave no reply, but sent his attendant to the Winnebagoes with a message, requiring them to meet him in

council, during that day, at an hour and place which he appointed. In the meanwhile he remained silent and reserved, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

The Indian chief is careful of his reputation, and never appears in public without the preparation which is necessary to the dignity of his personal appearance, and the success of any intellectual effort he may be called upon to make. His face is skilfully painted, and his person studiously decorated; his passions are subdued, his plans matured, and his thoughts carefully arranged, so that when he speaks he neither hazards his own fame nor jeopards the interest of the tribe. At the appointed hour the Winnebago chiefs assembled, and Waapashaw seated himself among them; the warriors formed a circle around their leaders, and the individuals of less consequence occupied the still more distant places. A few minutes were passed in silence; then Waapashaw arose, and placing himself in an attitude of studied, though apparently careless, dignity, looked round upon the chiefs with a menacing look. His countenance was fierce and terrible; and cold and stern were the faces upon which his piercing eye was bent. He plucked a single hair from his head—held it up before them—and then spoke in a grave and resolute tone: "Winnebagoes! do you see this hair? Look at it. You threaten to massacre the white people at the Prairie. They are your friends and mine. You wish to drink their blood. Is that your purpose? Dare to lay a finger upon one of them, and I will blow you from the face of the earth, as I now"—suiting the action to the word—"blow this hair with my breath, where none can find it." Not a head was turned at the close of this startling and unexpected annunciation; not a muscle was seen to move—the keen, black, and snake-like eyes of that circle of dusky warriors remained

fixed upon the speaker, who, after casting around a look of cool defiance, turned upon his heel and left the council, without waiting for a reply. The insolent savages, who had been vapouring about the village in the most arrogant and insulting manner, hastily broke up the council, and retired quietly to their camp. Not a single Winnebago was to be seen next morning in the vicinity of the village. They knew that the Sioux chief had the power to exterminate them, and that his threats of vengeance were no idle words, uttered by a forked tongue; and, taking counsel from wisdom, they prudently avoided the conduct which would have provoked his resentment.

The Keoxa tribe have two villages on the Mississippi, one near Lake Pepin, and the other at the Iowa River; and they hunt on both banks of the Great River.[9]

NOTES

1. This noted Indian, known to the French as La Feuille (The Leaf), was at least the second known chief of his name. Pike, who met him in the fall of 1805, makes frequent allusion to him. Commenting on this Indian, Dr Elliott Coues says (*The Explorations of Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, Vol. I., 1895, p. 43):—

"La Feuille is a name which Pike rarely, and only by accident, spells correctly. But in writings of the period it was extremely variable, being found even as Lefei, Lefoi, Lefoy, La Fye, etc. This French term commonly appears in English as The Leaf, sometimes Falling Leaf, and is conjecturally a translation of the native name of the hereditary chiefs of the Kioxa (Kiyuksa) band of Sioux. [S. R. Riggs, *Gram. and Dict. of the Dakota Lang.*, 224, 1851, says:—'. . . the hereditary name of the Dakota chief at the lowest village on the Mississippi, commonly pronounced by the Dakotas Wápaṡa [ṡ = *sh*]; and as the name of a county in Minnesota written, with some want of judgment and taste, Wabashaw.'] This has usually been rendered Wabasha or Wapasha, and explained as derived from *wapa*, leaf, and *sha*, red. In one place Long has Wauppaushaw. In Riggs and Pond's Dakota dictionary the name is given as Wápahasha, and etymologized as from *wapaha*, a standard, and *sha*, red. In *Minn. Hist. Coll.*, I., 2nd ed., 1872, p. 370, J. Fletcher Williams surmises the origination of the name in the chieftainship of the Warpekutes,

otherwise Leaf Shooters—though why the tribe was so called, and whether the English term is a proper version of the aboriginal name, seem never to have been satisfactorily shown. Such forms of the chief's name as Wabashaw and Wapashaw, etc., are common, besides which there are some odd and rare ones; *e.g.*, Beltrami, II., p. 180, has: 'The Great Wabiscihouwa, who is regarded as the Ulysses of the whole nation.' Three chiefs named Wabasha are known to us in history. Wabasha I. was famous during the Revolutionary war. Wabasha II. was his son, and the latter is the one of whom Pike, Long, Beltrami, and many others speak. He was already a great chief in Pike's time, who grew in credit and renown with years. He was seen in 1820 by General Henry Whiting, who describes him as a small man, with a patch over one eye, who, nevertheless, impressed every one with respect, and whose profile was said to resemble that of the illustrious Condé. 'While with us at Prairie du Chien,' says Whiting, 'he never moved, or was seen, without his pipe-bearer. His people treated him with reverence. Unlike all other speakers in council, he spoke sitting, considering, it was said, that he was called upon to stand only in the presence of his great father at Washington, or his representatives at St Louis.' He was not a warrior, believing that Indians could prosper only at peace with one another and with the whites, and declared that he had never been at war with the latter, though many of his young men, against his advice, had been led astray in the war of 1812. His son, Wabasha III., resided at the village below Lake Pepin until 1853, and in 1872 was living on the Niobrara Reservation."

Pike regarded Wabasha as chief of the entire Sioux or Dakota nation, and in consequence of his importance granted him a commission and a flag; but he was in fact chief only of the Kiyuksa (Kioxa) band of the Mdewakanton Sioux (a sub-tribe of the Santee), which occupied two villages: one on the Mississippi below Lake Pepin, at the present Winona, Minnesota; the other on upper Iowa River, at its mouth, on the south side, and, therefore, in the north-eastern corner of Iowa. In 1823 the Kiyuksa numbered about 400. After the Sioux war in 1862, they were removed to the Missouri River, and are now on the Niobrara Reservation in Nebraska, but are no longer officially recognised as distinct from the other Santee. The name Kiyuksa does not signify "relationship overlooked" (a definition copied from Long), but "to break in two one's own," "to break or violate," the band having been so designated because its members broke the marriage law by taking wives within prohibited degrees of relationship.

The original of the accompanying portrait was painted at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, by J. O. Lewis (who recorded the name in the form Waa-ba-shaw) on the occasion of the treaty held at that place, August 19, 1825. The Inman copy, "after King," in the Peabody Museum, bears original number, 99; and museum number, 28. 193.

The importance of this chief may be judged by the fact that his name ("Wa-ba-sha, or the leaf") appears first among twenty-six Sioux

signers of that treaty. He was the first signer also, on behalf of the "Sioux of the Mississippi," of another treaty made at Prairie du Chien, July 15, 1830, his name appearing as "Wabishaw, or red leaf." George Catlin painted his portrait in 1835 (see Catlin's *North American Indians*, Vol. II., p. 132, London, 1866) as "Wá-a-pa-shaw, head chief of the Keoxa tribe of the Dacotah nation." Catlin adds that he was a very distinguished man; blind in one eye; since dead (Catlin, *Catalogue*, 1840, No. 90). The latter statement seems to be substantiated by the treaty of September 10, 1836, which is signed by "Sau-tabe-say, Wa-ba-shaw's son"; while the loss of one eye is suggested by the Lewis portrait, which shows the subject wearing a triangular blind of cloth. For information respecting Wabasha I., see E. D. Neill, *History of Minnesota*, 1858, and the *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society*.

2. Fort Meigs, on the Maumee River, below Toledo, Ohio.

3. The Munsee, or Wolf, division of the Delawares.

4. *Chetañ wakan mañi*, or Little Crow (see p. 125), chief of the Kapozha division of the Mdewakanton Sioux.

5. The extract is from Stephen H. Long's *Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Source of St Peter's River*, compiled by William H. Keating, Vol. I., 1824, p. 394.

"Frazier the interpreter," referred to, was James Frazer, trader at Prairie du Chien, whom Pike alludes to as "a young gentleman, clerk to Mr Blakely of Montreal; he was born in Vermont, but has latterly resided in Canada" (Coues ed., Vol. I., p. 40). Coues believed him to be a relative of Robert Frazer, Frazier, Fraser, etc., who accompanied Lewis and Clark. The occasion of the cannibalism referred to is thus described by Rev. Edward D. Neill in "A Sketch of Joseph Renville" (*Minnesota Historical Society Collections*, Vol. I., p. 199, reprint 1872):—

"In 1813 he was at the siege of Fort Meigs. One afternoon, while he was seated with Wabasha and the renowned Petit Corbeau, the grandfather of the present chief of the Kaposia band, an Indian presented himself, and told the chiefs that they were wanted by the head men of the other nations that were there congregated. When they arrived at the rendezvous, they were surprised to find that the Winnebagoes had taken an American captive, and after roasting him, had apportioned his body in as many dishes as there were nations, and had invited them to participate in the feast. Both the chiefs and Renville were indignant at this inhumanity, and Col. Dickson [a British officer] being informed of the fact, the Winnebago who was the author of the outrage was turned out of camp."

6. Cannibalism has been a not uncommon practice among the American tribes, and while the custom of eating human flesh has been usually ceremonial or religious in character, it is also known to have been practised during stress of hunger, as well as, indeed, from choice. The term "cannibal" is a Spanish corruption of the Indian tribal name *Carib*. In its principal form, cannibalism was a war ceremony, the

belief being that the estimable qualities of an enemy, which centered chiefly in the heart, would be imparted to those who partook of that organ of the slain warrior. In other instances other parts of the body were eaten, and sometimes even women and children participated in the gruesome feast. Some of the Iroquois tribes compelled their prisoners to swallow pieces of their own flesh. The custom of consuming human flesh was so characteristic of the Mohawk, Attacapa, and Tonkawa tribes, that they were generally known among their neighbours by names which mean "man-eaters."

7. Fort Shelby, later Fort Crawford, at the present Prairie du Chien, Crawford County, Wisconsin. For an account of the capture in 1814, see Neill, *History of Minnesota*, p. 283 *et seq.*, 1858; *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, Vol. II., 122 *et seq.*, 220, 1856; *Ibid.*, III., 270-279, 1857. A part of Wabasha's band participated in the capture.

8. The distance from Prairie du Chien to Winona is about 100 miles in an air line.

9. See note 1.



METAKOOSEGA

(OR, PURE TOBACCO)

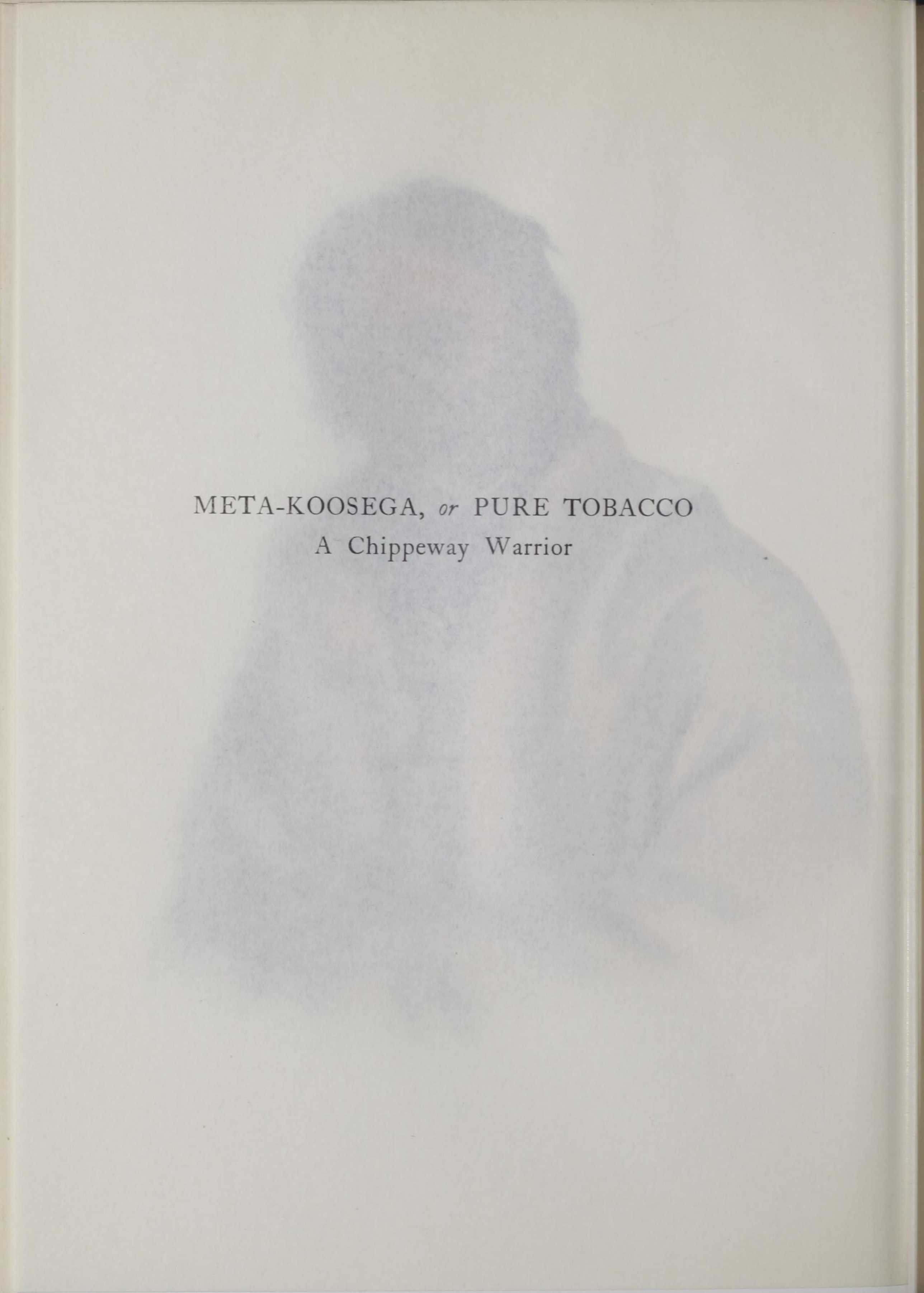
METAKOOSEGA, or *Pure Tobacco*,[1] is one of the *Lac du Flambeau* band of the Chippeway, or, more properly, Ojibway nation,[2] and resides on the borders of Trout Lake. He was one of a war party, raised in 1824, against the Sioux. The descendants of the Chippeway on the Mississippi, and unfortunately fell in with a party named Findley, from Prairie du Chien, whom, with the crew of his boat, they murdered.[3]

As provided, by our treaties with the Indian tribes, upon the commission of such outrages, the offenders should be given up by their tribes, to be tried and punished under our laws; and the practice of our Government has been to insist upon a rigid observance of this regulation. When the usual demand was made for the murderers of Findley, twenty-nine of the party voluntarily surrendered themselves to the agent at the Sault de Ste Marie. They were examined, seven of them committed for trial, and confined at Mackinaw, and the remainder discharged. At the ensuing term of the court, the judge of the district commenced trying the prisoners, in consequence of some informality which had been raised against his jurisdiction; during the following winter, they cut their way out of the jail and escaped.

By the release of Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney

METAKOOSEGA, or PURE TOBACCO

A Chippeway Warrior



META-KOOSEGA, *or* PURE TOBACCO

A Chippeway Warrior

METAKOOSEGA

(OR, PURE TOBACCO)

METAKOOSEGA, or *Pure Tobacco*,[1] is one of the *Lac du Flambeau* band of the Chippeway, or, more properly, Ojibway nation,[2] and resides on the borders of Trout Lake. This man was one of a war party, raised in 1824, to go against the Sioux. They descended the Chippeway River to the Mississippi, and unfortunately fell in with a trader named Findley, from Prairie du Chien, whom, together with the crew of his boat, they murdered.[3]

It is provided, by our treaties with the Indian tribes, that, upon the commission of such outrages, the offenders shall be given up by their tribes, to be tried and punished under our laws; and the practice of our Government has been to insist upon a rigid observance of this regulation. When the usual demand was made for the murderers of Findley, twenty-nine of the party voluntarily surrendered themselves to the agent at the Sault de Ste Marie. They were examined, seven of them committed for trial, and confined at Mackinaw, and the remainder discharged. At the ensuing term of the court, the judge of the district declined trying the prisoners, in consequence of some objection which had been raised against his jurisdiction; and, during the following winter, they cut their way out of the log jail and escaped.

In the mission of Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney

to the Upper Lakes, in 1826, it was made part of their duty to ascertain and demand the real perpetrators of the aggression on the party of Mr Findley. This has always been a difficult and delicate subject in the relations of our Government with the Indians, in consequence of the very wide difference between their moral code and our own. They admit the obligation of the *lex talionis* to its fullest extent, but they cannot understand that any other than the injured party has a right to claim the penalty. Had any of the near relatives of Mr Findley, for instance, gone to the Lac du Flambeau, to revenge themselves upon his murderers, they would have been considered as in the praiseworthy performance of an act of duty, and would have been permitted to put the guilty parties to death, *if they could*—and none would have interfered, either to aid or prevent them. But they view the interference of the Government with jealousy; and, while on the one hand, they often refuse obstinately to betray the offender, or shield him by evasion and delay, they as often, on the other, when their fears of the resentment of our Government become awakened, deliver up some innocent party, who volunteers his life as a peace offering, to satisfy what they deem a kind of national thirst for the blood of one of the tribe which has insulted us.

The following extract from Colonel McKenney's account of this transaction will be interesting:—"The council met; when, according to arrangement, I made the demand for the surrender of the murderers. This being done, and there being one Indian present belonging to the Lac du Flambeau band, and who was of the party who committed the murder, he was called up, and formally examined. He is clearly innocent. Indeed his presence here demonstrates that fact. It was in proof, that he dissuaded the murderers from committing the act. We told him, if he had been

guilty, we would have taken him with us, and tried him by our laws; and if, on proof, he had turned out to have had a hand in the bloody act, he should have been hanged. During the examination, his brother came up to the table, greatly agitated. He showed great anxiety, and said he knew the murderers had *upbraided* his brother because he would not join them. Another Indian declared *he knew* he was innocent. The governor said, 'Will you put your hand on your breast, and say that in the presence of the Great Spirit?' The moment the interpreter put this question, the Indian looked him full in the face, and answered, '*Am I a dog that I should lie?*' This reply is somewhat remarkable, not only on account of its resemblance to the scriptural expression—'Is thy servant a dog?' etc.—but because there is hardly anything on which an Indian sets so high a value as his dog. This is proverbial; yet he is constantly referred to as an object of contempt! Indians never swear—I mean until they learn it of their white brothers—and their most degrading epithet is to call their opponents *dogs*. Here is a strange union of respect and contempt."[4]

Metakoosega was implicated in the murder, but did not surrender himself. He is a tall, well-made man, with a stern countenance; and is a *jossekeed*,[5] or medicine worker, much respected by his band for his supposed skill in necromancy.

NOTES

1. The proper name of this chief is doubtless *Mitakosige*, "I smoke pure tobacco" (*i.e.*, without any admixture of bark or of other plants), or *Métakosiged*, "He who smokes pure tobacco." The name is signed "Maytaukooseegay" to the treaty of Fond du Lac, Lake Superior, August 5, 1826. The painting was evidently made by Lewis, who, it will be remembered (see the Introduction), was present on this occasion, and witnessed the treaty. This portrait, however, does not appear in

the Lewis *Port-folio*, nor does the name appear in the list of portraits in the Indian Gallery of the War Department, although it should be said that the names of all the subjects are not included. That the portrait did exist in the Indian Gallery, however, and that it was a copy by King, is attested by the Inman copy, "after King," in the Peabody Museum, which bears original number, 81; and museum number, 28. 194.

H. R. Schoolcraft, the ethnologist, came into close contact with this Indian while agent at Sault Ste Marie, Michigan. He says: "This man resides the greater part of the time on the Canadian side of the [St Mary's] river, but hunts often on the American shore. He resided many years ago with a French family at St Mary, and has imbibed something of the French taste and manners, always wearing an ornamental hat, and making a bow on entering and leaving the office. He has been in the regular habit of visiting me from the year 1822, and generally applies for what is termed *nwappo* [i.e., *nawâpon*, 'provisions for a journey'] on setting out for his fall and winter hunts. His elder wife, for he has two, is a Sioux slave, taken in youth" (*Personal Memoirs*, 124, 1851; entry for November 7, 1826). Again: "Me-ta-koos-se-ga, *i.e.*, Smoking-weed, or Pure Tobacco, who was living with two wives, a mother and her daughter. He complained that a young woman whom he had brought up had left his lodge, and taken shelter with the family of the widow of a Canadian. It appears that the old fellow had been making advances to this girl to become his third wife, and that she had fled from his lodge to avoid his importunities" (*Ibid.*, p. 124; entry for October 17, 1822). One of the wives, probably the elder, was named Margaret. The Sioux captive had lived with the Chippeway for thirty years. Metakoosega seems to have been an inveterate beggar, often visiting the agent himself, or sending a wife under pretence that he was incapacitated, in quest of provisions. On one occasion—the third in three weeks—Schoolcraft accused him of laziness and of investing too freely in liquor. Giving him some tobacco and good advice, the Indian was told to go home and smoke upon the agent's words (p. 253).

2. The term Chippeway, or Chippewa, is the popular adaptation of the tribal name *Ojibway*, meaning "to roast till puckered up," referring to the puckered seam on their moccasins. The Lac du Flambeau band of this important tribe, called Wáswágaming ("Lake of Torches"), within the tribe, lived on Trout Lake, in the present Vilas County, northern Wisconsin, until, by treaty of September 30, 1854, they ceded their lands to the United States, and were assigned a reservation of 26,356 acres, a short distance south-westward, where they now number 810 souls.

3. John L. Findley (or Findlay) was a sutler's clerk at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, in 1816, but was discharged. He later went to Mackinaw, procured a stock of goods, and set up a trading establishment at Prairie du Chien, but failed, his business being assigned to Joseph Rolette, a trader and close bargainer. In 1819 he was clerk of court. Findlay married Miss Hurtileese, a quarter-blood Sioux, half-sister of

Mrs Rolette. The circumstances of the killing here mentioned vary in details, but from the best accounts Findley, in July 1824, in company with a Frenchman named Depouse, a Canadian named Barrette, and one other, went up the Mississippi in a canoe, landing on the shore of Lake Pepin, where they met a party of Chippewa, led by Nubobeence, or Little Broth (or, according to another account, Kewaynokwut of the Lac Vieux Desert band of Ojibwa), on their way to fight the Sioux. According to the Nubobeence story, that chief had lost a favourite child by sickness, and he became bent on shedding the blood of the hereditary enemies of his people, in order to assuage his grief. The narrator of the Kewaynokwut account relates that that Indian, while very ill, made a vow that if he recovered he would lead a party against the Sioux, and that this excursion was the result. Very likely both accounts are correct. The Canadian thought he recognised in the party an Indian who had stolen a horse from him during the previous winter, and the white men, being in liquor, provoked a quarrel, which resulted in the killing of the entire party, and the theft of their goods. On the other hand, it is said that the Ojibway party, consisting of twenty-nine warriors, discovered the camp of the white men on a foggy morning when all were asleep. Finding that they were not Sioux, they began to pillage the camp, first killing all but Findley, who was near his canoe. He was at length pursued by an Indian named Little Thunder, who shot him, then waded into the water, cut off his head, and took the scalp. The affair created great excitement, and the murderers surrendered on June 22, 1825. Nubobeence and The Little Eddy, another member of the party, were living respectively at Ontonagan and La Pointe as late as 1852. See *Minnesota Historical Society Collections*, V., 1885; *Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, II., 1856; Neill, *History of Minnesota*, 1858; Schoolcraft, *Personal Memoirs*, pp. 198-199, 210-211, 1851.

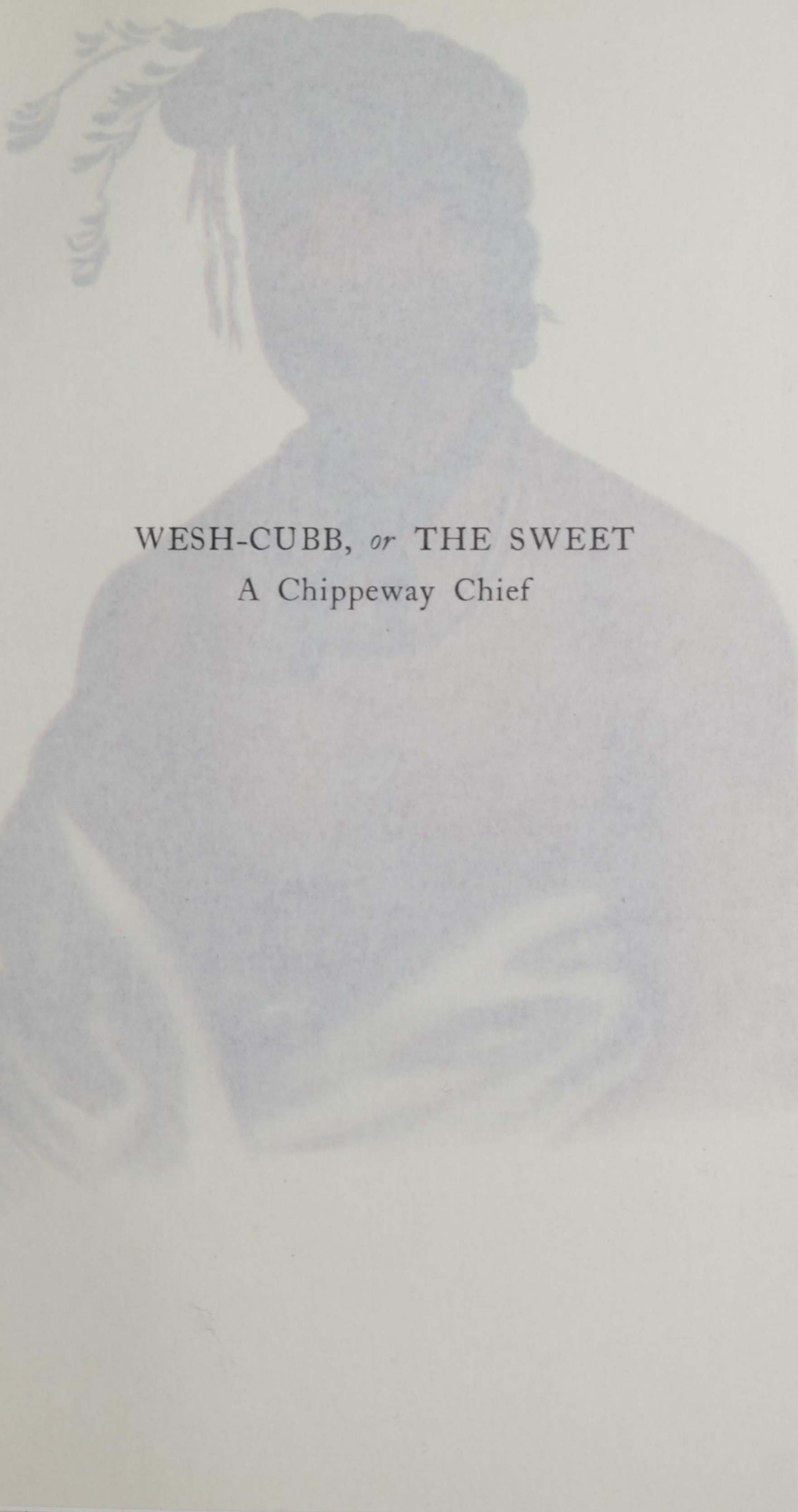
4. The account of this episode is extracted, with slight changes, from McKenney's *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes*, pp. 324-325, Baltimore, 1827.

5. *Tchéssakid*, "he who performs juggling": "Indian juggler."—Baraga, *Otchipwe Dictionary*.

WESHCUBB

(OR, THE SWEET)

WESHCUBB, *The Sweet*, is a chief of Red Lake, north of the sources of the Mississippi.[1] He is the son of *Le Sucre*, a chief who is mentioned by General Pike, in his narrative of his voyage up the Mississippi, in 1806. The similarity of the names of the father and son, would seem to indicate the existence of some family trait of character, which was designed to be described by their respective names, which have reached us in English and French translations. The father died on Lake Superior, while on his return home from a visit to Michilimackinac. The son is represented as worthy of the place he holds in the estimation of his tribe. He is considered a just and good man, but has never evinced much capacity, nor shown a disposition to lead war parties. The family is noted for a singular freak of the son of Weshcubb, who feigned, or fancied himself, a woman, and assumed the female dress and employments. The cause of this transformation, so especially remarkable in a savage, who considers the woman an inferior being, and in the son of a chief, who can aspire to the office of his father, if worthy, but not otherwise, is not known. It might have been suggested by a dream, or induced by monomania, or by some bodily infirmity.[2] He, however, joined war parties, and after



WESH-CUBB, *or* THE SWEET

A Chippeway Chief

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1. Properly *Wishkub* (the vowels here, as elsewhere, have the continental values), signifying "sweet (something)." The original portrait was painted by Lewis at Prairie du Chien in 1825, and was copied, with considerable change, by King in the following year. See the Introduction, Lewis list, p. xxxix., No. 32 ("Weesh-cub"), and the Indian Gallery list, p. xlviii., No. 47 ("Whesh-laub"). The Inman copy, preserved in the Peabody Museum (original number, 74; museum number, 28. 195), attributes the original to King. It bears no date.

The name of this Indian was signed to the Prairie du Chien treaty of August 19, 1825, but not to that of Fond du Lac in the year following. He was certainly not, as McKenney and Hall state, so distinguished as his father, the head-chief the Red Lake band of Chippeway when Lieut. Zebulon Montgomery Pike visited them in 1806. The Sweet, the elder, Pike describes as "a venerable old man," who delivered to him a speech at Leech Lake, Minnesota, February 16, 1806, politely declining Pike's invitation to visit General Wilkinson at St Louis:—"I have heard and understood the words of our great father. It overjoys me to see you make peace among us. I should have accompanied you had my family been present, and would have gone to see my father, the great war-chief. This medal I hold in my hands I received from the English chiefs. I willingly deliver it up to you. Wabasha's calumet, with which I am presented, I receive with all my heart. Be assured that I will use my very best endeavours to keep my young men quiet. There is my calumet. I send it to my father, the great war-chief. What does it signify that I should go to see him? Will not my pipe answer the same purpose?" Pike spells his name "Wiscoup," and refers to him also by both his English and his French names. Indeed, he was generally known as Le Sucre.

Another interesting anecdote reflecting the character of Wishkub the elder is related by Warren in 1852 ("History of the Ojibways," *Minn. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, V., 376, 1885), referring to the period of the war of 1812:—

"About the same time that Keesh-ke-mun so firmly withstood the inducements and threats of the British officers at Fort Howard, We-esh-coob, the war-chief of the Pillagers, with a party of his people from Leech Lake, happened to be present at the Island of Michilimackinac. He was vainly urged by the British agents to join their arms with his band of warriors, who were noted as being the bravest of the Ojibway tribe. At a council held within the fort, this chief was asked, for the last time, by the British commandant, to array himself under their

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flag. We-esh-coob, in more decided terms than ever, refused, and his words so exasperated the commandant that he rose from his seat, and forgot himself so far as to say to the Pillagers:—

"'I thought you were men, but I see that you are but women, not fit even to wear the breech-cloth. Go back to your homes. I do not wish the assistance of women. Go, put on the clothing which more befits you, and remain quiet in your villages.'

"As he delivered this violent speech, he was proceeding to leave the council room, when We-esh-coob, having quietly listened to the interpretation thereof, rose to his feet, and approaching the angry Englishman, he put his hand on his epaulette and gently held him back. 'Wait,' said he, 'you have spoken; now let me speak. You say that we should not wear the breech-cloth, but the dress of women.' Then pointing to the opposite shore of the lake, towards the site of the old English fort which the Ojibways had taken in 1763, We-esh-coob exclaimed:—

"'Englishman! have you already forgotten that we once made you cry like children? yonder! Who was the woman then?

"'Englishman! you have said that we are women. If you doubt our manhood, you have young men here in your strong house. I have also young men. You must come out on some open place, and we will fight. You will better know whether we are fit or not to wear the breech-cloth.

"'Englishman! you have said words which the ears of We-esh-coob have never before heard,' and throwing down his blanket in great excitement, he pointed to different scars on his naked body, and exclaimed: 'I thought I carried about me the marks which proved my manhood.'

"The English officer, whose irritation had somewhat abated during the delivery of this answer, grasped the unusually excited Indian by the hand, and requested the interpreter to beg him to forget his hasty words. Peace and goodwill were thus restored, but this bitter taunt tended greatly to strengthen the minds of the Ojibways against the agents who were continually engaged amongst them to draw them into the war."

The Red Lake Chippeway at this time were estimated at 1020; their present population (including the Pembina band) is 1360. Their reservation, in north-western Minnesota, comprises more than half a million acres.

2. On January 2, 1801, Wiskub, or Weshcubb, junior, visited Alexander Henry, who had established a trading-post in the Red River valley, a short distance from Little Park River, Minnesota. Henry (*Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry and of David Thompson*, 1799-1814, edited by Elliott Coues, New York, 1897, I., pp. 164-165) describes the offspring of the great warrior as follows:—

"Berdash [*i.e.*, bardash, a catamite], a son of Sucrie, arrived from the Assiniboine, where he had been with a young man to carry tobacco concerning the war. This person is a curious compound between a man

and a woman. He is a man both as to members and courage, but pretends to be womanish, and dresses as such. His walk and mode of sitting, his manners, occupations, and language are those of a woman. His father, who is a great chief amongst the Saulteurs, cannot persuade him to act like a man. About a month ago, in a drinking-match, he got into a quarrel, and had one of his eyes knocked out with a club. He is very troublesome when drunk. He is very fleet, and a few years ago was reckoned the best runner among the Saulteurs. Both his speed and his courage were tested some years ago on the Schian River, when Monsieur Reaume attempted to make peace between the two nations, and Berdash accompanied a party of Saulteurs to the Sioux camp. They at first appeared reconciled to each other through the intercession of the whites; but on the return of the Saulteurs, the Sioux pursued them. Both parties were on foot, and the Sioux have the name of being extraordinarily swift. The Saulteurs imprudently dispersed in the plains, and several were killed; but the party with Berdash escaped without any accident, in the following manner: One of them had got from the Sioux a bow, but only a few arrows. On starting and finding themselves pursued, they ran a considerable distance, until they perceived the Sioux were gaining fast upon them, when Berdash took the bow and arrows from his comrades, and told them to run as fast as possible, without minding him, as he feared no danger. He then faced the enemy, and began to let fly his arrows. This checked their course, and they returned the compliment with interest; but it was so far off that only a chance arrow could have hurt him, as they had nearly spent their strength when they fell near him. His own arrows were soon expended, but he lost no time in gathering up those that fell near him, and thus he had a continual supply. Seeing his friends some distance ahead, and the Sioux moving to surround him, he turned and ran full speed to join his comrades, the Sioux after him. When the latter approached too near, Berdash again stopped and faced them with his bow and arrows, and kept them at bay. Thus did he continue to manœuvre until they reached a spot of strong wood, which the Sioux dared not enter."

John Tanner, the captive, gives the following account of the peculiarities of this Indian (*Narrative of the Captivity of John Tanner*, New York, 1830, pp. 105-106):—

"Some time in the course of this winter, there came to our lodge one of the sons of the celebrated Ojibbeway chief, called Wesh-ko-bug (the sweet), who lived at Leech Lake. This man was one of those who make themselves women, and are called women by the Indians. There are several of this sort among most, if not all, Indian tribes; they are commonly called A-go-kwa, a word which is expressive of their condition. This creature, called Czaw-wen-dib (the yellow head), was now near fifty years old, and had lived with many husbands. I do not know whether she had seen me, or only heard of me, but she soon let me know she had come a long distance to see me, and with the hope of living with me. She often offered herself to me, but not being dis-

couraged with one refusal, she repeated her disgusting advances, until I was almost driven from the lodge. Old Net-no-kwa was perfectly well acquainted with her character, and only laughed at the embarrassment and shame which I evinced whenever she addressed me. She seemed rather to countenance and encourage the Yellow Head in remaining at our lodge. The latter was very expert in the various employments of the women, to which all her time was given. At length, despairing of success in her addresses to me, or being too much pinched by hunger, which was commonly felt in our lodge, she disappeared, and was absent three or four days. I began to hope I should be no more troubled with her, when she came back loaded with dry meat. She stated that she had found the band of Wa-ge-to-tah-gun, and that that chief had sent by her an invitation for us to join him. He had heard of the niggardly conduct of Wah-zhe-kwaw-maish-koon towards us, and had sent the A-go-kwa to say to me, 'My nephew, I do not wish you to stay there to look at the meat that another kills, but is too mean to give you.' I was glad enough of this invitation, and started immediately. At the first encampment, as I was doing something by the fire, I heard the A-go-kwa at no great distance in the woods, whistling to call me. Approaching the place, I found she had her eyes on game of some kind, and presently I discovered a moose. I shot him twice in succession, and twice he fell at the report of the gun; but it is probable that I shot too high, for at last he escaped. The old woman reproved me severely for this, telling me she feared that I should never be a good hunter. But before night the next day, we arrived at Wa-ge-to-te's lodge, where we ate as much as we wished. Here, also, I found myself relieved from the persecutions of the A-go-kwa, which had become intolerable. Wa-ge-to-te, who had two wives, married her. This introduction of a new inmate into the family of Wa-ge-to-te occasioned some laughter, and produced some ludicrous incidents, but was attended with less uneasiness and quarrelling than would have been the bringing in of a new wife of the female sex."

Those who desire to pursue the subject may consult Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis, with Especial Reference to Contrary Sexual Instinct*, translated by Charles Gilbert Chaddock, Philadelphia and London, 1894.

LITTLE CROW

(A SIOUX CHIEF)

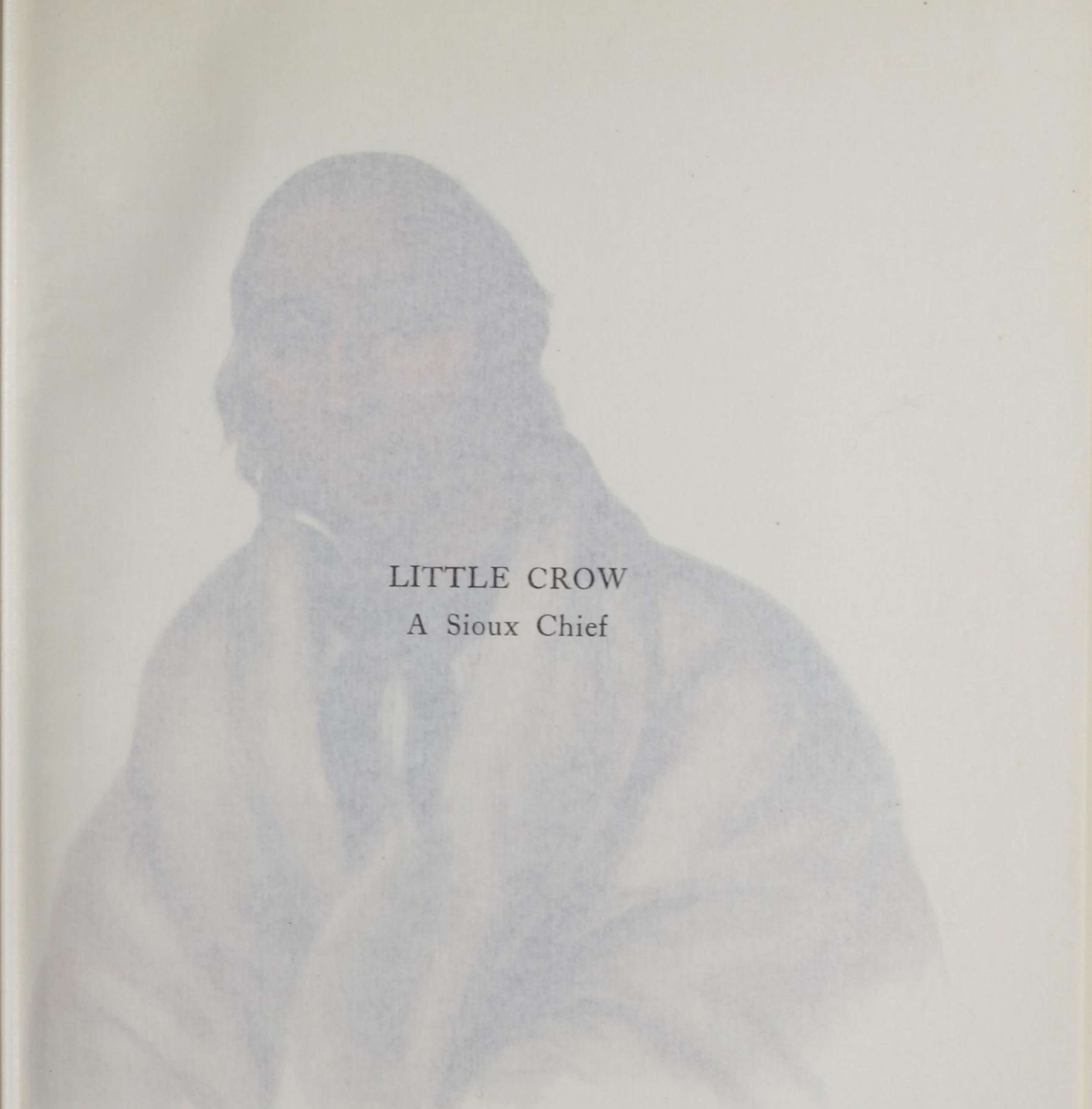
The name of this individual is, in his own language, *Chatonwahtooamany*, or the "Sparrowhawk that comes to you walking." The French gave him the name of *Petit Corbeau*, and the English appellation, placed at the head of this sketch, is a translation from the latter.[1]

He visited Washington City in 1824, and was, at that time, head chief of the *Kahpozhay* band of the *Munday-wahkanton*, and a person of some consideration. He claims to be, and perhaps is, by hereditary right, the head chief of the whole Sioux nation; but he has fallen into disrepute, and is at this time without any influence, even in his own band. He resides at a distance from his band, on or near the western shore of Lake Superior; is cunning, artful, and treacherous; is not much distinguished as a warrior, but is very successful as a hunter, especially of beaver.[2] The name Kahpozhay, or Kapoja, as others understand it, signifies *light*, and is applied to this band to indicate that they are more active than the other branches of the Sioux or Dacotah family.

Soon after peace was declared between the United States and Great Britain, in 1815, the Sioux were invited by the commanding officer at Drummond's island[3] to visit that post. On their arrival, the Indians were informed by

the officer, that he had sent for them to thank them in the name of His Majesty, for the aid they had rendered the British during the late war and for the bravery they had displayed on several occasions, as well as to communicate the intelligence of the peace which had been declared between the great belligerent parties. He concluded by pointing to a large pile of goods that lay heaped upon the floor, which, he told them, were intended as presents for themselves. The Little Crow replied, that his people had been prevailed upon by the British to make war upon a people whom they scarcely knew, and who had never done them any harm. "Now," continued he, "after we have fought for you, endured many hardships, lost some of our people, and awakened the vengeance of a powerful nation, our neighbours, you make a peace for yourselves, and leave us to get such terms as we can. You no longer need our services, and offer us these goods as a compensation for having deserted us. But, no—we will not take them; we hold them and yourselves in equal contempt." So saying, he spurned the articles of merchandise with his foot, and walked away. This conduct was the more remarkable, from its inconsistency with the gravity and decorum with which the chiefs usually deport themselves on public occasions. The Indians, however, who were not so sensitive in regard to the injury supposed to have been done them, received the goods.

The Little Crow has a son named Big Thunder, who is a fierce and terrible fellow. A few years ago [in 1819 or 1820] the father and son took a long journey to the north-west, in search, as they pretended, of knowledge. They visited the British settlement at Pembina,[4] and attended a great meeting at Lake Traverse,[5] at which fifteen hundred warriors are said to have been present, from the Assiniboin, Mandan, Minnetaree, Ioway, and other tribes, as



LITTLE CROW

A Sioux Chief

LITTLE CROW

A Sioux Chief



well as from each of the tribes of the Dacotah nation. On this solemn occasion the various speakers all addressed the Little Crow by the title of "Father"; thus, according to their rules of etiquette, in the observance of which they are exceedingly tenacious, acknowledging him to be superior by hereditary right to all other Dacotah chiefs, and the Dacotah nation as superior to their own. The festivities, which lasted almost a fortnight, consisted of dances, songs, and repasts; the principal feast was celebrated on the 25th June; and, as the buffalo were abundant at that season, a great number were killed.[6]

The Kahpozhay band have but one village, which is on the Mississippi River, below the mouth of the St Peter's.[7]

NOTES

1. Strictly, the name is *Chetañ-wakan-mañi*, and signifies in the Dakota language, "The sacred pigeon-hawk which comes walking." Little Crow was one of several hereditary chiefs of the Kapozha band who bore this common dynastic name, all of them more or less distinguished. (For additional information, see the *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society; Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; South Dakota Historical Collections*, Vol. II., 1904; Neill, *History of Minnesota*, 1858; *Pike's Expeditions*, Coues ed., 1895.) The Little Crow here described, who may be designated Little Crow II., was born about 1770, and died about 1827, being succeeded by his son, generally called Wamde Tanka, "Big Eagle," who accidentally died as the result of a gunshot wound, when he was succeeded by his son Taoyatiduta, "His Red People," who was the "Little Crow" at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862, and was killed at its close. The occasion of the visit of Little Crow II. to Washington in 1824 is noted in *Niles' Register* for July 31 of that year, copied from the *National Journal* of Washington, the name appearing as "She-tah-wah-coe-wah-mene (the Sparrow that hunts as he walks"). It was probably at this time that the accompanying portrait was painted by King (No. 125 of the Government collection; see Introduction, p. lii.). Little Crow II. signed the treaties of Prairie du Chien, August 19, 1825 (on which occasion Lewis painted his portrait, No. 23 of the Lewis *Port-folio*), and July 15,

1830 ("Tchataqua Manie, or little crow"). He was not chief of the entire Sioux nation, except through appointment by Lieutenant Pike. The Inman copy of Little Crow's portrait, "after King," is preserved in the Peabody Museum (original number, 29; museum number, 28. 196). It is without date.

The name Kapozha means "not encumbered with much baggage," and this is the sense in which McKenney and Hall, following Long, here employ the term "light." This band, like the Kiyuksa, belonged to the Mdewakanton division of the Sioux, although a branch of the Sisseton was also designated Kapozha. Their village, known as Kaposia, and often called Little Crow's Village, was on the east bank of the Mississippi, below the mouth of Minnesota River, on the site of the present St Paul, Minnesota. It was visited in 1820 by the party of Lewis Cass, including Henry R. Schoolcraft, the latter describing it as consisting of "twelve large lodges, which are said to give shelter to two hundred souls. . . . The chief was among the first to greet us. He is a man below the common size, but brawny and well proportioned; and, although above fifty years of age, retains the look and vigour of forty. He invited us to his lodge—a spacious building about sixty feet by thirty, substantially constructed of logs and bark. . . ."—Schoolcraft, *Summary Narrative of an Exploratory Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi River in* 1820, pp. 160-161, Philadelphia, 1855.

James Doty, the secretary to Governor Cass, adds: "There is a great deal of fire in his eyes, which are black and piercing. His nose is prominent and has an aquiline curve, his forehead falling a little from the facial angle, and his whole countenance animated and expressive of a shrewd mind."—*Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, XIII., p. 212.

The Kapozha are now on the Santee Reservation in Nebraska, but are no longer officially recognised as a separate band.

2. A beaver-trapping episode that well displays Little Crow's magnanimity is interestingly related by Schoolcraft (*op. cit.*, pp. 157-158):—

"It is related that the chief, Little Crow, going out to the confines of the Chippeway territory, to examine his beaver-traps, discovered an individual of that tribe in the act of taking a beaver from the trap. As he was himself unperceived, the tribes being at war, and the offence an extreme one, a summary punishment would have been justified by Indian law. But the Sioux chief decided differently: 'Take no alarm,' said he, approaching the offender; 'I come to present you the trap, of which I see you stand in need. Take my gun also, as I see you have none of your own, and return to the land of your countrymen; and linger not here, lest some of my young men should discover your footsteps.'"

3. In Lake Erie, in the extreme eastern part of the northern peninsula of Michigan.

4. Probably Pembina in the present North Dakota. The name means "cranberry."

5. The present Lake Traverse, on the boundary of Minnesota and South Dakota.

6. This information is derived from Long's *Expedition to the Source of St Peter's River*, Vol. I., pp. 383-384, Philadelphia, 1824. Big Thunder was possibly one of the two boys, sons of Little Crow, killed by the Chippeway while on a war expedition on St Croix River in 1841. See Sibley's "Recollections," in *Minnesota Historical Society Collections*, Vol. III., p. 251.

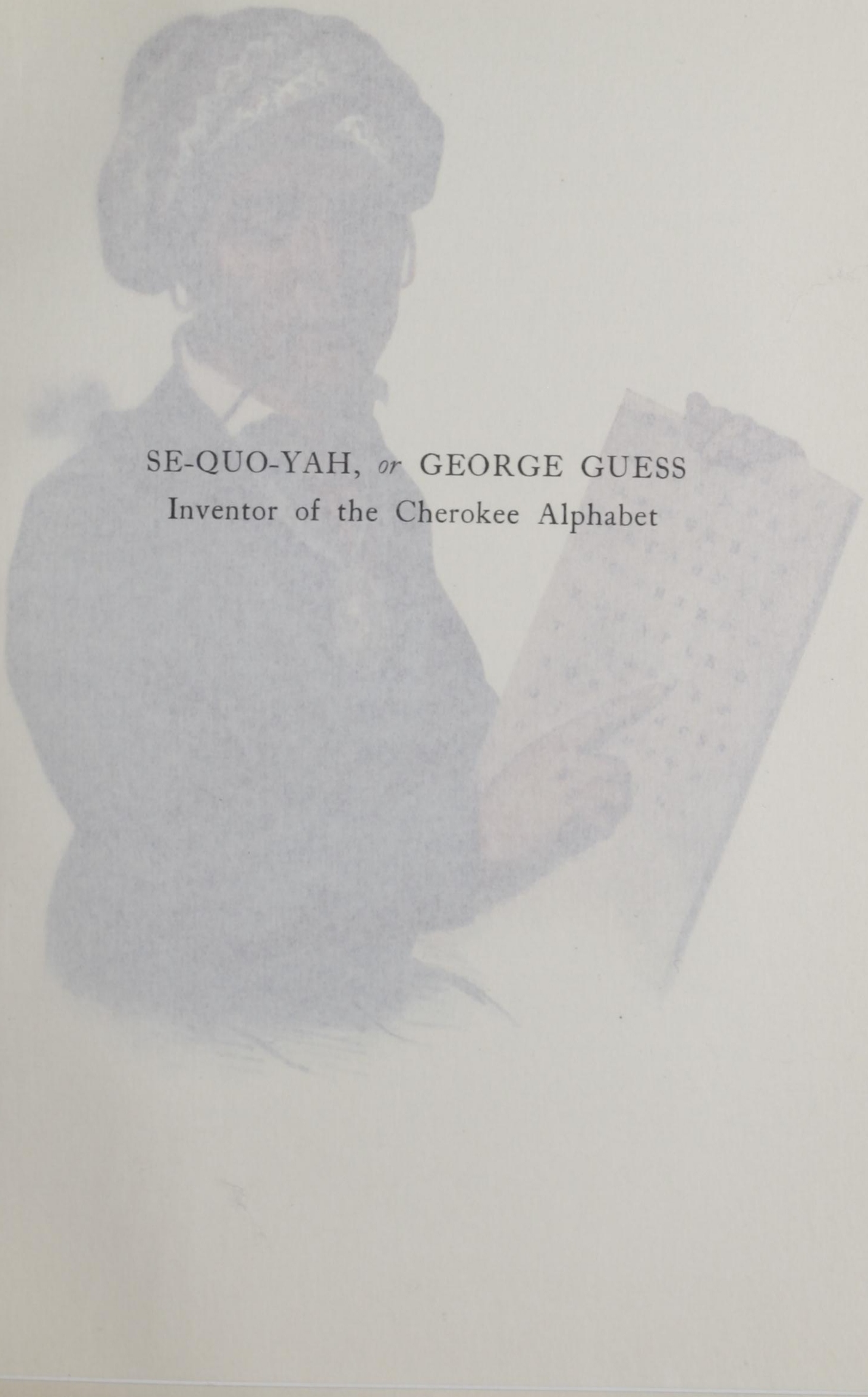
7. See note 1.

SEQUOYAH, OR GEORGE GUESS

(THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET)

THE portrait of this remarkable individual is one of great interest.[1] It presents a mild, engaging countenance, entirely destitute of that wild and fierce expression which almost invariably marks the features, or characterises the expression, of the American Indians and their descendants. It exhibits no trace of the ferocity of the savage; it wants alike the vigilant eye of the warrior and the apathy of the less intellectual of that race. The contour of the face, and the whole style of the expression, as well as the dress, are decidedly Asiatic, and might be triumphantly cited in evidence of the Oriental origin of our tribes by those who maintain that plausible theory. It is not merely intelligent and thoughtful, but there is an almost feminine refinement and a luxurious softness about it which might characterise the features of an Eastern sage, accustomed to ease and indolence, but are little indicative of an American origin, or of a mind formed among the wilds of our western frontier.

At an early period in the settlement of our colonies, the Cherokees received with hospitality the white men who went among them as traders; and having learned the value of articles of European fabric, became in some measure dependent upon this traffic. Like other Indians, they engaged in hostilities against us when it suited their



SE-QUO-YAH, *or* GEORGE GUESS

Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet

SE-QUO-YAH, or GEORGE GUESS

Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet



convenience, or when stimulated by caprice or the love of plunder. But as our settlements approached, and finally surrounded them, they were alike induced by policy, and compelled by their situation, to desist from their predatory mode of life, and became comparatively inoffensive neighbours to the whites. The larger number continued to subsist by hunting, while a few engaged in agriculture. Inhabiting a fertile country, in a southern climate, within the limits of Georgia, their local position held out strong temptations to white men to settle among them as traders, and many availed themselves of these advantages. With the present object of carrying on a profitable traffic, and the ulterior view of acquiring titles to large bodies of land, they took up their residence among the Indians, and intermarried with the females of that race. Some of these were prudent, energetic men, who made themselves respected, and acquired influence, which enabled them to rank as head-men, and to transmit the authority of chiefs to their descendants. Many of them became planters, and grew wealthy in horses and cattle, and in negro slaves, which they purchased in the southern states. The only art, however, which they introduced, was that of agriculture; and this but few of the Indians had the industry to learn and practise, further than in the rude cultivation of small fields of corn by the women.

In this condition they were found by the missionaries who were sent to establish schools, and to introduce the gospel. The half-breeds had now become numerous; many of them were persons of influence, using with equal facility the respective tongues of their civilised and savage ancestors, and desirous of procuring for their children the advantages they had but partially enjoyed themselves. By them the missionaries were favourably received, their exertions encouraged, and their schools sustained; but

the great mass of the Cherokees were as little improved by these as other portions of the race have been by similar attempts.

Sequoyah, or, as he is commonly called, George Guess, is the son of a white man, named Gist, and of a woman who was of the mixed blood. The latter was perfectly untaught and illiterate, having been reared in the wigwam in the laborious and servile habits of the Indian women. She soon became either a widow or a neglected wife, for in the infancy of George we hear nothing of the father, while the mother is known to have lived alone, managing her little property and maintaining herself by her own exertions. That she was a woman of some capacity, is evident from the undeviating affection for herself with which she inspired her son, and the influence she exercised over him, for the Indians have naturally but little respect for their female relations, and are early taught to despise the character and the occupations of women. Sequoyah seems to have had no relish for the rude sports of the Indian boys, for when quite young he would often stroll off alone into the woods, and employ himself in building little houses with sticks, evincing thus early an ingenuity which directed itself towards mechanical labours. At length, while yet a small boy, he went to work of his own accord, and built a milk-house for his mother. Her property consisted chiefly in horses and cattle, that roamed in the woods, and of which she owned a considerable number. To these he next turned his attention, and became expert in milking the cows, straining the milk, and putting it away with all the care and neatness of an experienced dairyman. He took care of the cattle and horses, and when he grew to a sufficient size, would break the colts to the saddle and harness. Their farm comprised only about eight acres of cleared ground, which

he planted in corn, and cultivated with the hoe. His mother was much pleased with the skill and industry of her son, while her neighbours regarded him as a youth of uncommon capacity and steadiness. In addition to her rustic employments, the active mother opened a small traffic with the hunters, and Sequoyah, now a hardy stripling, would accompany these rough men to the woods, to make selections of skins, and bring them home. While thus engaged he became himself an expert hunter; and thus added by his own exertions to the slender income of his mother. When we recollect that men who live on a thinly populated frontier, and especially savages, incline to athletic exercises, to loose habits, and to predatory lives, we recognise in these pursuits of the young Sequoyah the indications of a pacific disposition, and of a mind elevated above the sphere in which he was placed. Under more favourable circumstances he would have risen to a high rank among intellectual men.

The tribe to which he belonged, being in the habit of wearing silver ornaments, such as bracelets, arm-bands, and brooches, it occurred to the inventive mind of Sequoyah to endeavour to manufacture them; and without any instruction he commenced the labours of a silversmith, and soon became an expert artisan. In his intercourse with white men he had become aware that they possessed an art by means of which a name could be impressed upon a hard substance, so as to be comprehended at a glance, by any who were acquainted with this singular invention; and being desirous of identifying his own work, he requested Charles Hicks,[2] afterwards a chief of the Cherokees, to write his name. Hicks, who was a half-blood, and had been taught to write, complied with his desire, but spelt the name George Guess, in conformity with its usual pronunciation, and this has

continued to be the mode of writing it. Guess now made a *die*, containing a *facsimile* of his name, as written by Hicks, with which he stamped his name upon the articles which he fabricated.

He continued to employ himself in this business for some years, and in the meanwhile turned his attention to the art of drawing. He made sketches of horses, cattle, deer, houses, and other familiar objects, which at first were as rude as those which the Indians draw upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present, at length, very tolerable resemblances of the figures intended to be copied. He had, probably, at this time never seen a picture or an engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirrings of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. He became extremely popular. Amiable, accommodating, and unassuming, he displayed an industry uncommon among his people, and a genius which elevated him in their eyes into a prodigy. They flocked to him from the neighbourhood, and from distant settlements, to witness his skill, and to give him employment; and the untaught Indian gazed with astonishment at one of his own race who had spontaneously caught the spirit, and was rivalling the ingenuity of the civilised man. The females especially were attracted by his manners and his skill, and lavished upon him an admiration which distinguished him as the chief favourite of those who are ever quick-sighted in discovering the excellent qualities of the other sex.

These attentions were succeeded by their usual consequences. Genius is generally united with ambition, which loves applause, and is open to flattery. Guess was still young, and easily seduced by adulation. His circle of acquaintance became enlarged, the young men courted his friendship, and much of his time was occupied in receiving

visits, and discharging the duties of hospitality. On the frontier there is but one mode of evincing friendship or repaying civility—drinking is the universal pledge of cordiality, and Guess considered it necessary to regale his visitors with ardent spirits. At first his practice was to place the bottle before his friends, and leave them to enjoy it, under some plea of business or disinclination. An innate dread of intemperance, or a love of industry, preserved him for some time from the seductive example of his revelling companions. But his caution subsided by degrees, and he was at last prevailed upon to join in the bacchanalian orgies provided by the fruits of his own industry. His laborious habits thus broken in upon, soon became undermined, his liberality increased, and the number of his friends was rapidly enlarged. He would now purchase a keg of whisky at a time, and, retiring with his companions to a secluded place in the woods, became a willing party to those boisterous scenes of mad intoxication which form the sole object and the entire sum of an Indian revel. The common effect of drinking, upon the savage, is to increase his ferocity, and sharpen his brutal appetite for blood; the social and enlivening influence ascribed to the cup by the Anacreontic song, forms no part of his experience. Drunkenness, and not companionship, is the purpose in view, and his deep potations, imbibed in gloomy silence, stir up the latent passions that he is trained to conceal, but not to subdue. In this respect, as in most others, Sequoyah differed from his race. The inebriating draught, while it stupefied his intellect, warmed and expanded his benevolence, and made him the best-natured of sots. Under its influence he gave advice to his comrades, urging them to forgive injuries, to live in peace, and to abstain from giving offence to the whites or to each other. When his companions grew

quarrelsome, he would sing songs to amuse them, and while thus musically employed would often fall asleep.

Guess was in a fair way of becoming an idle, a harmless, and a useless vagabond; but there was a redeeming virtue in his mind, which enabled it to react against temptation. His vigorous intellect foresaw the evil tendencies of idleness and dissipation, and becoming weary of a life so uncongenial with his natural disposition, he all at once gave up drinking, and took up the trade of a blacksmith. Here, as in other cases, he was his own instructor, and his first task was to make for himself a pair of bellows; having effected which, he proceeded to make hoes, axes, and other of the most simple implements of agriculture. Before he went to work, in the year 1820, he paid a visit to some friends residing at a Cherokee village on the Tennessee River, during which a conversation occurred on the subject of the art of writing. The Indians, keen and quick-sighted with regard to all the prominent points of difference between themselves and the whites, had not failed to remark with great curiosity and surprise, the fact that what was written by one person was understood by another, to whom it was delivered, at any distance of time or place. This mode of communicating thoughts, or of recording facts, has always been the subject of much inquiry among them; the more intelligent have sometimes attempted to detect the imposition, if any existed, by showing the same writing to different persons; but finding the result to be uniform, have become satisfied that the white men possess a faculty unknown to the Indians, and which they suppose to be the effect of sorcery, or some other supernatural cause. In the conversation alluded to, great stress was laid on this power of the white man—on his ability to put his thoughts on paper, and send them afar off to speak for him, as if he who wrote them was

present. There was a general expression of astonishment at the ingenuity of the whites, or rather at their possession of what most of those engaged in the conversation considered as a distinct faculty, or sense, and the drift of the discussion turned upon the inquiry whether it was a faculty of the mind, a gift of the Great Spirit, or a mere imposture. Guess, who had listened in silence, at length remarked, that he did not regard it as being so very extraordinary. He considered it an art, and not a gift of the Great Spirit, and he believed he could invent a plan by which the red men could do the same thing. He had heard of a man who had made marks on a rock, which other white men interpreted, and he thought he could also make marks which would be intelligible. He then took up a whetstone, and began to scratch figures on it with a pin, remarking that he could teach the Cherokees to talk on paper like white men. The company laughed heartily, and Guess remained silent during the remainder of the evening. The subject that had been discussed was one upon which he had long and seriously reflected, and he listened with interest to every conversation which elicited new facts, or drew out the opinions of other men. The next morning he again employed himself in making marks upon the whetstone, and repeated that he was satisfied he could invent characters, by the use of which the Cherokees could learn to read.

Full of this idea, he returned to his own home, at Will's town,[3] in Will's valley, on the southern waters of the Coosa River, procured paper, which he made into a book, and commenced making characters. His reflections on the subject had led him to the conclusion that the letters used in writing represented certain words or ideas, and being uniform, would always convey to the reader the same idea intended by the writer—provided the system of

characters which had been taught to each was the same. His project, therefore, was to invent characters which should represent words; but after proceeding laboriously for a considerable time, in prosecution of this plan, he found that it would require too many characters, and that it would be difficult to give the requisite variety to so great a number, or to commit them to memory after they should be invented. But his time was not wasted; the dawn of a great discovery was breaking upon his vision; and although he now saw the light but dimly, he was satisfied that it was rapidly increasing. He had imagined the idea of an alphabet, and convinced himself of the practicability of framing one to suit his own language. If it be asked why he did not apply to a white man to be taught the use of the alphabet already in existence, rather than resort to the hopeless task of inventing another, we reply, that he probably acted upon the same principle which had induced him to construct, instead of buying a pair of bellows, and had led him to teach himself the art of the blacksmith in preference to applying to others for instruction. Had he sought information, it is not certain he could have obtained it, for he was surrounded by Indians as illiterate as himself, and by whites who were but little better informed; and he was possessed, besides, of that self-reliance which renders genius available, and which enabled him to appeal with confidence to the resources of his own mind. He now conceived the plan of making characters to represent sounds, out of which words might be compounded—a system in which single letters should stand for syllables. Acting upon this idea, with his usual perseverance, he worked diligently until he had invented eighty-six characters, and then considered that he had completely attained his object.

While thus engaged, he was visited by one of his

intimate friends, who told him he came to beg him to quit his design, which had made him a laughing-stock to his people, who began to consider him a fool. Sequoyah replied that he was acting upon his own responsibility, and as that which he had undertaken was a personal matter, which would make fools of none besides himself, he should persevere.

Being confirmed in the belief that his eighty-six characters, with their combinations, embraced the whole Cherokee language, he taught them to his little daughter, *Ahyokah*, then about six years of age. After this he made a visit to Colonel Lowrey,[4] to whom, although his residence was but three miles distant, he had never mentioned the design which had engaged his constant attention for about three years. But this gentleman had learned, from the tell-tale voice of rumour, the manner in which his ingenious neighbour was employed, had regretted the supposed misapplication of his time, and participated in the general sentiment of derision with which the whole community regarded the labours of the once popular artisan, but now despised alphabet maker. "Well," said Colonel Lowrey, "I suppose you have been engaged in making marks." "Yes," replied Guess; "when a talk is made, and put down, it is good to look at it afterwards." Colonel Lowrey suggested that Guess might have deceived himself, and that, having a good memory, he might recollect what he had intended to write, and suppose he was reading it from the paper. "Not so," rejoined Guess; "I read it."

The next day Colonel Lowrey rode over to the house of Guess, when the latter requested his little daughter to repeat the alphabet. The child, without hesitation, recited the characters, giving to each the sound which the inventor had assigned to it, and performing the task with such ease

and rapidity that the astonished visitor, at its conclusion, uttered the common expression—"Yoh!" with which the Cherokees express surprise. Unwilling, however, to yield too ready an assent to that which he had ridiculed, he added, "It sounds like Muscogee, or the Creek language"; meaning to convey the idea that the sounds did not resemble the Cherokee. Still there was something strange in it. He could not permit himself to believe that an illiterate Indian had invented an alphabet, and perhaps was not sufficiently skilled in philology to bestow a very careful investigation upon the subject. But his attention was arrested; he made some further inquiry, and began to doubt whether Sequoyah was the deluded schemer which others thought him.

The truth was, that the most complete success had attended this extraordinary attempt, and George Guess was the Cadmus of his race. Without advice, assistance, or encouragement—ignorant alike of books and of the various arts by which knowledge is disseminated—with no prompter but his own genius, and no guide but the light of reason, he had formed an alphabet for a rude dialect, which, until then, had been an unwritten tongue! It is only necessary to state, in general, that, subsequently, the invention of Guess was adopted by intelligent individuals engaged in the benevolent attempt to civilise the Cherokees, and it was determined to prepare types for the purpose of printing books in that tongue. Experience demonstrated that Guess had proved himself successful, and he is now justly esteemed the Cadmus of his race. The conception and execution are wholly his own. Some of the characters are in form like ours of the English alphabet; they were copied from an old spelling book that fell in his way, but have none of the powers or sounds of the letters thus copied. The

following are the characters systematically arranged with the sounds:

Ꭰ a	Ꭱ e	Ꭲ i	Ꭳ o	Ꭴ u	i y
Ꭵ ga Ꭶ ka	Ꭷ ge	y gi	Ꭸ go	Ꭹ gu	Ꭺ gv
Ꭻ ha	Ꭼ he	Ꭽ hi	Ꭾ ho	Ꭿ hu	Ꮀ hv
Ꮁ la	Ꮂ le	Ꮃ li	Ꮄ lo	Ꮅ lu	Ꮆ lv
Ꮇ ma	Ꮈ me	Ꮉ mi	Ꮊ mo	Ꮋ mu	
Ꮌ na Ꮍ hna Ꮎ nah	Ꮏ ne	Ꮐ ni	Ꮑ no	Ꮒ nu	Ꮓ nv
Ꮔ qua	Ꮕ que	Ꮖ qui	Ꮗ quo	Ꮘ quu	Ꮙ quv
Ꮚ s Ꮛ sv	Ꮜ se	Ꮝ si	Ꮞ so	Ꮟ su	Ꮠ sv
Ꮡ dw Ꮢ ta	Ꮣ de Ꮤ te	Ꮥ di Ꮥ tih	Ꮦ do	Ꮧ du	Ꮨ dv
Ꮩ dla Ꮪ tla	Ꮫ tle	Ꮬ tli	Ꮭ tlo	Ꮮ tlu	Ꮯ tlv
Ꮰ tsa	Ꮱ tse	Ꮲ tsi	Ꮳ tso	Ꮴ tsu	Ꮵ tsv
Ꮶ wa	Ꮷ we	Ꮸ wi	Ꮹ wo	Ꮺ wu	Ꮻ wv
Ꮼ ya	Ꮽ ye	Ꮾ yi	Ꮿ yo	Ᏸ yu	Ᏹ yv

SOUNDS REPRESENTED BY VOWELS

a as *a* in *father*, or short as *a* in *rival*,
e as *a* in *hate*, or short as *e* in *met*,
i as *i* in *pique*, or short as *i* in *pit*,
o as *aw* in *law*, or short as *o* in *not*,
u as *oo* in *fool*, or short as *u* in *pull*,
v as *u* in *but*, nasalised.

CONSONANT SOUNDS

g nearly as in English, but approaching to k. d nearly as in English, but approaching to t. h, k, l, m, n, q, s, t, w, y, as in English.

Syllables beginning with g, except Ꮀ, have sometimes the power of k; Ꭺ, s, Ꮁ, are sometimes sounded to, tu, tv; and syllables written with tl, except Ꮅ, sometimes vary to dl.

Guess completed his work in 1821. Several of his maternal uncles were at that time distinguished men

among the Cherokees. Among them was *Keahatahee*,[5] who presided over the beloved town, *Echota*,[6] the town of refuge, and who was one of two chiefs who were killed by a party of fourteen people, while under the protection of a white flag, at that celebrated place. One of these persons observed to him, soon after he had made his discovery, that he had been taught by the Great Spirit. Guess replied, that he had taught himself. He had the good sense not to arrogate to himself any extraordinary merit, in a discovery which he considered as the result of an application of plain principles. Having accomplished the great design, he began to instruct others, and after teaching many to read and write, and establishing his reputation, he left the Cherokee nation in 1822, and went on a visit to Arkansas, where he taught those of his tribe who had emigrated to that country. Shortly after, and before his return home, a correspondence was opened between the Cherokees of the west and those of the east of the Mississippi, in the Cherokee language. In 1823, he determined to emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. In the autumn of the same year, the General Council of the Cherokee nation passed a resolution, awarding to Guess a silver medal, in token of their regard for his genius, and of their gratitude for the eminent service he rendered to his people. The medal, which was made at Washington City, bore on one side two pipes, on the other a head, with this inscription—"Presented to George Gist, by the General Council of the Cherokee nation, for his ingenuity in the invention of the Cherokee Alphabet." The inscription was the same on both sides, except that on one it was in English, and on the other in Cherokee, and in the characters invented by Guess. It was intended that this medal should be presented at a council, but two of the chiefs dying, John Ross, who was now the principal chief, being desirous of the

honour and gratification of making the presentation, and not knowing when Guess might return to the nation, sent it to him with a written address.

Guess has never since revisited that portion of his nation which remains upon their ancient hunting grounds, east of the Mississippi. In 1828, he was deputed as one of a delegation from the western Cherokees, to visit the President of the United States, at Washington, when the likeness which we have copied was taken.

The name which this individual derived from his father was, as we have seen, George Gist; his Indian name, given him by his mother, or her tribe, is Sequoyah; but we have chosen to use chiefly in this article, that by which he is popularly known—George Guess.[7]

NOTES

1. The portrait was painted by King at Washington in 1828, but it did not form a part of the collection in the Indian Gallery at Washington, or, rather, it is not mentioned in the Rhees list given in our Introduction. Sequoyah was a member of the deputation of his tribe which negotiated the treaty of May 6, 1828, four of the signers affixing their names "in the characters now in use among them, as discovered by George Guess." Mr Emmet Starr of Claremore, Oklahoma, informs us that the portrait of Sequoyah in the Cherokee capitol at Tahlequah was painted about fifteen years ago by Mrs W. A. Duncan from the Inman copy in McKenney and Hall.

2. Charles R. Hicks, a Moravian convert of mixed blood, and at that time the most influential man in the Cherokee nation, was elected chief at New Echota, Georgia, July 26, 1827, with John Ross (see Vol. III.) as assistant chief. Hicks introduced coffee among the Cherokee tribe. See Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," in *Nineteenth Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1900.

3. Willstown, so called from a half-breed chief known to the whites as Red-headed Will, below Fort Payne, in De Kalb County, Alabama.—Mooney.

4. Major George Lowrey, known as *Agi'lĭ*, "He is Rising," a cousin of Sequoyah, and assistant chief of the Cherokee nation about 1840.—Mooney.

5. The meaning of the name is not known, but the ending *tahee* is no doubt intended for *dihĭ*, "killer," a frequent ending in Cherokee warriors' names.

6. "Itsă'tĭ—commonly spelled Echota, Chota, Chote, etc.—a name occurring in several places in the old Cherokee country: the meaning is lost. The most important settlement of this name, frequently distinguished as Great Echota, was on the south side of the Little Tennessee River, a short distance below Citico Creek, in Monroe County, Tennessee. It was the ancient capital and sacred 'peace town' of the Nation. Little Echota was on Sautee (*i.e.* Itsâ'tĭ) Creek, a head stream of the Chattahoochee, west of Clarkesville, Georgia. New Echota, the capital of the Nation for some years before the Removal, was established at a spot originally known as Gănsa'gĭ, at the junction of the Oostanaula and Conasauga Rivers, in Gordon County, Georgia. It was sometimes called Newtown. The old Macedonia mission, on Soco Creek, of the North Carolina Reservation, is also known as Itsâ'tĭ to the Cherokee, as was also the great Nacoochee mound."—Mooney, *op. cit.*, p. 523.

"The year 1793 began with a series of attacks all along the Tennessee frontier. As before, most of the depredation was by Chickamaugas and Creeks, with some stray Shawano from the north. The Cherokee from the towns on Little Tennessee remained peaceable, but their temper was sorely tried by a regrettable circumstance which occurred in June. While a number of friendly chiefs were assembled for a conference at Echota, on the express request of the President, a party of men under command of a Captain John Beard suddenly attacked them, killing about fifteen Indians, including several chiefs and two women, one of them being the wife of Hanging-maw (Ushwâ'ligûtă), principal chief of the Nation, who was himself wounded. The murderers then fled, leaving others to suffer the consequences. Two hundred warriors at once took up arms to revenge their loss, and only the most earnest appeal from the deputy-governor could restrain them from swift retaliation. While the chief, whose wife was thus murdered and himself wounded, forebore to revenge himself, in order not to bring war upon his people, the Secretary of War was obliged to report, 'to my great pain, I find to punish Beard by law just now is out of the question.' Beard was in fact arrested, but the trial was a farce, and he was acquitted."—*Ibid.*, p. 74.

7. Much has been written on this noteworthy Indian. For the most authentic information regarding him and his invention, see Mooney, *op. cit.*; J. C. Pilling, *Bibliography of the Iroquoian Languages*, 1888; George E. Foster, *Se-quo-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses*, 1885; Phillips in *Harper's Magazine*, September 1870; Royce in *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1888; and the writings cited in these works. To these the following is added, by way of resurrecting an interesting newspaper note of the period (*New York Mirror*, June 17, 1826), showing the uses to which Sequoyah's alphabet was first put:—

"'It is now but two or three years since the discovery was made, and reading and writing have already become so general among the Cherokees, that they not only carry on a correspondence by letters between the different points of their territory, but are also in the habit of taking receipts and giving promissory notes in affairs of trade.' The gentleman from whom we received this information told us that it is now common, in travelling the lands of the tribes, to see directions for the different paths inscribed on the trees."

A still earlier notice appeared in *The Columbian Star* of Washington City, March 26, 1825, as follows:—

"The Cherokee language is now reduced to a system. Mr George Guess, a Cherokee who does not understand the English, has invented alphabetical characters, consisting of 86, each being a sound or syllable. In this way the Indians now correspond with their Arkansas brethren with facility. The Legislature, in consideration of the benefit which Mr Guess has conferred on the Nation, by reducing and forming the language into a system, resolved that a silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, be procured and presented to him, as a testimonial of their gratitude to him for his useful discovery."

Regarding Sequoyah's last years, Mooney (*op. cit.*, p. 147) says:—

"Sequoyah, who had occupied a prominent position in the affairs of the Old Settlers, and assisted much in the reorganization of the Nation, had become seized with a desire to make linguistic investigations among the remote tribes, very probably with a view of devising a universal Indian alphabet. His mind dwelt also on the old tradition of a lost band of Cherokee living somewhere toward the western mountains. In 1841 and 1842, with a few Cherokee companions, and with his provisions and papers loaded in an ox cart, he made several journeys into the West, received everywhere with kindness by even the wildest tribes. Disappointed in his philologic results, he started out in 1843 in quest of the lost Cherokee, who were believed to be somewhere in Northern Mexico; but, being now an old man and worn out by hardship, he sank under the effort and died—alone and unattended, it is said—near the village of San Fernando [in Chihuahua?], Mexico, in August of that year. Rumours having come of his helpless condition, a party had been sent out from the Nation to bring him back, but arrived too late to find him alive. A pension of three hundred dollars, previously voted to him by the Nation, was continued to his widow—the only literary pension in the United States. Besides a wife, he left two sons and a daughter. Sequoyah district of the Cherokee Nation was named in his honour, and the great trees of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) [for the preservation of which the Sequoia National Park in California has been set apart by the Nation] also preserve his memory."

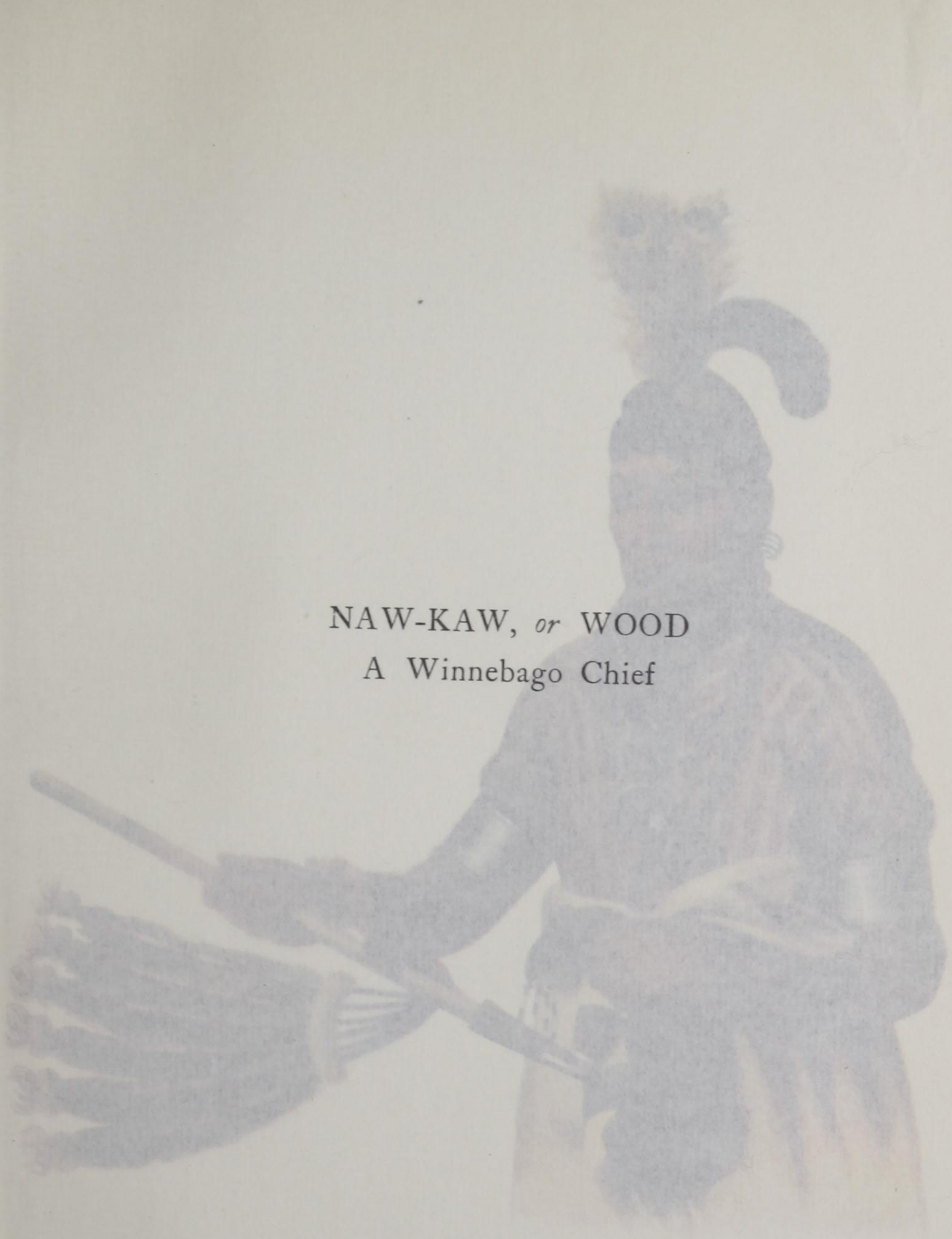
Had the Indian Territory been admitted into the Union as a State independent of Oklahama, there is little doubt that it also would have borne Sequoyah's name.

NAWKAW

(OR, WOOD)

The countenance of this chief is prepossessing, and indicative of his true character. He was a firm, sagacious man, of upright deportment and pacific disposition, who filled his station with dignity, and commanded respect by his fidelity to his engagements. His name is less expressive than most of those which are borne by Indians of reputation—the word Nawkaw signifying *wood*. He was of the Winnebago tribe, and of the *Caromanie* or Walking Turtle family, which is of the highest distinction. The name Caromanie, among the Winnebagoes, implies rank and dignity, conveys the idea of sovereignty, and is, therefore, highly respected; for this people, like all other savages, have an inherent veneration for hereditary greatness.

This chief was the head of his tribe, who inhabited a broad and beautiful country, lying between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, and spread out in plains of great extent, fertility, and magnificence. His residence was at the Big Green Lake, which is situated between Green Bay and Fort Winnebago, and is about thirty miles from the latter.[1] Although a warrior by profession, the successful leader in many a fight, he was a person of excellent disposition, who preferred and courted peace; and his upright conduct, in connection with his military talents, caused



NAW-KAW, *or* WOOD
A Winnebago Chief

NAWKAW

(OR, WOOD)

NAW-KAW, or WOOD

A Winnebago Chief



him to be respected and beloved. His conduct was patriarchal, and his sway that of the parent rather than the master.

In the recent war between the United States and the Sauks and Foxes,[2] it was feared that the Winnebagoes, inhabiting the country immediately north of the hostile Indians, would unite with them, and forming a powerful combination, would devastate the defenceless frontier before our Government could adopt measures for its relief. The opportunity was a tempting one to a savage tribe naturally disposed to war, and always prepared for its most sudden exigencies; and many of the Winnebagoes were eager to rush into the contest. But the policy of Nawkaw was decidedly pacific, and his conduct was consistent with his judgment and his professions. To keep his followers from temptation, as well as to place them under the eye of an agent of our Government, he encamped with them near the Agency, under the charge of Mr Kinzie,[3] expressing on all occasions his disapprobation of the war, and his determination to avoid all connection with those engaged in it. The Indian tribes are often divided into parties, having their respective leaders, who alone can control their partisans in times of excitement. On this occasion, the more respectable and by far the most numerous part of the Sauk and Fox nation, headed by Keokuk,[4] the proper chief, remained at peace, while a faction, called *the British band*, was led headlong into a disastrous war by Black Hawk, a warrior having no lawful rank, and his coadjutor, the Prophet, while among the Winnebagoes a similar division occurred; a few restless and unprincipled individuals giving loose to their propensity for blood and plunder by joining the war parties, while the great body of the tribe remained at peace, under the influence of their venerable chief.

Having narrated, in the historical part of this work, the interesting story of the surrender of Red Bird, we shall only advert to that circumstance here for the purpose of remarking that Nawkaw took an active and a judicious part in that melancholy and singular affair. He exerted his influence to have the murderers arrested and delivered up to the officers of our Government; but, having thus discharged his duty, he was equally diligent in his endeavours to obtain for them the pardon of the President. For this purpose he visited Washington in 1829 [1828], accompanied by fifteen of his chief men; and it was at that time that the portrait which we have copied was taken. He is represented in the attitude of addressing the President, and in the act of extending towards him his calumet at the conclusion of his speech.

The intercession of Nawkaw was successful; the clemency of the President was extended to the wretched men then lying captive in the prison at Prairie du Chien—but unfortunately too late.[5] The Indian, accustomed to unlimited freedom, languishes in confinement. The Red Bird[6] was a high-spirited warrior, unused to restraint, and habituated to roam over boundless plains, with a step as unfettered as that of the wild horse of the prairie. The want of exercise and the privations of imprisonment destroyed his health, broke his spirit, and hurried him to a premature grave. He died before the news of his pardon reached him.

We shall conclude this article with a few anecdotes of Nawkaw and his companions. In conducting these persons to Washington, it was deemed proper to lead them through some of the principal cities, where they might witness the highest evidences of our wealth, power, and civilisation. Their conductors were Major Forsyth and Mr Kinzie,[7] the latter of whom speaks the languages of the north-western

tribes with fluency, and to him we are indebted for these facts.

While at New York, the Winnebago deputies attended, by invitation, a balloon ascension at the Battery.[8] At this beautiful spot, where the magnificence of a city on the one hand, and a splendid view of one of the noblest harbours in the world on the other, combine to form a landscape of unrivalled grandeur, thousands of spectators were assembled to witness the exploit of the aeronaut, and to behold the impression which would be made upon the savage mind by so novel an exhibition. The chiefs and warriors were provided with suitable places, and many an eye was turned in anxious scrutiny upon their imperturbable countenances, as they gazed in silence upon the balloon ascending into the upper atmosphere. At length Nawkaw was asked what he thought of the aeronauts. He replied coolly—"I think they are fools to trifle in that way with their lives—what good does it do? Being asked if he had ever before seen so many people assembled at one time, he answered: "We have more in our smallest villages."

While at Washington they were lodged at a public hotel, and regaled in the most plentiful and sumptuous manner; notwithstanding which, when about to leave the city, Nawkaw complained of the quality of the food placed upon his table. Such a remark from an Indian, whose cookery is the most unartificial imaginable, and whose notions of neatness are far from being refined, was considered singular; and on inquiry being made, it turned out that a piece of roast beef which had been taken from the table untouched, was placed a second time before these fastidious gentlemen, who, on their native prairies, would have devoured it raw, but who now considered their dignity infringed by such a procedure. Being asked if the beef was not good enough, he replied, that there

were plenty of turkeys and chickens to be had, and he chose them in preference.

On their way home, at the first place at which they stopped to dine, after leaving Baltimore, they sat down at a well-furnished table. A fine roasted turkey at the head of the board attracted their attention, but keeping that in reserve, they commenced upon a chicken-pie. While thus engaged, a stranger entered, and taking his seat at the head of the table, called for a plate. The Indians became alarmed for the turkey, cast significant glances at each other, and eyed the object of their desire with renewed eagerness. They inquired of each other, in subdued accents, what was to be done—their plates being well supplied, they could not ask to be helped again, yet the turkey was in imminent jeopardy. The stranger was evidently hungry, and he looked like a man who would not trifle with his knife and fork. Luckily, however, he was not yet supplied with these necessary implements; there was a moment still left to be improved, and the red gentlemen, having cleared their plates, occupied it by dividing among them an apple-pie, which quickly vanished. A clean plate, knife, and fork were now placed before the stranger, who was about to help himself, when to his astonishment and utter discomfiture, one of the Indians rose, stepped to the head of the table, and adroitly fixing his fork in the turkey bore it off to his companions, who very gravely, and without appearing to take the least notice of the details of the exploit, commenced dividing the spoil, while the stranger, recovering from his surprise, broke out into a loud laugh, in which the Indians joined.

As the party receded from the capital, the fare became more coarse, and the red men began to sigh for the fat poultry and rich joints that were left behind them. And

now another idea occurred to their minds. Having noticed that payment was made regularly for every meal, they inquired if *all* the meals they ate were paid for, and being answered in the affirmative, each Indian, on rising from the table, loaded himself with the fragments of the feast, until nothing remained. When they observed that this conduct was noticed, they defended it by remarking that the provisions were all paid for.

It has been well said that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and this aphorism is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of savages or uneducated men. The Indian has some heroic traits of character; he is brave, patient under fatigue or privation, often generous, and sometimes tenacious of the point of honour to an extreme which has scarcely a parallel, except in the records of chivalry. In all that relates to war or the council they are systematic, and the leading men exhibit much dignity and consistency of character. As hunters they are keen, skilful, and diligent; as warriors, bold, sagacious, and persevering. But when the Indian is taken from this limited circle of duties and thrown into contact with the white man, in social intercourse, his want of versatility, and deficiency of intellectual resources, often degrade him at once into meanness and puerility. For a time he may disguise himself in his habitual gravity, and his native shrewdness and presence of mind may enable him to parry any attempts to pry into his thoughts, or throw him off his guard, but the sequel inevitably betrays the paucity of the savage mind. Thus the chiefs and warriors of whom we have spoken were, some of them, distinguished warriors, and others eminent in council; but when thrown out of their proper sphere, and brought into familiar contact with strangers, they become the subjects of anecdotes such as we have related, and which, except

the first one, would be too trifling for repetition, were they not illustrative of the peculiarities to which we have adverted.

When at Washington, in 1829 [1828], Nawkaw, in speaking of his own age, called himself *ninety-four* winters old. He died in 1833, at the advanced age of ninety-eight, and was succeeded in his rank and honours by his nephew, who was worthy to inherit them. The latter is a person of temperate habits, who abstains entirely from the use of ardent spirits. He also is a *Caromanie*, and has assumed the name of his uncle.[9]

Nawkaw was a man of large stature and fine presence. He was six feet tall, and well made. His person was erect, his muscles finely developed, and his appearance such as indicated activity and great strength. Like many of his race, he was remarkably fond of dress; and even in the last days of his protracted life, devoted the most sedulous care to the decoration of his person. His portrait affords ample evidence of his taste; the head-dress, the ear-rings, and the painted face show that the labours of the toilet had not been performed without a full share of the time and study due to a matter of so much importance; while the three medals, presented to him at different times, as the head of his tribe and as tokens of respect for himself, are indicative of his rank, and are worn with as much pride and as much propriety as the Orders of nobility which decorate the nobles of Europe.

The memory of this distinguished chief and respectable man is cherished by his people, and his deeds are recounted in their songs. He was one of those rulers whose wisdom, courage, and parental sway endear them to their people while living, and whose precepts retain the force of laws after their decease.[10]

NOTES

1. This Winnebago village was on the south side of Green Lake, in the present Green Lake County, Wisconsin. Fort Winnebago was on the site of Portage, Columbia County. By treaty of Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Illinois, September 15, 1832, the Winnebago ceded these lands to the United States.

2. That is, the Black Hawk War of 1832. See the Black Hawk biography in Vol. II.

3. See note 7.

4. For Keokuk, see Vol. II.

5. The first portrait of Nawkaw was painted by Lewis at the treaty of Butte des Morts, Wisconsin, August 11, 1827 (in which the name appears as "Karry-Man-nee, walking turtle"), not at Green Bay, as engraved on the Lewis plate (No. 18 of his *Port-folio*), as the Green Bay treaty was not negotiated until a year later. The Indian Gallery portrait of Nawkaw (No. 75 of the collection) was the work of King; it undoubtedly was painted while Nawkaw and his deputation were in Washington in the autumn of 1828. The Inman copy is preserved in the Peabody Museum, to which it was presented in 1906 by Mrs Cornelia Dexter (museum number, 66. 307).

6. For Red Bird, see Vol. II. Red Bird died in prison at Prairie du Chien, February 16, 1828. His alleged accomplices in the Gagnier and Lipcap murder—Wekau and Chickhonsic—were sentenced to be hanged on December 26, 1828, but were pardoned by President Adams, November 3, 1828, at the instance of Nawkaw and his followers. See note 8. Consult McKenney, "The Winnebago War of 1827," in *Wisconsin Historical Society Collections*, Vol. V., p. 202, with note by L. C. Draper.

7. Thomas Forsyth, an Indian trader, and until 1830 the agent for the Winnebago tribe; and John H. Kinzie, an employee of the American Fur Company at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, afterward at Mackinaw, and in 1832 a sub-agent for the Winnebago. His wife, Juliette A., was the author of *Wau-Bun*, first published in 1856, a book of prime importance to the history and ethnology of this period of Wisconsin. Kinzie's father, a Scotchman, whose original name was John M'Kenzie, was the founder of Chicago, in which city he died in 1828.

8. The party reached New York City, October 19, 1828. After arriving in Washington, the Winnebago agreed to give a war dance in the grounds of the President's House on November 15, at which the volunteer militia of the District of Columbia were ordered to attend. The exhibition was postponed several times on account of the weather, but was finally held November 28th, "much to the amusement of a large

concourse of spectators," according to contemporary newspapers. The Indians took leave of the President next day.

9. The nephew's original name is said to have been "Maukeekishunka, or shaking of the earth." He died at Dexterville, Iowa, in or after 1848 (*Wisconsin Historical Society Collections,* XII., 408). Authorities conflict respecting the date of the elder Nawkaw's death. Draper (*Wisconsin Historical Society Collections,* V., 181, note, 1868) says:—"Naw-Kaw, or *Car-a-mau-nee,* or *The Walking Turtle,* went on a mission with TECUMSEH in 1809 to the New York Indians, and served with that chief during the campaign of 1813, and was present at his death at the Thames. . . . He was still living as late as 1840." Draper thus evidently confuses Nawkaw with his nephew. Mrs Kinzie (*Wau-Bun,* p. 73, 1873), speaking of the period beginning with the autumn of 1830, says:—"There was Naw-kaw, or Kar-ray-mau-nee, 'the Walking Turtle,' now the principal chief of the nation, a stalwart Indian, with a broad, pleasant countenance, the great peculiarity of which was an immense under lip, hanging nearly to his chin." As Mrs Kinzie does not refer to his extreme age, and as the accompanying portrait gives no suggestion of an abnormal lip, but rather bears out McKenney's description of a man of "fine presence," the nephew is here doubtless referred to by her. More definite information respecting the death of Nawkaw is given by Catlin, who painted his portrait in 1836 (*Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians,* 10th ed., II., p. 146, London, 1866). Writing in 1838, he says:—"In plate 254 will be seen the portrait of an old chief, who died a few years since, and who was for many years the head chief of the tribe, by the name of Naw-kaw (*wood*). This man has been much distinguished in his time for his eloquence; and he desired me to paint him in the attitude of an orator addressing his people." In *A Descriptive Catalogue of Catlin's Indian Gallery . . . Exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly,* in 1840, the portrait of this Indian is entered as follows: "209. *Náw-káw,* Wood; formerly the Head Chief [of the Win-ne-ba'-goes], with his war-club on his arm (dead)." Quoting from an earlier catalogue, apparently, Thomas Donaldson (*Smithsonian Institution Report for* 1885, Pt. II., p. 128) gives the year 1836 as that in which the picture was made. This would seem to be sufficient evidence that Nawkaw died soon after Catlin painted his portrait.

10. Much additional information respecting Nawkaw's career is contained in the *Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.* This, with other data, has been summarised by Publius V. Lawson in *The Wisconsin Archeologist,* Vol. VI., No. 3, pp. 150-152, Milwaukee, June 1907; but, unfortunately, the summary contains numerous errors, and apparently confuses at least two chiefs of the same name. Regarding Nawkaw's career in the war of 1812, and his presence at the time of Tecumseh's death, consult Beckwith, "The Illinois and Indiana Indians," *Fergus Historical Series,* No. 27, p. 139, Chicago, 1884; Atwater, *Tour to*

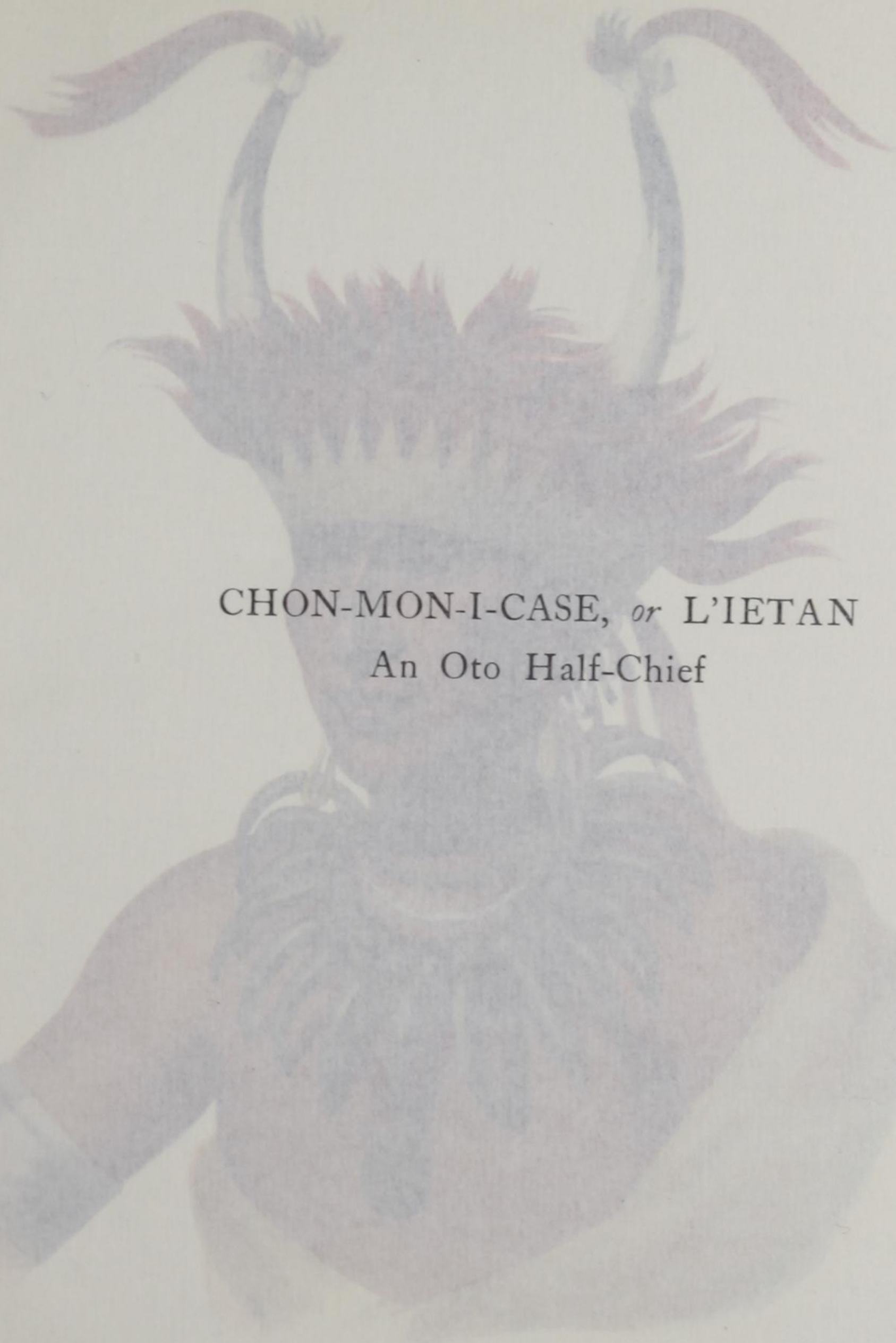
Prairie du Chien, 119, 1850; Atwater, *History of Ohio*, 2nd ed., 236, 1838. Respecting the name of this chief, Atwater says: "Carrymaunee (Walking Turtle), a Winnebago chief, carries a large tortoise, fully extended and beautifully painted, perfect in all its limbs, on his back as he marches onward at the head of the Turtle tribe."

It should be added that Nawkaw the elder signed the treaties of St Louis, June 3, 1816 (as "Onunaka, or Karamanu"); Prairie du Chien, August 19, 1825 (as "Carimine, the turtle that walks"); Butte des Morts, August 11, 1827 (as "Karry-Man-nee, walking turtle"); Green Bay, August 25, 1828 as ("Nan-kaw, or wood"); and Prairie du Chien, August 1, 1829 (as "Nau-kaw-kary-maunie, wood"). The treaty of Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Illinois, September 15, 1832—the year before Nawkaw's death, according to McKenney and Hall—was signed on the part of the "Prairie du Chien deputation" of the Winnebago, by "Tshee-o-nuzh-ee-kaw, war chief (Kar-ray-mau-nee)," Nawkaw seemingly being incapacitated at the time.

SHAUMONEKUSSE, OR L'IETAN

(AN OTO HALF-CHIEF[1])

In the progress of our work we have found no small difficulty in settling the orthography of proper names. Not only are the Indian languages unwritten, but the interpreters, through whom most of our information is necessarily communicated, are illiterate persons, who arbitrarily affix to words the pronunciation which suits their own fancy, or which accords best with their own national or local idiom. Thus the Indians who call themselves Saukies[2] are denominated Sacs by the French, and Sauks by the Americans; and the names of many of the chiefs are given with such variations by different travellers, that it is sometimes difficult to recognise them. The names which are attached to the portraits in this work are, with a few exceptions, those which we found written upon them in the gallery at the War Office, and which were dictated by the persons who attended the chiefs as interpreters, in their visit to Washington. Whether they have been changed in copying, we cannot say; but some of them are evidently incorrect. We have, however, in most cases, left them unaltered, preferring to make our corrections in the biographical notices, rather than alter that which may have been written on authority better than our own. Whether the individual now before us should be called *Chonmonicase* or *Shaumonekusse*, is a question which



CHON-MON-I-CASE, *or* L'IETAN

An Oto Half-Chief



we suppose will never excite as much curiosity as has been awakened by the rival claims for the birthplace of Homer; we have, however, taken some pains to arrive at the proper reading, and have adopted the latter, on the authority of the writers of *Long's First Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*,[3] in which we place implicit confidence.

Shaumonekusse was distinguished early in life as a daring, active, and successful warrior. We are not aware of his having any hereditary claims to the chieftainship of his tribe, to which he has risen gradually by his own merits.[4] He is a person of deep penetration, and is capable of acting with much duplicity on any occasion when he may consider it politic to conceal his real views. Having had intercourse with the traders, from his infancy, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the character of the white men, and has studied to turn this acquisition to advantage. The Otoes have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and it was, therefore, not difficult for this chief to cultivate the good opinion of such of our countrymen as visited the distant shores of the Upper Missouri.

The Otoes and the Missouris are remnants of numerous and warlike nations which once roamed over these boundless plains, the monarchs of all they surveyed, but which are now so greatly reduced, that the whole number of the warriors in both tribes together is not more than two hundred.[5] Being united by the closest friendship, they have cast their lots in union, and act together as one people; and small as is their aggregated force, they have sustained themselves with such uniform bravery and good conduct as to command the respect of the tribes around them. They are more indebted to Shaumonekusse than to any other individual for the high reputation they have maintained, as he is not only one of the boldest of their

warriors, but is very expert and politic in the management of their affairs.

He is more commonly known to the whites by the name of *Ietan*, or, as the French traders denominate him, *L'Ietan*, a title which was given him in consequence of some exploit against the tribe of that name; probably on account of his having slain an Ietan warrior of distinction.[6]

The countenance of this Indian expresses the qualities which he is known to have possessed in an eminent degree, but which are not common among his race; he was, when a young man, social, witty, animated, and mercurial in his temperament. Although he never obtained any reputation as an orator, he conversed well, and was an agreeable companion.

When Colonel Long's party were encamped on the Upper Missouri, in 1819, they were visited by a party of Otoes, among whom was Ietan, then a young but a distinguished warrior. A grand dance was performed in honour of the American officers; in the course of which, the leaders of the greatest repute among the Indians narrated their exploits. Among others, Ietan stepped forward and struck the flagstaff which had been erected, and around which the dancers moved. This ceremony is called *striking the post*; and such is the respect paid to it, that whatever is spoken by the person who strikes, may be relied upon as strictly true; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for the speaker is surrounded by rival warriors, who would not fail to detect, and instantly expose, any exaggeration by which he should endeavour to swell his own comparative merits. In recounting his martial deeds, Ietan said he had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Kansas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation, slain in battle.[7] He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of

their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and had struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omahas, and once from the Poncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps; the Spaniards, excepting a man and a boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party, he was shot at and missed, by the man whom he immediately shot down and struck. "This," said he, "is the only martial act of my life that I am ashamed of."

This would be considered by an Indian audience a highly meritorious catalogue of martial deeds; nor would the stealing of horses be thought the least honourable of these daring exploits. Although the word stealing is used, and the proceeding itself is attended with the secrecy of actual theft, yet the act does not involve any idea of meanness or criminality, but is considered as a lawful capture of the property of an enemy. They deem it dishonest to steal from their friends or allies, but their code of morality justifies any deception or injury towards an enemy, and affords but slight protection to the person or property of any who are not bound to them by some strong bond of interest or friendship. Many of the wars of the Indians grow out of these predatory habits, and the capture of a few horses is repaid by the blood of warriors and the sacrifice of life.

On the same occasion, alluded to above, we are told: "In this dance Ietan represented one who was in the act of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a considerable number of the Indians, and around his neck were thrown several leathern thongs, for bridles and halters, the ends of which trailed on the ground behind him; after many preparatory manœuvres he stooped

down, and with his knife represented the act of cutting the hopples of horses; he then rode his tomahawk as children ride their broomsticks, making such use of his whip as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him."

The authority already quoted, after remarking that the Indians sometimes indulge in pleasantry in their conversation, adds, that "Shaumonekusse seemed to be eminently witty, a quality strongly indicated by his well-marked features."

The union between the Missouris and Otoes took place about twenty years ago, when the former were conquered and dispersed by the Sauks and Foxes, and their allies, when a few families joined the Osages; a few took refuge among the Kansas, while the chief part of the tribe became amalgamated with the Otoes. Having been previously very nearly assimilated in habits, manners, and language, the union has been cordial, and they may now be considered as one people.

These tribes boast of having faithfully adhered to their professions of friendship towards the American people; not one of whom, they assert, was ever killed by their warriors. Only two white men have been slain by them within the recollection of any living witnesses; one of these was a Frenchman, and the other a Spaniard, was killed by Shaumonekusse, in the manner already alluded to; and although this act was attended by a remarkable display of bravery, which no doubt gained him great credit, he declared publicly that it was the only martial act of his life that he was ashamed of.

This individual is distinguished not only as a warrior, but as a great hunter; and it is evident that he takes no small degree of pride in his exploits in the chase, from the manner in which his head was decorated with the spoils

of the field, when he sat for his portrait.[8] The horns of the buffalo are worn with a triumph which renders it probable that a legend of more than ordinary daring is connected with the identical pair thus ostentatiously displayed, while the claws of the grisly bear, the fiercest and most powerful quadruped of our continent, are suspended round his neck.

When this portrait was taken, Shaumonekusse was a young and gallant warrior; he has since become the head man of his tribe, and risen to great influence among his neighbours.[9] The immediate cause of his rise from a half to a full chieftain, was the result of a quarrel that happened between one of his brothers and himself. In the fight produced by the quarrel, it was the lot of Shaumonekusse to have his nose bit off, whereupon he shot his brother. He immediately repaired to the council, and made known what had happened, when it was decreed that any man who would bite off his brother's nose deserves to be shot; and in testimony of the respect entertained by the chiefs for the promptness of Shaumonekusse in punishing such an outrage, they elected him chief.

NOTES

1. The tribal name, spelled *Otto* throughout by McKenney and Hall, is changed in the present edition to *Oto*, to conform with present official and popular usage. The name is an adaptation of *Wa-t'o'-ta*, which may be interpreted as "lechers." This Siouan tribe, which bears closest relationship with the Iowa and Missouri, are now with the Missouri in Oklahoma, the two together numbering 390. The name of this chief contains the term for "prairie wolf," the interpretation twice given in connection with treaties signed by him, as follows:—Fort Atkinson, Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 26, 1825 ("Sho-mon-e-ka-sa, the prairie wolf"); Prairie du Chien, Wis., July 15, 1830 ("I-atan, or Shaumanie-Cassan, or prairie wolf"); Oto Village, September 21, 1833 ("Jaton," *i.e.*, Iatan, or Ietan); Bellevue, Missouri [Omaha, Nebraska], October 15,

1836 (as "Jaton"). The name Ietan or Iatan is the French form of the Siouan name for the Ute, who call themselves Yutawats, or Yuta, and, through misunderstanding, was applied by early plainsmen to any Shoshonean tribe, particularly the Comanche. It is in this last sense that the term is here employed.

2. This tribe call themselves *Osakiwŭgi*, signifying, according to Dr William Jones, "They come forth from beneath," contracted to Saukie, Sauk, and Sac. The name is spelled in many different ways, but the form *Sauk* has come to be the most common designation, and now has official sanction. Information on this tribe is given elsewhere.

3. *Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the Years* 1819 *and* '20 . . . *under the Command of Major Stephen H. Long.* Compiled by Edwin James. . . . In Two Vols. With an Atlas. Philadelphia, 1823. The proper form of the name Shaumonekusse has not been determined, but it contains the term *man-yi-ka'*, "prairie wolf."

4. He did not sign the first treaty held with his tribe on June 24, 1817. He was fourth among the Indian signers of the treaty of 1825, and the first signer, on behalf of the Oto, of the three subsequent treaties.

5. This would give an aggregate population, for the combined tribes, of 700 to 800, or twice their present number. A reservation was set aside for the Oto and Missouri in Oklahoma in 1881; but their lands have subsequently been allotted to them in severalty, and they are now citizens of the United States. For a summary of the early movements of these two tribes, see McGee, "The Siouan Indians," in *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology,* pp. 194-195, Washington, 1897.

6. See note 1.

7. This act of "striking" an enemy gave rise to the French-Canadian term *coup.* To "count coup" was to score a personal victory by performing a brave deed—killing an enemy, scalping an enemy, or being the first to strike an enemy, dead or alive. Any one of these entitled a man to be designated a warrior, and to relate his exploits in public. Among some tribes a warrior could count coup by stealing an enemy's horse. Red Cloud, the celebrated Sioux chief, is accredited with having counted coup eighty times, *i.e.,* he had performed as many brave deeds in the face of the enemy.—Mooney in *Handbook of American Indians,* edited by F. W. Hodge, *Bull.* 30, *Bureau of American Ethnology* pt. 1, p. 354, 1907.

8. The portrait was painted by King in 1821, during the visit of Shaumonekusse and his wife to Washington, as noted in the biographical sketch of Hayne Hudjihini, following. See the Rhees list, No. 130, p. lii of the Introduction. A copy, by the same artist, was bequeathed by him to the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island, and bears the

name Chonmonicase (see Introduction, p. liii, No. 10). The only difference between this and the Inman copy herein reproduced is in minor details. Regarding Shaumonekusse's visit to the East in 1821, the following extract from *Niles' Register*, December 15, 1821, is of interest :—

"Major O'Fallon, U.S. agent on the Missouri, lately arrived at Washington city, accompanied by a deputation from the Pawnees, Omakars, Kansas, Otoes and Missouris. Their object (says the *Intelligencer*) is to visit their Great Father, and learn something of that civilization of which they have hitherto remained in total ignorance. They are from the most remote tribes with which we have intercourse, and they are believed to be the first of those tribes that have ever been in the midst of our settlements. . . . These red men of the forest who now visit us are in a complete state of nature. These Indians have since passed through Baltimore on a trip to the eastward."

9. J. T. Irving, who accompanied Commissioner Ellsworth on his tour in 1833, for the purpose of negotiating the treaty of that year, speaks of "The Iotan" as follows :—

"He had evidently brought into service the whole of his wardrobe, much of which he had received from the whites. His hair was long, and round it was bound a large piece of skin from the head of the grisly bear. Round his neck hung a necklace of the claws of the same animal; and what was of more importance in his estimation, he was clothed in a long surtout coat of blue cloth, adorned with red facings and enormously large brass buttons, and garnished upon each shoulder with a pair of tarnished, sickly-looking silver epaulettes. From beneath the skirts of the coat appeared two bare legs; and he wore a pair of coarse moccasins of buffalo hide.

"There was a look of comic slyness lurking around the eyes of this chief, united with an irascible twinkle, which bespoke a character habitually good natured, but prone to occasional gusts of passion. The most prominent feature of his face, however, had suffered mutilation. The end of his nose was wanting. I was curious to learn whether this singular wound had been received in battle or private brawl—and my inquiries made me acquainted with a curious tale of Indian revenge. There are a dozen different versions of the story in circulation among the traders and trappers, but as far as I could ascertain, the following is the most correct . . ."

Irving then relates how Shaumonekusse lost his nose in a drunken brawl, it having been bitten off by his brother. He continues :—

"The Iotan was perfectly sobered; he paused for a moment, looking intently into the fire without uttering a word, then drawing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life. 'To-night,' said he, 'I will go to my lodge and sleep. If I can forgive you when the sun rises, you are safe; if not, you die.' He kept his word—he slept upon his purpose; but sleep brought not mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had

resolved upon his death, that there was no further hope for him; at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should.

"His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in his pursuit of revenge; and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time that it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept; he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for although he was untiring, his brother was watchful, and kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He lay in wait for him in the forest, crouching like a tiger in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting, but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length one day, while seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed cautiously around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His careworn face and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan; as yet his revenge was unsated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking place and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness and without flinching.

"'Ha! ha! brother,' cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle; 'I have followed you long, in vain—now I have you—you must die.'

"The other made no reply; but, throwing off his blanket, stepped before him and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart.

"His revenge was gratified; but from that hour a change came over him. He became gloomy and morose; shunned the society of his fellowmen, and roamed the woods, where he was nearly driven to suicide by the working of his feelings and the phantasies of his brain. It was not until many years had elapsed that he recovered from the deep anguish caused by this unnatural act of vengeance.

"It was many years after this savage deed that the Iotan was appointed chief of the Oto tribe, and his after conduct fully justified the choice of the nation. To an ingenious skill in devising and planning war parties, he added a desperate daring in carrying them into effect. And though now well stricken in years, there is no warrior more constantly lurking in the path of the enemy; and when it comes to the deadly struggle, no voice is raised in a louder war whoop, and no arm falls heavier upon their foes, than that of the Iotan chief."—J. T. Irving, jr., *Indian Sketches*, Vol. I., pp. 136-147, Philadelphia, 1835.

See also p. 175.



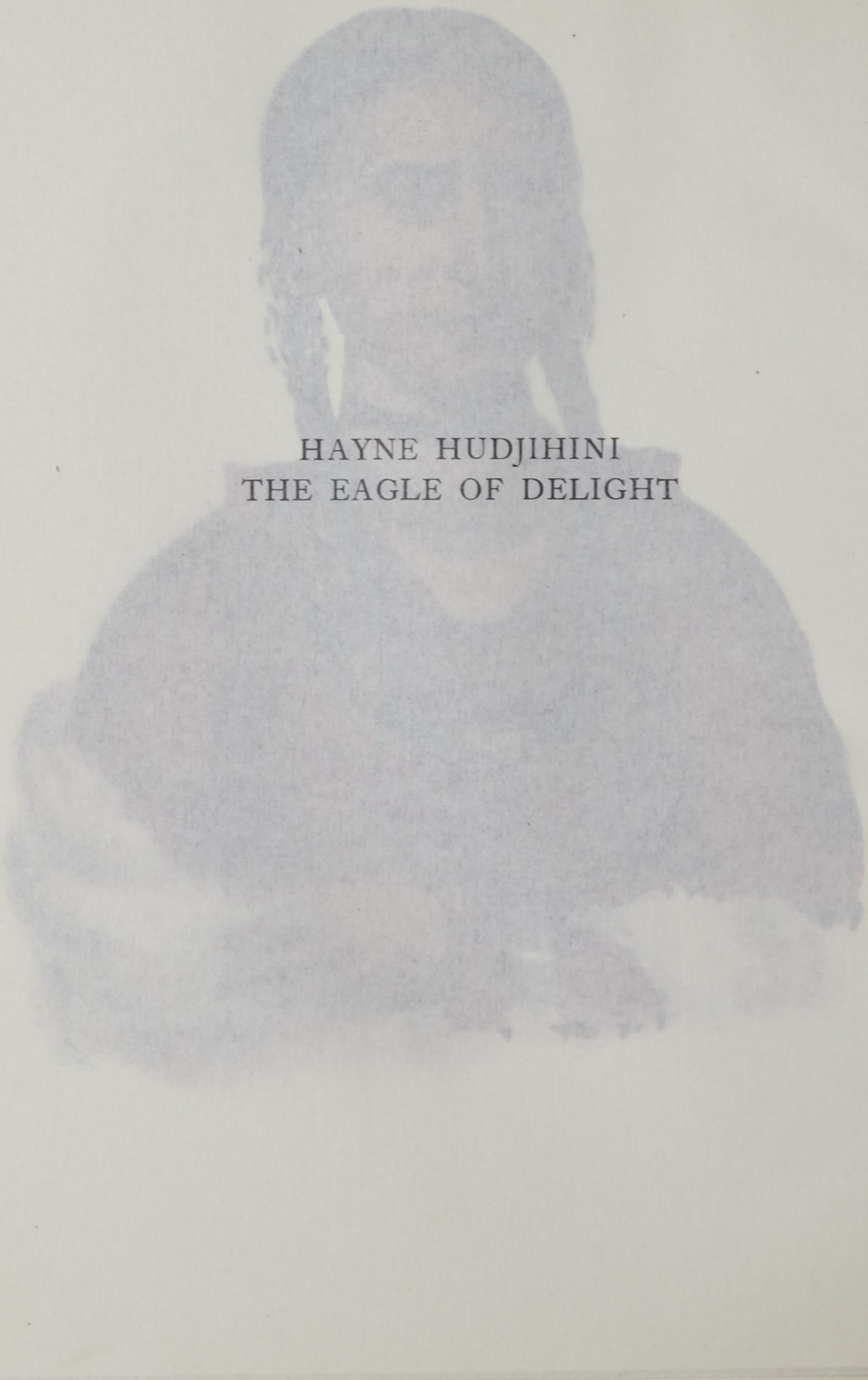
HAYNE HUDJIHINI

(OR, THE EAGLE OF DELIGHT)

WE regret that we have but little to say of the original of this pretty picture. Like many handsome women, her face was probably her principal treasure. The countenance does not indicate a very high order of the intelligence of the civilized female, it has a vacuous look exhibited by the Indian squaw. There is a Chinese air of childishness and simplicity about it which is rather striking, and which is as foreign to the features of the laborious, weather-beaten female of the prairies as it would be the countenance of a practised belle in one of our cities.

She was the favourite wife of Shaumonekusse; whether the only one, we are unable to say, for the red men are in the habit of multiplying the chances of connubial felicity by marrying as many red ladies as they can support. A great hunter has usually several, while the sluggard, who has gained no reputation by his successes in the chase, is considered as very amply provided with a single helpmeet. We infer from the character of Ietan, as well as from the paraphernalia which decorates his person, that he was entitled by the etiquette and the economy of Indian life to a plurality of wives, and that he was a personage who would probably live up to his privileges.

When he visited the city of Washington, in 1821, Hayne Hudjihini, the Eagle of Delight, was the companion



HAYNE HUDJIHINI
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When he visited the city of Washington, in 1821, Hayne Hudjihini, the Eagle of Delight, was the companion

of his journey. Young, and remarkably handsome, with an interesting appearance of innocence and artlessness, she attracted the attention of the citizens of our metropolis, who loaded her with presents and kindnesses.[3] Among other things she received many trinkets; and it is said that her lord and master, who probably paid her the flattering compliment of thinking her, when unadorned, adorned the most, very deliberately appropriated them to his own use, and suspended them from his own nose, ears, and neck. If she was as good-natured as her portrait bespeaks her, she was no doubt better pleased in administering to her husband's vanity, than she would have been in gratifying her own.

Shortly after her return home she died, and the bereaved husband was so sensibly affected by her decease, that he resolved to end his own life by starvation. With this view he threw himself on her grave, and for several days remained there in an agony of grief, refusing food, and repelling consolation. His friends, respecting his feelings, suffered him for a time to indulge his sorrow, but at last forced him away, and his immoderate grief became gradually assuaged.

NOTES

1. Her portrait, like that of her husband, was painted at Washington by King in 1821, in which year a deputation of sixteen Indians from the Upper Missouri River tribes visited Washington with agent O'Fallon (see Morse, *Report to the Secretary of War*, Washington, 1822, p. 241). Under No. 131 of the Indian Gallery list (Introduction, p. lii) two portraits are confused, that of Rant-che-wai-me, Female Flying Pigeon, the wife of Ma-ha-ka (Mahaska) being confounded with the picture of the subject of the present sketch. Like that of her husband, King copied the portrait of Hayne Hudjihini, and this is now in the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island (see the Introduction, p. liv, No. 11). The

Inman copy, bearing the name Hayne-hud-jikini, and original number 7, is preserved in the Peabody Museum (museum number, 28. 197). It is attributed to King, but bears no date.

2. This is the popular belief, but it is by no means the universal custom among Indians, many tribes being strict monogamists. Where polygyny was practised, the number of wives was usually limited only by the husband's ability to pay the marriage fee to the woman's parents, which was sometimes the equivalent of a considerable sum, and his means of affording his wives proper support. Nor was the wife the common drudge of her lord, as is commonly believed. The labour of the men and the women was divided as justly as the conditions of barbaric life would warrant, and among some Indians the prominence of the women in tribal affairs was notable.

Irving (*Indian Sketches,* I., 175, 1835), speaking of Shaumonekusse and his wives, says:—

"On the first day of our arrival, we were invited to feast with about half the village. The first lodge which we entered was that of the Iotan. We found him sitting cross-legged upon some cushions to receive us. Upon our coming up to him, he presented the commissioner with a seat next himself. Then turning to his wife, he called for the feast, which consisted of dried buffalo flesh, boiled with a large quantity of hard corn. The interior of his abode wore but a dull, dingy look. The rafters were almost invisible for the eddying clouds of smoke lazily seeking the hole in the roof, which served for the chimney.

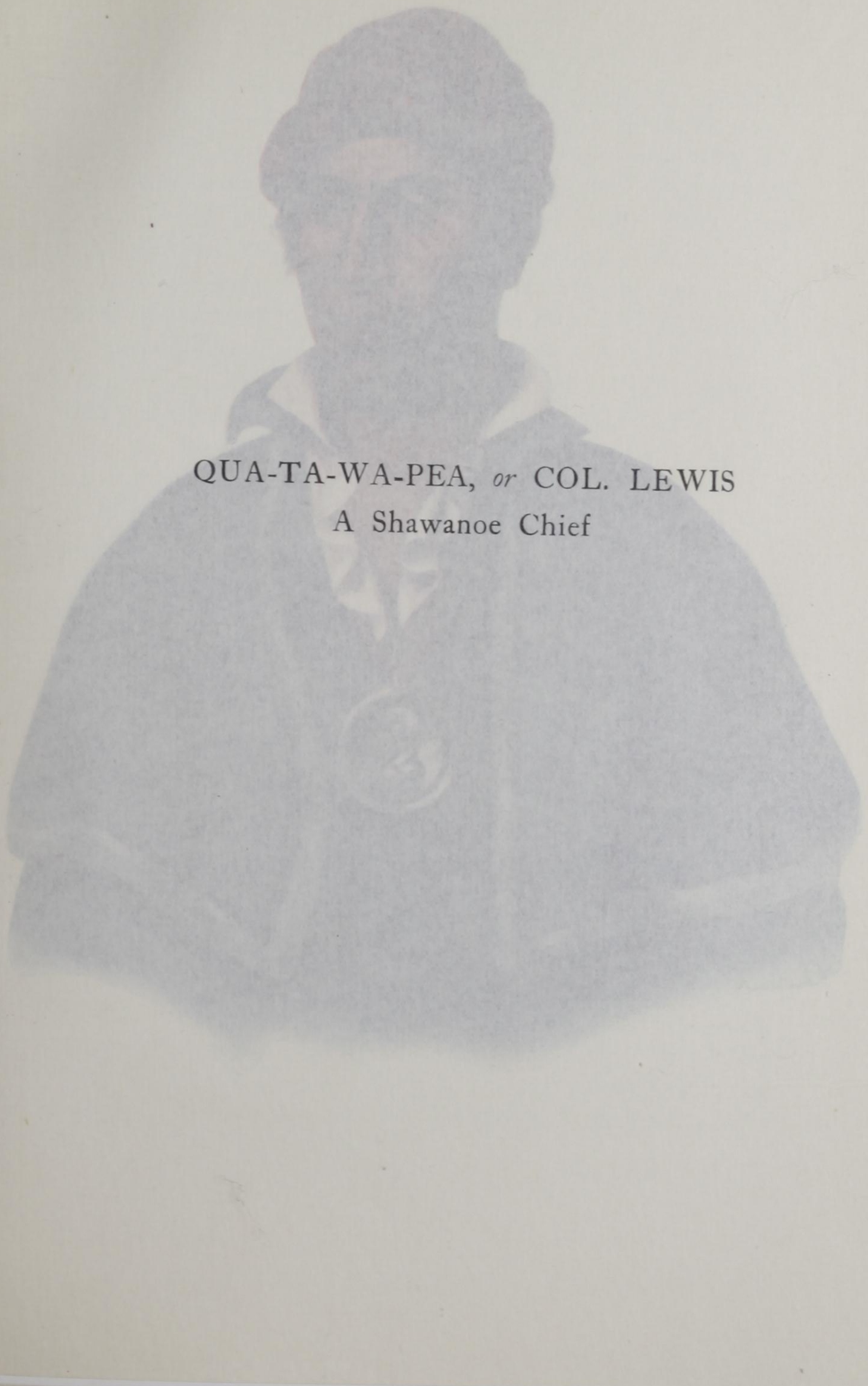
"This old chief had divided his affections among five wives. They were seated in different parts of the lodge engaged in pounding corn, or chattering over the news of the day. They were evidently under but little subjection. While we were eating with him, the old man took the opportunity to disburthen his heart. He let us into a knowledge of the miseries to which he was subjected from their caprices, and the difficulties which he found in maintaining a proper discipline where there were so many mistresses and but one master."

3. Irving (*Indian Sketches,* II., 68, 1835) thus describes her, but does not mention her by name:—"She was young, tall, and finely formed; her face, next to that of the wife of the Kioway Indian, was the most beautiful we had met with. Her hair was parted across her forehead, and hung down upon her shoulders. A small jacket of blue cloth was fastened round her shoulders and breast, and a mantle of the same was wrapped around her body.

QUATAWAPEA, OR COLONEL LEWIS

QUATAWAPEA, or *The man on the water who sinks and rises again*, was born at the Pickaway Plains, in Ohio,[1] almost sixty years ago, and was a boy at the great battle of the Kenhawa, in which his tribe acted a conspicuous part.[2] His father and all his ancestors were distinguished for their feats in arms. He was for many years the chief of that band of the Shawanoe[3] tribe which resided at Lewistown, on the sources of the Great Miami of the Ohio.[4] With strangers he passed for a person of much consideration, in consequence of his fine address and appearance. He was a well-formed, handsome man, dressed with much taste and elegance, and was graceful in his deportment. His horse and equipments, rifle, and side-arms, were all of the most costly kind, and few of his race ever appeared so well on public occasions. As a hunter he had no superior; but he was not distinguished in council or in war.

During the late war between the United States and Great Britain, this chief joined the American army with a small band of his braves, and rendered himself extremely useful, on account of his intimate knowledge of the whole country which formed the seat of war on our north-western frontier. Only one martial exploit, however, is recorded to his honour. At a place called Savoirin's Mills, he attacked a small fortification, at the head of his warriors,



QUA-TA-WA-PEA, *or* COL. LEWIS
A Shawanoe Chief



testify their obedience to the hint which they supposed to have been thus given, yielded to him tacitly a precedence which soon grew into a confirmed authority; and such is their rigid notion of discipline, and their habitual respect for their chiefs, that they submitted to him cheerfully while he remained in office. They even retained him for some time after they were satisfied of his unworthiness, at the instance of the agents of our Government, who supported his cause, because they found him inclined to peace and friendly to the whites.[7]

After his deposition from the chieftainship he emigrated with his family and a few followers to the country west of the Mississippi, allotted by the American Government to the Shawanoes, where he died, in 1826.[8]

NOTES

1. The Pickaway Plains are situated $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio. It was here that Logan, the *mingo* chief, made his reputed celebrated speech to Lord Dunmore. See also note 4, p. 98.

2. That is, about the year 1776. At this date, however, young Lewis would have been only two years of age, since the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in the present West Virginia, was fought October 10, 1774. See note 7, p. 43.

3. That is, the Shawnee.

4. Lewistown was situated in Logan County, Ohio, at the site of the present town of that name, on a tract comprising nearly 40,000 acres, granted to the Seneca and Shawnee by treaties of September 29, 1817, and September 17, 1818. Under the provisions of a treaty held at Lewistown, July 20, 1831, the tract was ceded to the United States, and its occupants agreed to remove west of the Mississippi. "The village of Lewiston derived its name from Captain John Lewis, a noted Shawnee chief. When the county was first settled, there was living with him, to do his drudgery, an aged white woman named Polly Keyser. She was taken prisoner in early life, near Lexington, Ky., and adopted by the Indians. She had an Indian husband and two half-breed daughters."—Howe, *Hist. Coll. Ohio,* II., 102, 1896.

5. Wapakoneta was on the headwaters of the Auglaize, about the present town of the same name, in Auglaize County, Ohio. It was across the watershed, and northwestward from Lewistown. The Wapakoneta tract, comprising 125 square miles, was granted to the Shawnee under the treaties of September 29, 1817, and September 17, 1818, and was ceded to the United States by treaty held at "Wapaghkonnetta," August 8, 1831, in exchange for 100,000 acres west of the Mississippi. The Shawnee of Wapakoneta at the time of the removal numbered about 400.

6. Colonel Henry Dearborn (born 1751; died 1829) distinguished himself in the revolution, and was appointed Secretary of War by President Jefferson, which office he occupied from 1801 till 1809.

7. This is exemplified by the fact that Lewis signed numerous treaties, as follows:—Brownstown, Michigan, November 25, 1808, his name appearing as "Koitawaypie, or Col. Lewis"; Greenville, Ohio, July 22, 1814, as "Quitawepeh, or captain Lewis"; Spring Wells, Michigan, September 8, 1815, as "Quatawwepay, or capt. Lewis"; Rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie, September 29, 1817, as "Quitawepea, or Captain Lewis"; St Mary's, Ohio, September 17, 1818, as "Quitawepa, or Colonel Lewis." He signed, as a witness only, the treaty of St Louis, November 7, 1825, his name appearing as "Quatwapea, or Col. Lewis." The next Shawnee treaty, that of Pleasant Plains, near Lewistown, Ohio, July 20, 1831, was concluded several years after Lewis's death; but one of the signers, "Quashacaugh, or Little Lewis," may have been a son.

8. It would seem that Lewis and his few followers moved west of the Mississippi soon after the treaty of St Louis, November 7, 1825, under the terms of which the Shawnee ceded the lands held by them in south-eastern Missouri, under permit granted to them by the Spanish Government in 1793, in exchange for a tract equal to fifty miles square in eastern Kansas, including the site of the present city of Topeka. See Royce, "Indian Land Cessions," in *Eighteenth Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnology*, Pt. 2, 1899.

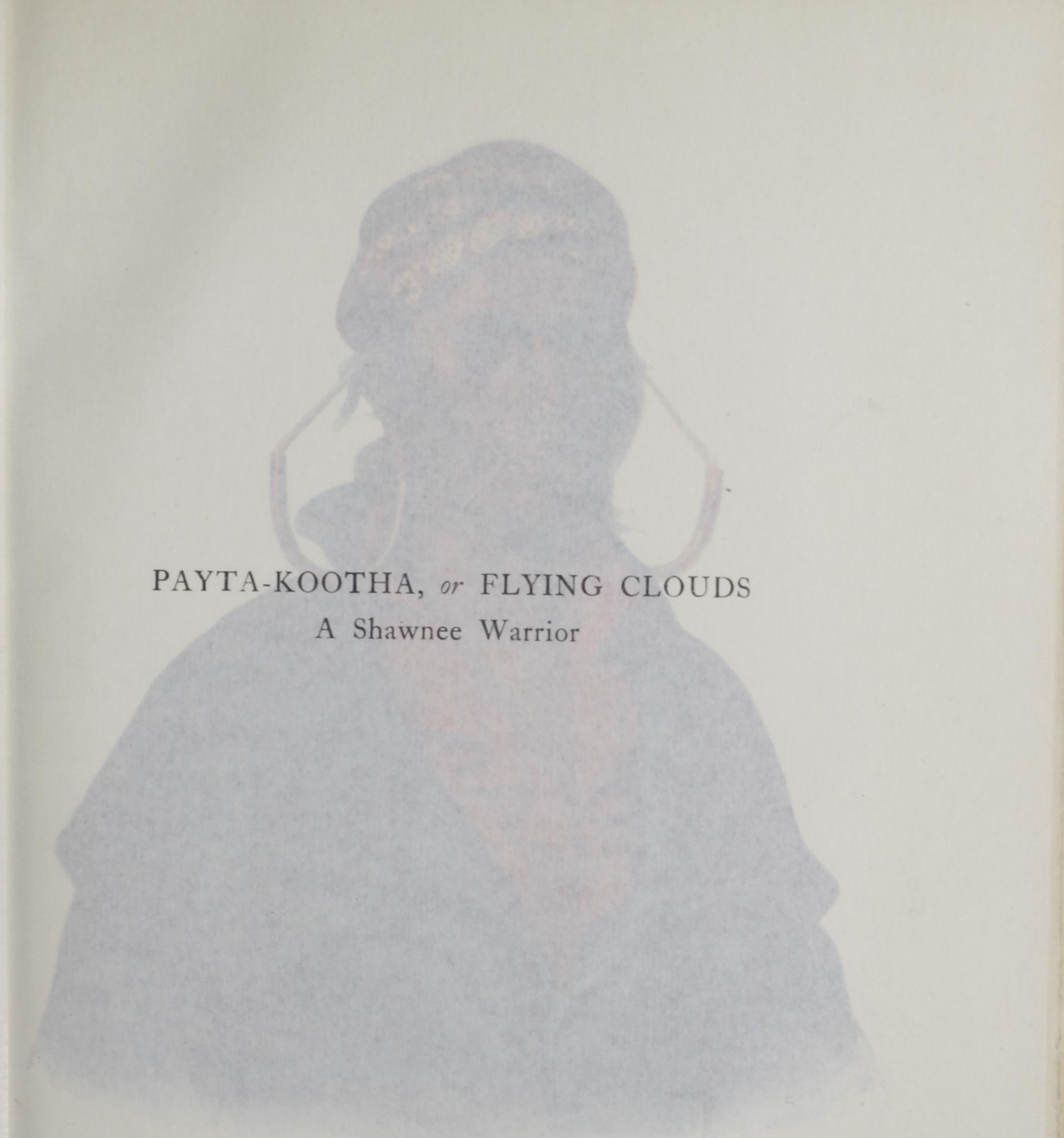
It is not known when Quatawapea's portrait was painted, as there seems to be no record of a visit to Washington subsequently to 1809, when Dearborn was Secretary of War. That King painted his portrait appears from the Inman list in the Peabody Museum, in which it bears number 63 (museum number, 28. 198), but the date is lacking. It has already been shown that the Indian Office did not commence its collection of aboriginal portraits until about 1821. If the picture was painted in Washington between 1801 and 1809, when Quatawapea is known to have visited the capital, it was hardly the work of King, who did not settle in Washington until 1822.

PAYTAKOOTHA

(OR, FLYING CLOUDS)

The interpretation of the name of this Indian is *Flying Clouds*; but he is better known among the Americans as "Captain Reed." He is a Shawnee of the Chillicothe tribe, but was born in the country of the Creeks. His age, at the time his portrait was taken, is supposed to have been about fifty-five years.[1] Although considered a brave man, he has never gained any distinction as a warrior, but is a very good hunter. He had little popularity or influence in his tribe.[2] In 1833 he was living west of the Mississippi.

Colonel John Johnston,[3] of Ohio, a venerable and highly intelligent gentleman, who was intimately acquainted with the north-western Indians, represents this individual as a wandering, unsettled man, often engaged in embassies between the tribes, and frequently journeying to distant villages. He was considered a peaceable, inoffensive person, without talents, but always disposed to exert himself in reconciling differences between tribes or individuals, and was esteemed by the red people as a benevolent man. However that reputation may have conciliated for him the goodwill of those around him, it gave him not the kind of standing which a daring warrior or a bold intriguing leader would have possessed among the fierce warriors of the forest, and Captain Reed had the common



PAYTA-KOOTHA, *or* FLYING CLOUDS

A Shawnee Warrior

PAYTA-KOOTHA

OR, FLYING CLOUDS

A Shawnee Warrior



fate of enjoying the respect of his associates, while men of less moral worth directed their councils.

NOTES

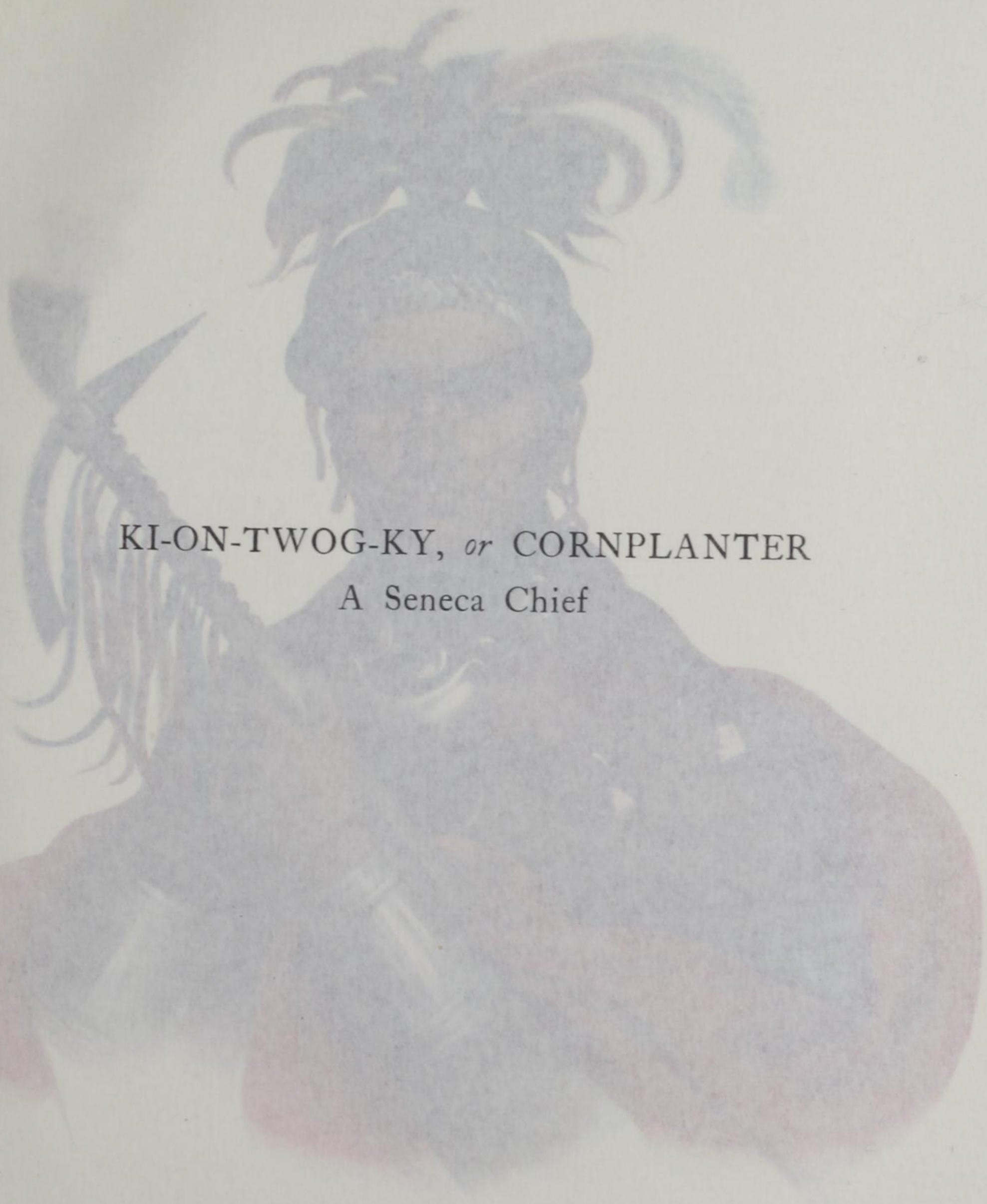
1. The portrait was painted by King, according to the Inman copy in the Peabody Museum (original number, 9; museum number, 28. 199), but the date is not given.

2. Nevertheless, he was of sufficient prominence and influence to have signed, on behalf of his tribe, the following treaties:—Greenville, Ohio, August 3, 1795, as "Hah-goosekaw, or Captain Reed" (the same?); Spring Wells, September 8, 1815, as "Mishquathree, or Capt. Reid"; Rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie, Ohio, September 29, 1817, as "Wawathethaka, or Capt. Reed" (under this treaty a grant of land at Wapaghkonetta was made to "Weeasesaka, or Captain Reed"); St Mary's, Ohio, September 17, 1818, as "Red Man, or Capt. Reed"; St Louis, November 7, 1825, as "Capt. Reed, or Pathecoussa." As the Shawnee disposed of their lands in Ohio in the year last named, it is probable that Captain Reed moved to Kansas soon afterward with the remainder of his band. There was a "Read's Town," consisting of a few cabins, in the vicinity of Bellefontaine, Logan County, Ohio, according to Howe, *Historical Collections of Ohio*, II., 102, 1896.

3. Colonel John Johnston, born Ballyshannon, Ireland, 1775; died Washington, D.C., 1861. He went as a lad to Pennsylvania with his father's family; at seventeen he was in the Quartermaster's department in Wayne's army. He later was appointed a clerk in the War Department, and as an officer participated at the funeral services of Washington. He was appointed Indian agent at Upper Piqua, Ohio, by President Madison, which office he held for thirty years.—See Howe, *op. cit.*, 259.

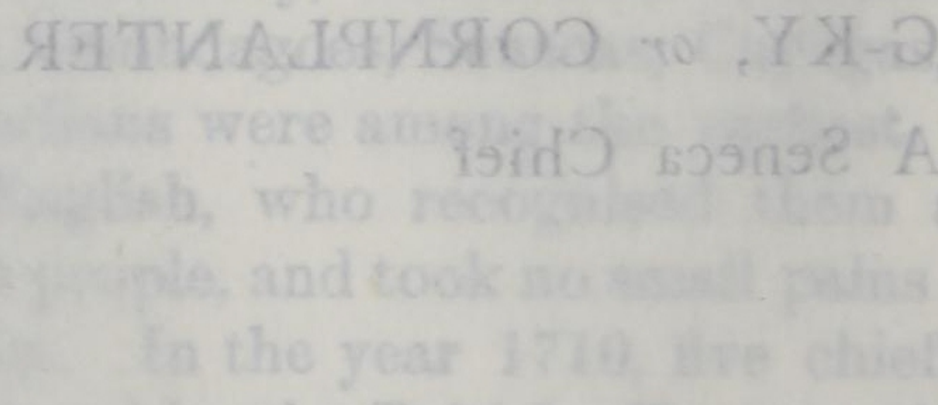
KIONTWOGKY, OR CORNPLANTER[1]

THE Senecas, as we have already stated in another place, were a tribe of the Iroquois, or Five Nations; and, more recently, the Six Nations, when the Tuscaroras were added to the Confederacy,[2] which then consisted of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagoes, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. These Indians were among the earliest who were known to the English, who recognised them as a warlike and powerful people, and took no small pains to conciliate their friendship. In the year 1710, five chiefs of the Iroquois were induced by the British officers to visit England, under the expectation that their savage natures might be softened by kindness, or their fears alarmed by an exhibition of the power and magnificence of the British Sovereign. This event excited much attention in London. Steele mentioned it in his *Tatler* of May 13, 1710, while Addison devoted a number of the *Spectator* to the same subject. Swift, who was ambitious to be a politician, and who suffered no occurrence of a public nature to escape his attention, remarks, in one of his letters to Mrs Johnson: "I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he (Addison) has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too." Their portraits were taken, and are still preserved in the British Museum; and Steele says of these illustrious strangers, "They were placed in



KI-ON-TWOG-KY, *or* CORNPLANTER

A Seneca Chief



A Seneca Chief



a handsome apartment, at an upholsterer's in King Street, Covent Garden."

In Oldmixon's *History* we find the following notice: "For the successes in Spain, and for the taking of Doway, Bethune, and Aire, by the Duke of Marlborough, in Flanders, there was a thanksgiving day appointed, which the Queen solemnised at St James's Chapel. To have gone, as usual, to St Paul's, and there to have had *Te Deum* sung, on that occasion, would have shown too much countenance to those brave and victorious English generals who were fighting her battles abroad, while High Church was plotting, and railing, and addressing against them at home. The carrying of five Indian casaques [caciques] about in the Queen's coaches, was all the triumph of the Harleian administration; they were called Kings, and clothed by the playhouse tailor, like other kings of the theatre; they were conducted to audience by Sir Charles Cotterel; there was a speech made for them, and nothing omitted to do honour to these five monarchs, whose presence did so much honour the new ministry."

In a work entitled *The Annals of Queen Anne's Reign, Year the IX, for* 1710, written by Mr Boyer, we find the following remarks: "On the 19th April, Te-ye-neen-ho-ga-prow, and Sa-ga-yean-qua-pra-ton, of the Maquas, Elow-oh-kaom, and Oh-neah-yeath-ton-no-prow, of the river Sachem, and the Genajoh-hore sachem,[3] four kings, or chiefs, of the Six Nations, in the West Indies, which lie between New England and New France, or Canada, who lately came over with the West India fleet, and were clothed and entertained at the queen's expense, had a public audience of Her Majesty, at the palace of St James, being conducted in two of her majesty's coaches, by Sir James Cotterel, master of ceremonies, and introduced by the Duke of Somerset, lord chamberlain." The historian

then proceeds to recite a long speech, which these sachems *from the West Indies, between New England and Canada,* are supposed to have made to the British monarch, but which is so evidently of English manufacture, that we refrain from giving it a place. We are further informed, that our chiefs remained in London, after their audience with Her Majesty, about a fortnight, and were entertained by several persons of distinction, particularly the Duke of Ormond, who regaled them likewise with a review of the four troops of Life Guards. In Smith's *History of New York* we are told, "the arrival of these five sachems in England made a great bruit throughout the whole kingdom. The mob followed wherever they went, and small cuts of them were sold among the people."

The visits of Indian chiefs to the more refined and civilised parts of the world are, unhappily, to be regarded only as matter for curiosity, for we do not find that they have produced any beneficial results. The savage gazed with astonishment at the wonders of art and luxury which met his eye at every step, and returned to repeat the marvellous narrative of his travels to hearers who listened without understanding the recital, or being convinced of their own inferior condition. The distance between themselves and the white men was too great to be measured by their reasoning powers. There was no standard of comparison by which they could try the respective merits of beings so different, and modes of life so opposite; and they satisfied themselves with supposing that the two races were created with distinct faculties, and destined for separate spheres of existence. They took little pains to investigate anything which was new or wonderful, but briefly resolved all difficulties by referring them to fatality, or to magic. A few of the more acute obtained distant and misty glimpses of the truth, and were willing to spare

the weaker intellects of their people from a knowledge which filled themselves with dread and sorrow; for, in the little which they comprehended of European power, they saw the varied and overwhelming elements of a superiority which threatened their destruction. Hence their wisest and most patriotic chiefs have been prudently jealous of civilisation; while the Indians in general have feared and distrusted that which they could not comprehend. A striking instance, in illustration of these remarks, may be found in the story of an individual belonging to the Iroquois confederacy, upon whom the experiment of a civilised education was fairly tried.[4]

Peter Otsaquette—we give his name as we find it—disguised by an English prefix and a French termination, was an Oneida Indian, of a distinguished family.[5] At the close of the American revolution he attracted the attention of Lafayette, whose benevolent feelings, strongly enlisted, by the intelligence and amiable qualities of the savage boy, induced him to send the young Oneida to France. At the age of twelve, he was placed in the best schools of Paris, and not only became a good scholar, but attained a high degree of proficiency in music, drawing, fencing, and all the accomplishments of a gentleman. His was one of the few native stalks upon which the blossoms of education have been successfully engrafted. Delighted with the French metropolis, and deeply imbued with the spirit of its polite inhabitants, he seems to have forgotten his native propensities, and to have been thoroughly reclaimed from barbarism. He returned to America an altered person, with a commanding figure, an intelligent countenance, the dress of the European, and the grace of a polished man. Proud of his acquirements, and buoyed up with the patriotic hope of becoming the benefactor of his tribe, and the instrument of their moral elevation, he hastened to his

native forests. He was welcomed with hospitality; but on his first appearance in public, the Oneidas disrobed him of his foreign apparel, tearing it from his person with indignant violence, and reproaching him with apostasy in throwing off the garb of his ancestors. They forced him to resume the blanket, to grease his limbs with the fat of the bear, and to smear his body with paint. Nor was this enough; he was married to a squaw, and indoctrinated in the connubial felicities of the wigwam. The sequel of his story will be readily anticipated. With no relish for savage life, and without the prospect of happiness or distinction, he sank into intemperance, and so rapid was his degradation, that within three months after his return from Europe, he exchanged the portrait of Lafayette, the gift of his illustrious benefactor, for the means of gratifying the brutal propensity which was now his sole remaining passion.

As our object is to illustrate the Indian character, we may be permitted to extend this digression by relating, before we proceed to the proper subject of the article, another anecdote, which, while it exemplifies the self-possession of the Indian, and the readiness with which he adapts himself to circumstances, shows also how slight are the impressions made upon his mind by the finest incidents, or the most agreeable objects in civilised life. In 1819, an Indian warrior, named Makawitta, happened to be a passenger upon Lake Erie, in the steamboat *Walk-in-the-Water*. On board the same vessel was a sprightly young lady, who, pleased with the fine appearance and manly deportment of the savage, played off upon him some of those fascinating coquetries in which fair ladies are so expert, and which the wisest men are unable to resist and unwilling to avoid. Makawitta was a youth of little over twenty years, neat in his dress, and graceful as well as

dignified in his movements; we presume the lady was both witty and handsome, and we are assured that the passengers were highly amused at this encounter between a belle and a beau of such opposite nurture. For some time he sustained his part with admirable tact, but when his fair opponent drew a ring from her finger, and placed it on his, he stood for a moment in respectful silence, at a loss to understand the meaning of the ceremony. A gentleman, who spoke his language, apprised him that the ring was a token of affection; upon which, placing himself in a graceful attitude, he addressed her in an oratorical style, which showed that he entered fully into the spirit of the scene, in the following words:—

"You have conferred the best gift—this ring, emblem of love—of love that lives while the Great Spirit endures. My heart is touched—it is yours for ever.

"I will preserve this ring while I live. I will bear it with me over the mighty waters, to the land of good spirits.

"I am happy to be with you in this wonderful canoe, moved by the Great Spirit, and conducted by the Big Fist of the great deep.

"I wish to be with you until I go to the land where my fathers have gone. Take back the ring, and give me that which I value more—*yourself*." [6]

On the next day the ring was bartered for a drink of whisky!

Such is the singular race whose history we are endeavouring to exemplify—patient under hardship, subtle in war, inflexible in the stern purpose of revenge, but fickle in every good resolution, and irreclaimable in barbarism. In the multitude, bravery is a common virtue, a prominent and almost a single merit; while here and there a noble character shines like a bright peculiar star among the

host of mere warriors, adorned with the highest qualities that dignify and soften the harsher features of manhood.

The name of Cornplanter is very familiar to most of our countrymen, yet we have been unable to obtain the materials for a connected account of his whole career. He was a chief of the Senecas, and the rival of Red Jacket, from whom he differed in character, while he equalled him in influence. Without the commanding genius of Red Jacket, he possessed a large share of the common sense which is more efficient in all the ordinary affairs of life. They were both able men; both acquired the confidence of their people; but the patriotism of Red Jacket was exhibited in an unyielding hatred of the whites, between whom and the red men he would have cut off all intercourse, while Cornplanter adopted the opposite policy of conciliation towards his more powerful neighbours. The one was a warrior of unblemished reputation, the other an orator of unrivalled eloquence; both were shrewd, artful, and expert negotiators, and they prevailed alternately over each other, as opportunities were offered to either for the exertion of his peculiar abilities. The one rose into power when the Senecas were embittered against the whites, and the other acquired consequence when it became desirable to cultivate friendly relations upon the frontier.

The father of Cornplanter was a white man, and is said to have been an Irishman; but nothing is now known of him, except what may be gathered from a letter of Cornplanter to the Governor of Pennsylvania.[7] This singular production was, of course, dictated to an interpreter who acted as amanuensis, but the sentiments are undoubtedly his own. It was dated in 1822, when the lands reserved for the Indians in the north-western part of Pennsylvania became surrounded by the farms of the whites, and some

attempt was made to tax the property of the Seneca chief; in consequence of which he wrote this epistle to the Governor:—

"I feel it my duty to send a speech to the Governor of Pennsylvania at this time, and inform him of the place where I was from—which was at Connewaugus[s] on the Genesee River.

"When I was a child I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs; and as I grew up I began to pay some attention, and play with the Indian boys in the neighbourhood, and they took notice of my skin being of a different colour from theirs, and spoke about it. I inquired of my mother the cause, and she told me that my father was a residenter in Albany. I still eat my victuals out of a bark dish. I grew up to be a young man, and married me a wife, and I had no kettle nor gun. I then knew where my father lived, and went to see him, and found he was a white man, and spoke the English language. He gave me victuals while I was at his house, but when I started home, he gave me no provision to eat on the way. He gave me neither kettle nor gun, neither did he tell me that the United States were about to rebel against the Government of England.

"I will now tell you, brothers, who are in session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the Great Spirit has made known to me that I have been wicked; and the cause thereof has been the revolutionary war in America. The cause of Indians being led into sin at that time, was that many of them were in the practice of drinking and getting intoxicated. Great Britain requested us to join with them in the conflict against the Americans, and promised the Indians land and liquor. I myself was opposed to joining in the conflict, as I had nothing to do with the difficulty that existed between the two parties.

I have now informed you how it happened that the Indians took a part in the revolution, and will relate to you some circumstances that occurred after the close of the war. General Putnam,[9] who was then at Philadelphia, told me there was to be a council at Fort Stanwix; and the Indians requested me to attend on behalf of the Six Nations, which I did, and there met with three commissioners who had been appointed to hold the council.[10] They told me that they would inform me of the cause of the revolution, which I requested them to do minutely. They then said that it originated on account of the heavy taxes that had been imposed upon them by the British Government, which had been for fifty years increasing upon them; that the Americans had grown weary thereof, and refused to pay, which affronted the king. There had likewise a difficulty taken place about some tea which they wished me not to use, as it had been one of the causes that many people had lost their lives. And the British Government now being affronted, the war commenced, and the cannons began to roar in our country.

"General Putnam then told me at the council at Fort Stanwix, that by the late war the Americans had gained two objects: they had established themselves an independent nation, and had obtained some land to live upon, the division line of which from Great Britain run through the Lakes. I then spoke, and said I wanted some land for the Indians to live on, and General Putnam said that it should be granted, and I should have land in the State of New York for the Indians. He then encouraged me to use my endeavours to pacify the Indians generally; and as he considered it an arduous task, wished to know what pay I would require. I replied, that I would use my endeavours to do as he requested with the Indians, and for pay therefor I would take land. I told him

not to pay me money or dry goods, but land. And for having attended thereto I received the tract of land on which I now live, which was presented to me by Governor Mifflin.[11] I told General Putnam that I wished the Indians to have the exclusive privilege of the deer and wild game, to which he assented; I also wished the Indians to have the privilege of hunting in the woods and making fires, which he likewise assented to.

"The treaty that was made at the aforementioned council has been broken by some of the white people, which I now intend acquainting the Governor with. Some white people are not willing that Indians should hunt any more, whilst others are satisfied therewith; and those white people who reside near our reservation tell us that the woods are theirs, and they have obtained them from the Governor. The treaty has also been broken by the white people using their endeavours to destroy all the wolves, which was not spoken about in the council at Fort Stanwix by General Putnam, but has originated lately.

"It has been broken again, which is of recent origin. White people get credit from Indians, and do not pay them honestly according to agreement. In another respect also, it has been broken by white people residing near my dwelling; for when I plant melons and vines in my field, they take them as their own. It has been broken again, by white people using their endeavours to obtain our pine trees from us. We have very few pine trees on our land in the State of New York; and whites and Indians often get into dispute respecting them. There is also a great quantity of whisky brought near our reservation, and the Indians obtain it and become drunken.

"Another circumstance has taken place which is very

trying to me, and I wish for the interference of the Governor. The white people who live at Warren,[12] called upon me some time ago to pay taxes for my land, which I objected to, as I never had been called upon for that purpose before; and having refused to pay, they became irritated, called upon me frequently, and at length brought four guns with them and seized our cattle. I still refused to pay, and was not willing to let the cattle go. After a time of dispute they returned home, and I understood the militia was ordered out to enforce the collection of the tax. I went to Warren, and, to avert the impending difficulty, was obliged to give my note for the tax, the amount of which was forty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. It is my desire that the Governor will exempt me from paying taxes for my land to white people; and also to cause that the money I am now obliged to pay be refunded to me, as I am very poor. The Governor is the person who attends to the situation of the people, and I wish him to send a person to Alleghany,[13] that I may inform him of the particulars of our situation, and he be authorised to instruct the white people in what manner to conduct themselves towards the Indians.

"The Government has told us that, when difficulties arose between the Indians and the white people, they would attend to having them removed. We are now in a trying situation, and I wish the Governor to send a person authorised to attend thereto, the fore part of next summer, about the time that the grass has grown big enough for pasture.

"The Governor formerly requested me to pay attention to the Indians, and take care of them. We are now arrived at a situation in which I believe the Indians cannot exist unless the Governor should comply with my request, and send a person authorised to treat between us and the

white people, the approaching summer. I have now no more to speak."

It is unfortunate that most of the interpreters through whom the productions of the aboriginal intellect have reached us, have been so entirely illiterate as to be equally incapable of appreciating the finer touches of sentiment and eloquence, and of expressing them appropriately in our language. The letter of Cornplanter is distinguished by its simplicity and good sense, and was no doubt dictated in the concise, nervous, and elevated style of the Indian orator, while we have received it in a garbled version of very shabby English. His account of his parentage is simple and touching; his unprotected yet happy infancy, when he *played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs*, is sketched with a scriptural felicity of style; there is something very striking in the description of his poverty, when he *grew up to be a young man, and married a wife, and had no kettle nor gun;* while the brief account of his visit to his father is marked by the pathos of genuine feeling. It is to be regretted that he did not pursue the narrative, and inform us by what steps he rose from his low estate to become the head of a tribe. We learn from other sources that he was a successful warrior, and it is probable that the traders and the missionaries, whose interest he espoused, in opposition to Red Jacket, aided in his elevation. In the latter part of the letter he has given a synopsis of the evils which his nation endured in consequence of their alliance with the whites, and which invariably attended the unnatural contact of civilised and savage men.

Cornplanter was one of the parties to the treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1784, when a large cession of territory was made by the Indians; at the treaty of Fort Harmar, five years afterwards, he took the lead in conveying an immense

tract of country to the American Government, and became so unpopular that his life was threatened by his incensed tribe.[14] But this chief, and those who acted with him, were induced to make these liberal concessions by motives of sound policy; for the Six Nations having fought on the royal side during the war of the revolution, and the British Government having recognised our independence, and signed a peace without stipulating for the protection of her misguided allies, they were wholly at our mercy. In an address sent to the President of the United States, in 1790, by *Cornplanter*, *Half Town*, and *Big Tree*,[15] we find the following remarks in allusion to these treaties:—

"*Father*,—We will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit, and not men, has preserved Cornplanter from the hands of his own nation, for they ask continually, 'Where is the land upon which our children, and their children after them, are to lie down? You told us that the line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it for ever on the east, and the line running from Beaver Creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west, and we see it is not so; for, first one comes, and then another, and takes it away, by order of that people which you tell us promised to secure it to us.' He is silent, for he has nothing to answer. When the sun goes down he opens his heart before the Great Spirit, and earlier than the sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men become desperate by the injuries they have sustained, it is God only that can protect him."

In his reply to this address, President Washington remarked: "The merits of Cornplanter and his friendship for the United States are well known to me, and shall not be forgotten; and as a mark of the esteem of the United States, I have directed the Secretary of War to make him

a present of two hundred and fifty dollars, either in money or goods, as the Cornplanter shall like best."

It would be tedious to pursue the history of this chief through the various vicissitudes of his life. His reputation as a warrior was gained previous to the American revolution, and during that war. Shortly after that struggle, the lands reserved for the Senecas became surrounded by the settlements of the American people, so as to leave them no occasion nor opportunity for hostilities with other tribes. In his efforts to preserve peace with his powerful neighbours, Cornplanter incurred, alternately, the suspicion of both parties—the whites imputing to him a secret agency in the depredations of lawless individuals of his nation, while the Senecas have sometimes become jealous of his apparent fame with the whites, and regarded him as a pensionary of their oppressors. His course, however, has been prudent and consistent, and his influence very great.

He resided on the banks of the Alleghany River, a few miles below its junction with the Connewango, upon a tract of fine land, within the limits of Pennsylvania, and not far from the line between that state and New York. He owned thirteen hundred acres of land, of which six hundred were comprehended within the village occupied by his people. A considerable portion of the remainder he cultivated as a farm, which was tolerably well stocked with horses, cattle, and hogs. Many of his people cultivated the soil, and evinced signs of industry. The chief favoured the Christian religion, and welcomed those who came to teach it. He lived in simple style, surrounded with plenty, and practising a rude hospitality, while his sway was kind and patriarchal.[16]

In 1815, a missionary society[17] had, at his earnest solicitation, established a school at his village, which at

that time promised success. We are not aware that any permanent results were attained by the effort.

Cornplanter imbibed, in the feebleness of age, the superstition of the less intellectual of his race. His conscience reproached him for his friendship towards the whites, and in a moment of alarm, fancying that the Great Spirit had commanded him to destroy all evidence of his connection with the enemies of his race, he burned an elegant sword and other articles which he had received as presents. A favourite son,[18] who had been carefully educated at one of our schools, became a drunkard, adding another to the many discouraging instances in which a similar result has attended the attempt to educate the Indian youth. When, therefore, the aged chief was urged to send his younger sons to school, he declined, remarking in his broken English, "It entirely spoil Indian."

Cornplanter died on his reservation on the Alleghany River, sometime in the winter of 1836—supposed to have been over ninety years old.[19] His Indian name was Ki-on-twog-ky.[20] The likeness we have given of him was taken in New York, about the year 1788, and when the original is supposed to have been in his forty-eighth year.[21] It was intended for some friend of the Indians, in London, but Captain M'Dougall, who, at that time, commanded a merchant ship, between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and who was to have conveyed it to Liverpool, sailing without it, the portrait fell into the hands of Timothy Matlock, Esq., who cherished it, not only because of its admirable and close resemblance to the original, but because he was indebted to Cornplanter for his life.[22] At his death the portrait was still cherished by his daughter. It was from that original the copy before the reader was taken.

NOTES

1. Strictly, the name is *Kaiioñtwa"ko"*, signifying "by what one plants," according to Mr J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of American Ethnology, a leading authority on the Iroquoian languages. Cornplanter's name has been written in many ways, some of them hardly recognisable. In previous editions of McKenney and Hall, the name appears as Corn Plant, but it is here changed to the more popular, if not strictly accurate, designation.

2. The Tuscarora tribe was adopted into the Confederacy as the Sixth Nation in 1722.

3. There thus seem to have been four rather than five members of the visiting party.

In "Remarks on the Early American Engravings and the Cambridge Press Imprints (1640-1692)," etc., by Nathaniel Paine, in *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, Vol. XVII., pt. 3, Worcester, Mass., 1906, the author, speaking of the engravings from these portraits, and of J. Simon, who made them, says:—"There was a John Simon who came to London in the reign of Queen Anne, who was an engraver of some merit, and may have engraved them; but in the only biographical notice of him that has come to my notice, no mention is made of these prints. It was in 1710 that Major Peter Schuyler took four Indian chiefs to England, where they created quite a sensation. They were received with great ceremonies by the Queen, and the Indians presented her with a set of wampum. The original paintings were said to have been painted for the Queen.

"The engravings were published by subscription in November 1710, and are now quite rare.

"Those owned by the Society are in good condition, and are as follows, all having the imprint: J. Verelst, Pinx. and J. Simon, Fecit. Printed and sold by John King at ye Globe in ye Poultrey, London. (Sizes of plates, $15\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$ in.) Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Ron Emperour of the Six Nations / Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Ton King of the Maquas / Ho Nee Yeath Tan No Ron King of the Generethgarich / Eton Oh Koam King of the River Nation."

See also a letter from M. de Vaudreuil to M. de Ponchartrain, dated Quebec, May 1, 1710, regarding a visit to England by Peter Schuyler, published in the *New York Colonial Documents*, IX., 842-844, 1855; also *The Four Kings of Canada; Being a Succinct Account of the Four Indian Princes Lately Arriv'd from North America* (etc.), London, 1710. In this rare pamphlet (reprinted, London, 1891), the following appears: "These four Princes, who are Kings of the *Maqua's, Garijhhoore,* and the River *Sachem,* are call'd, the first *Te Ye Neen Ho Ga Prow,* the second *Saga Yean Qua Prab Ton,* the third *Elow Ob Kaom,* the fourth *Oh Nee Yeath Ton No Prow,* with the other two they mention in their Speech to her

Majesty, are the six who possess all the Nations," etc. The speech "as deliver'd by an Interpreter to her *Britannick* Majesty" is given in full.

4. Compare, for example, in this volume, the references to Mohongo and her companions who visited Europe. Cornplanter's attitude regarding the wide gulf between the white man and the Indian is well set forth in the following speech delivered by this celebrated Indian, extracted from the *Harrisburg* (Pa.) *Intelligencer*, August 16, 1822:—

"By an act of the last Legislature, their honours Jesse Moore, and Joseph Hackney, were appointed commissioners to explain the law exonerating Cornplanter from certain taxes. After the explanation, the following speech was delivered by Cornplanter in the court-house at Warren, on the 4th of July, 1822.

"'Yesterday was appointed for us all to meet here. The writing which the Governor sent here pleased us very much. I think that the Great Spirit is very much pleased that the white people have been so induced to assist the Indians as they have done, and He is pleased also to see the great men of this state, and of the United States, so friendly to us. We are much pleased with what has been done.

"'The Great Spirit first made the world, and next the flying animals, and found all things good and prosperous—He is immortal and everlasting. After finishing the flying animals, He came down on earth, and there stood. Then He made different kinds of trees and weeds of all sorts, and people of every kind. He made the spring and other seasons, and the weather suitable for planting. These He did make, but stills to make whisky to be given to Indians He did not make. The Great Spirit bids us tell the white people not to give Indians this kind of liquor. When the Great Spirit had made the earth and its animals, He went into the great lakes, where He breathed as easily as anywhere else, and then made all the different kinds of fish. The Great Spirit looked back on all that He had made. The different kinds He made to be separate, and not to mix with and disturb each other; but the white people have broken His command, by mixing their colour with the Indians; the Indians have done better by not doing so. The Great Spirit wishes that all wars and fighting shall cease.

"'He next told us that there were three things for people to attend to—First, we ought to take care of our wives and children—Secondly, the white people ought to attend to their farms and cattle—Thirdly, the Great Spirit has given the bears and deer to the Indians. He is the cause of all things that exist, and it is very wicked to go against His will. The Great Spirit wishes me to inform the people that they should quit drinking intoxicating drink, as being the cause of diseases and death. He told us not to sell any more of our lands, for He never sold lands to anyone. Some of us now keep the seventh day; but I wish to quit it, for the Great Spirit made it for others, but not for the Indians, who ought every day to attend to their business. He has ordered me to quit drinking any intoxicating drink, and not to lust

after any woman but my own, and informed me that by doing so I should live the longer. He made known to me that it is very wicked to lie. Let no one suppose this I have now said is not true.

"'I have now to thank the Governor for what he has done, and have informed him what the Great Spirit has ordered me to cease from, and I wish the Governor to inform others of what I have communicated. This is all I have at present to say.'"

5. This Indian signed the treaty of 1788. He was a well-educated man, and had visited Lafayette in France, but returned to savage life. He was a member of the delegation of chiefs to Philadelphia in 1792, where he died and was buried with military honours. He is also called Peter Otzagert and Peter Jaquette. Peter Otsiequette, perhaps the same Indian, witnessed the Onondaga treaty of 1790.—Information from the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, Syracuse, N.Y.

6. This entire speech savours more of the interpretation of the white man than of the feeling of the Indian; yet the sequel, which is not unlikely, serves to illustrate the character of the individual.

7. Authorities differ in regard to the name and nationality of Cornplanter's father. It is sometimes spelled O'Bail and O'Beel, and he is said also to have been an Englishman; but Harris (*Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society*, VI., 416, 1893) says he was a Dutchman named Abeel, and Ruttenber (*Tribes of Hudson's River*, 317, 1872) also says he was a Dutch trader. Cornplanter was sometimes known as John O'Bail. See notes 10 and 18.

8. Situated on the west bank of Genesee River, opposite the present Geneseo, Livingston County, New York. By the terms of a contract negotiated between the Seneca tribe and Robert Morris, at Genesee, New York, September 15, 1797, a tract of land, covering two square miles, including the town of "Canawagus," was reserved for the use of the tribe, but it was subsequently sold by them to the State of New York.

9. Evidently Rufus Putnam, son of Israel.

10. The three commissioners referred to were Oliver Wolcott, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee. The treaty of Fort Stanwix, which post was situated a short distance south-east of the present Rome, Oneida County, New York, was negotiated October 22, 1784, and was the second treaty held between the United States and any of the Indian tribes. The treaty was an important one, for by its provisions the western boundary of the territory of the Six Nations was defined, the country to the west thereof being ceded to the United States, and a tract six miles square was reserved around the "Fort of Oswego" for the use of the Government. The last Indian signer of the treaty was Cornplanter, whose name appears as "Seneka Abeal, Kayenthoghke." Abeal is one of the forms of his father's name. See note 7.

11. See note 16.

12. See notes 4 and 16.

13. That is, Alleghany River.

14. The treaty of Fort Harmar, Ohio, was concluded between General Arthur St Clair and twenty-four representatives of the Six Nations, January 9, 1789, General Joseph Harmar serving as one of the witnesses. Cornplanter's name appears in the treaty as "Gyantwaia, or Cornplanter."

15. Kiandogewa, or Big Tree, and Achiout, or Half Town, were two of the twenty-four signers of the Fort Harmar treaty. For further information regarding this speech, and on Cornplanter generally, see S. G. Drake, *Aboriginal Races of North America*, 15th ed., New York [1880], pp. 607-616.

16. This information is gleaned from S. G. Drake, whose *Book of the Indians* was first published in 1833, and who derived his data respecting Cornplanter's village, also known as Obaletown, from the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, 1792, and *Stansbury's Journal*. About the same locality, prior to the date here referred to (1816), were two Seneca villages, one known as Buckaloon, the other as Yoroonwago, named, apparently, after their respective chiefs. They were destroyed by Colonel Brodhead in 1779. The grant of 640 acres made to Cornplanter by the State of Pennsylvania on March 16, 1796, during the Governorship of the celebrated Thomas Mifflin (1744-1800), was situated on both sides of the Alleghany River, just within the limits of Pennsylvania, but adjoining the New York boundary (see Royce, *Indian Land Cessions*, Pennsylvania map, 1899). At an earlier period Cornplanter lived in a settlement known as Connewango (meaning "at the falls"), also called "Cornplanter's Village," about the site of Warren, Warren County, Pa.; it likewise was destroyed by Colonel Brodhead in 1779. Another Connewango stood on the left bank of the Alleghany, above the site of Tionesta, Forest County, Pa.

17. This was the Western Missionary Society, according to Drake, *op. cit.*, p. 615.

18. Known as Henry Obeal.

19. He died February 18, 1836. A monument erected to his memory on his reservation by the State of Pennsylvania bears the inscription, "aged about 100 years." Cornplanter is said to have been the first temperance lecturer in the United States.

20. See note 1.

21. This portrait was painted in New York City, in the year 1796, by F. Bartoli, and now forms a part of the Bryan collection of the New York Historical Society. See *Catalogue of the Museum and Gallery of*

Art of the New York Historical Society, 1903, Second Part, No. 490, p. 54. The *Catalogue* recognises the portrait as the one reproduced in McKenney and Hall. As the portrait did not belong to the Indian Gallery of the War Department, and was evidently not copied by Inman, it does not appear in the collection of the Peabody Museum.

22. Timothy Matlack (not Matlock), born Haddonfield, New Jersey, in 1730; died near Hornesburg, Pa., April 15, 1829. He was a member of the Society of Friends, but became a "Fighting Quaker" on the outbreak of the revolution, in which he was an active spirit. He was a member of the Committee of Safety in 1776, and a deputy with Franklin and others from Philadelphia to attend the state conference on June 14 of that year. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1780-87, and was long Master of Rolls of the state, with headquarters at Lancaster, but removed to Philadelphia on becoming prothonotary of one of its courts. In 1783 the Committee of Safety presented him with a silver urn. He was one of the contributors, with Franklin, Robert Morris, and others, to the fund for the erection of a free Quaker meeting-house in Philadelphia.

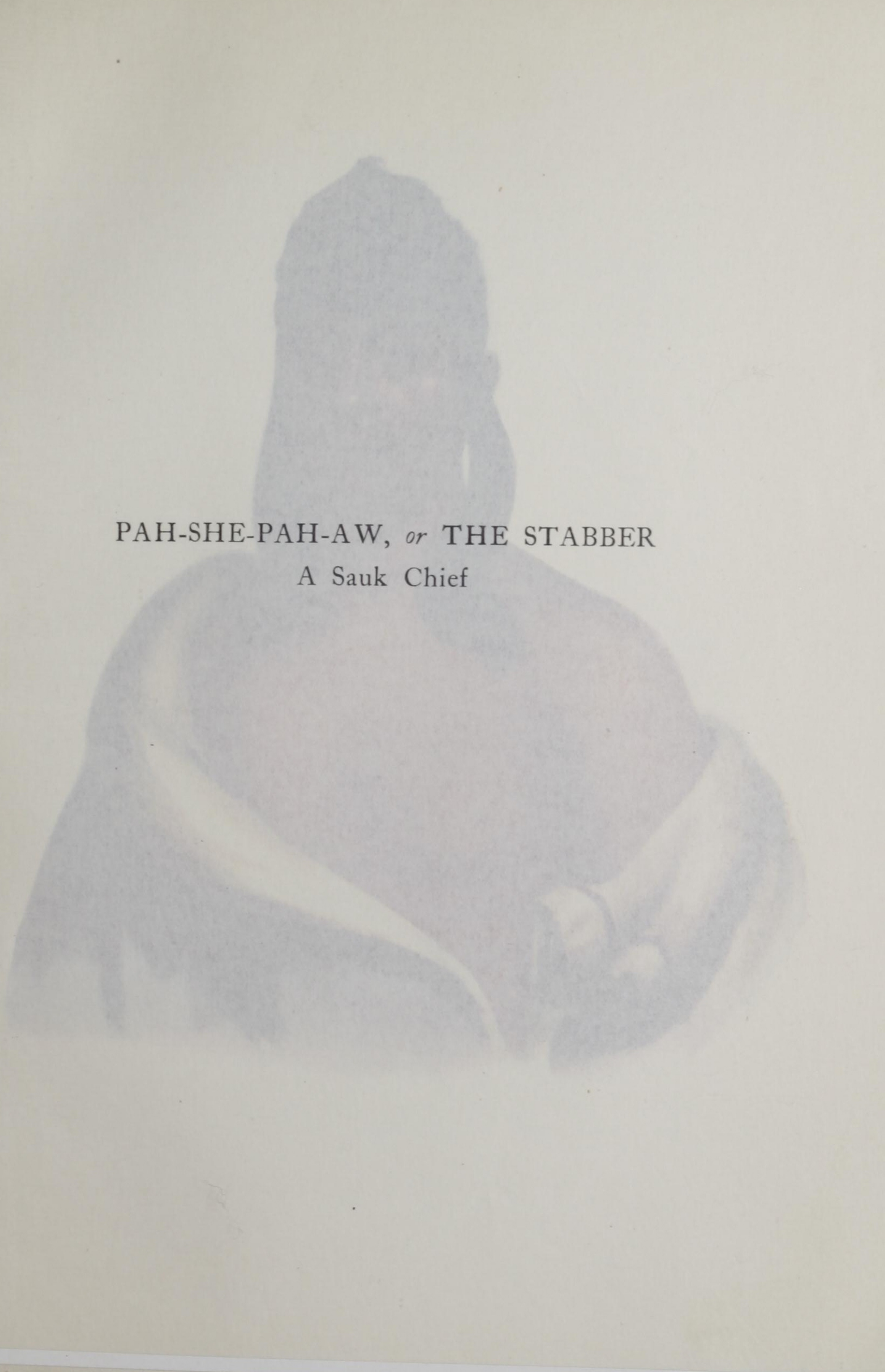
PASHEPAHAW

(OR, THE STABBER)

LITTLE is known of this chief, except that he was of sufficient note among his people to be chosen one of a delegation to visit Washington on business relating to his tribe. He is represented to be vindictive and implacable in his resentments. The Indian agent at Prairie du Chien having offended him, Pashepahaw resolved on revenge, and actually undertook a long journey with the view of killing him. *Taiomah*, whose portrait will appear in the course of this work,[1] hearing of The Stabber's purpose, outsped him, and made known to the agent his bloody design. This timely information, doubtless, saved the agent's life. The untrimmed locks that hang down on The Stabber's shoulders indicate unsatisfied revenge.

It is not probable, if more was known of this ferocious Indian, that his biography would afford any incident of sufficient interest to deserve a large space in our work. There can be no question that the agreeable epithet by which he has chosen to be distinguished is indicative of his character.[2]

The Sauks, as a nation, afford favourable specimens of the Indian race. Among a large number that we have seen, the majority were tall, well-formed, active men, who bestowed much care on the decoration of their persons, and were dignified in their manners. They are a warlike,



PAH-SHE-PAH-AW, *or* THE STABBER

A Sauk Chief

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(OR, THE STABBER)

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PASHEPAHA, OR THE STABBER
Sauk Chief



active, and sprightly people, friendly to the whites, and hospitable to strangers. Their principal residence, until recently, was on the shores of Rock River, in Illinois, where their hunting grounds comprised the most fertile and beautiful region of the west. They have been removed from those lovely plains to other lands beyond the Mississippi, and their recent haunts are now covered with the farms of an industrious population.

NOTES

1. See Vol. II.

2. This is a common error, due to misinterpretation of Indian proper names. The present subject is properly called *Päshĭpaho*, meaning "He who touches lightly in passing," according to Dr William Jones, himself of Sauk and Fox blood, and the leading authority on their language.

The portrait of Pashepahaw was painted by King, doubtless in 1824, in which year he was in Washington, and appears as No. 41, "Pa-she-pah-how, Stabber. First Chief of the Sankys; a Sac," in the Rhees list of the Indian Gallery (see the Introduction, p. xlviii). The Inman copy in the Peabody Museum bears original number, 56; catalogue number, 28. 200.

Pashepahaw's portrait was again painted in 1834 by George Catlin, who describes him as "a very venerable old man, who has been for many years the first civil chief of the Sacs and Foxes." Catlin calls him "Pash-ee-pa-hó, the Little Stabbing Chief," and depicts him as "a very old man, holding his shield, staff and pipe in his hands." Catlin adds that he "has long been the head civil chief of this tribe [Sauk]; but, as is generally the case in very old age, he has resigned the office to those who are younger and better qualified to do the duties of it" (*Illustrations of the Manners . . . of the North American Indians*, 10th ed., Vol. II., p. 211, pl. 289, London, 1866; *Descriptive Catalogue*, p. 8 [London, 1840]).

Pashepahaw belonged to one of the Fish clans of the Sauk, and was a signer of the treaties of St Louis, November 3, 1804 (as "Pashepaho, or the giger"); Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Illinois, September 3, 1822 (as "Pushee-Paho"); Washington, August 4, 1824 (as "Pah-sha-pa-ha, or Stubbs"; this treaty was witnessed by McKenney); Fort Armstrong, September 21, 1832 (as "Pa-she-pa-ho, or the stabber"); the neighbourhood of Debuque (Dubuque) County, Wisconsin, September 27, 1836 (as "Pa-she-pa-ho"); and on the Mississippi, in Dubuque County, Wisconsin, opposite Rock Island, September 28, 1836 (as "Pashapahoo"). *Niles' Register* of July 31, 1824, gives a list, copied

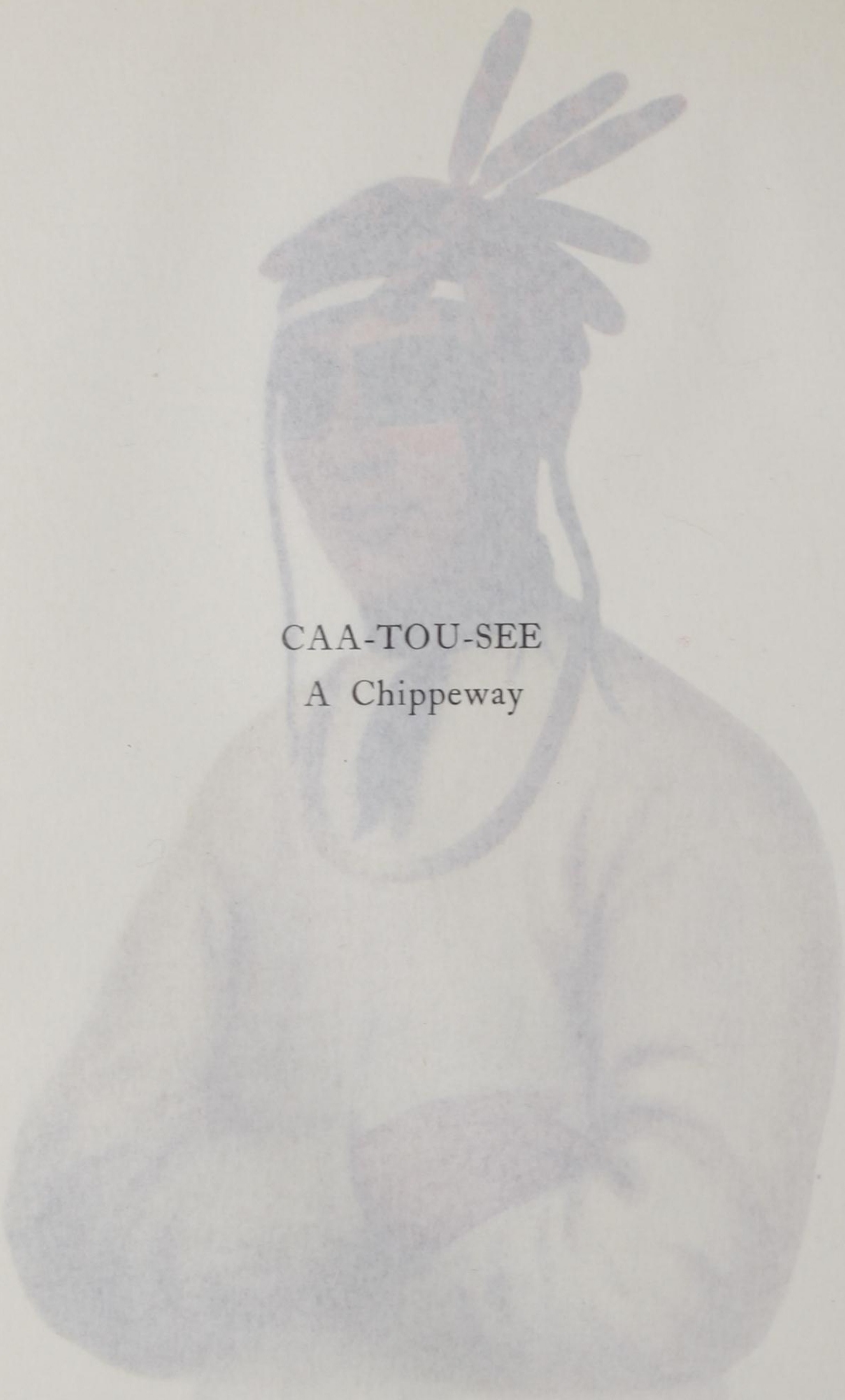
from the *National Journal*, of "six Sankys or Sturgeons" then at the seat of Government, among them being "Pah-she-pah-how (Stabber), 1st chief," and "Kee-o-kuch (Watchful Fox), 1st war chief." "After the transaction of some business [the negotiation of the treaty of August 4], they will proceed through our principal cities as far as New York, and return by way of the lakes."

For additional information regarding this chief and warrior, consult A. R. Fulton, *Red Men of Iowa*, pp. 248-252, 1882. This writer says:— "He became in his old age much given to intemperate habits, and it is quite likely he went down to a drunkard's grave. When very old and feeble he migrated with his people to their new reservation beyond the Missouri, and doubtless for many years his dust has mingled with the soil of Kansas."



CAA-TOU-SEE

A Chippeway



CAA-TOU-SEE

A Chippeway

CAATOUSEE

(A CHIPPEWAY)

It is, perhaps, not to be regretted, that some of the portraits contained in our gallery are those of persons of little repute; for, although many of the biographies may, on this account, be less interesting in themselves, a greater variety of the aspects of the Indian character will, on the whole, be presented to our readers.

The wandering savages who inhabit the sterile and inhospitable shores of the northern lakes are the most miserable and degraded of the native tribes.[1] Exposed to the greatest extremities of climate, and forced by their situation to spend the greater portion of their lives in obtaining a wretched subsistence, they have little ambition, and few ideas, which extend to the supply of their most immediate and pressing wants. The region which they inhabit affords but little game; and when the lakes are frozen, and the land covered with deep snow, there are seasons in which scarcely any living animal can be found, but the wretched tenant of the wigwam, whose habitual improvidence has prevented him from laying up any store for the winter. Lingering at the spot of his temporary residence until the horrors of starvation press him to instant exertion, he must then fly to some distant region, to which the wild animals of the plain, with a truer instinct, have already retreated, or seek a sheltered haunt where he may subsist by fishing. Many

perish during these long journeys, or are doomed to disappointment on reaching the place of their destination, and thus they drag out, month after month, their weary existence in the eager search for food.

We know not how the individual before us came to be designated by the name attached to the portrait. The true name is A-qua-o-da, which signifies *Creeping out of the Water*.[2] His usual residence is La Pointe, or Shagoimekoong, upon Lake Superior. He is a person of little repute, either with white or red men. He is too idle to hunt, and has no name as a warrior; nor is his character good in other respects. He is, however, an expert fisherman and canoeman, in which capacity he is occasionally employed by the traders. He has never advanced any pretensions to chieftainship, except to be a chief among the dancers, and in his profuse use of paints and ornaments.[3]

NOTES

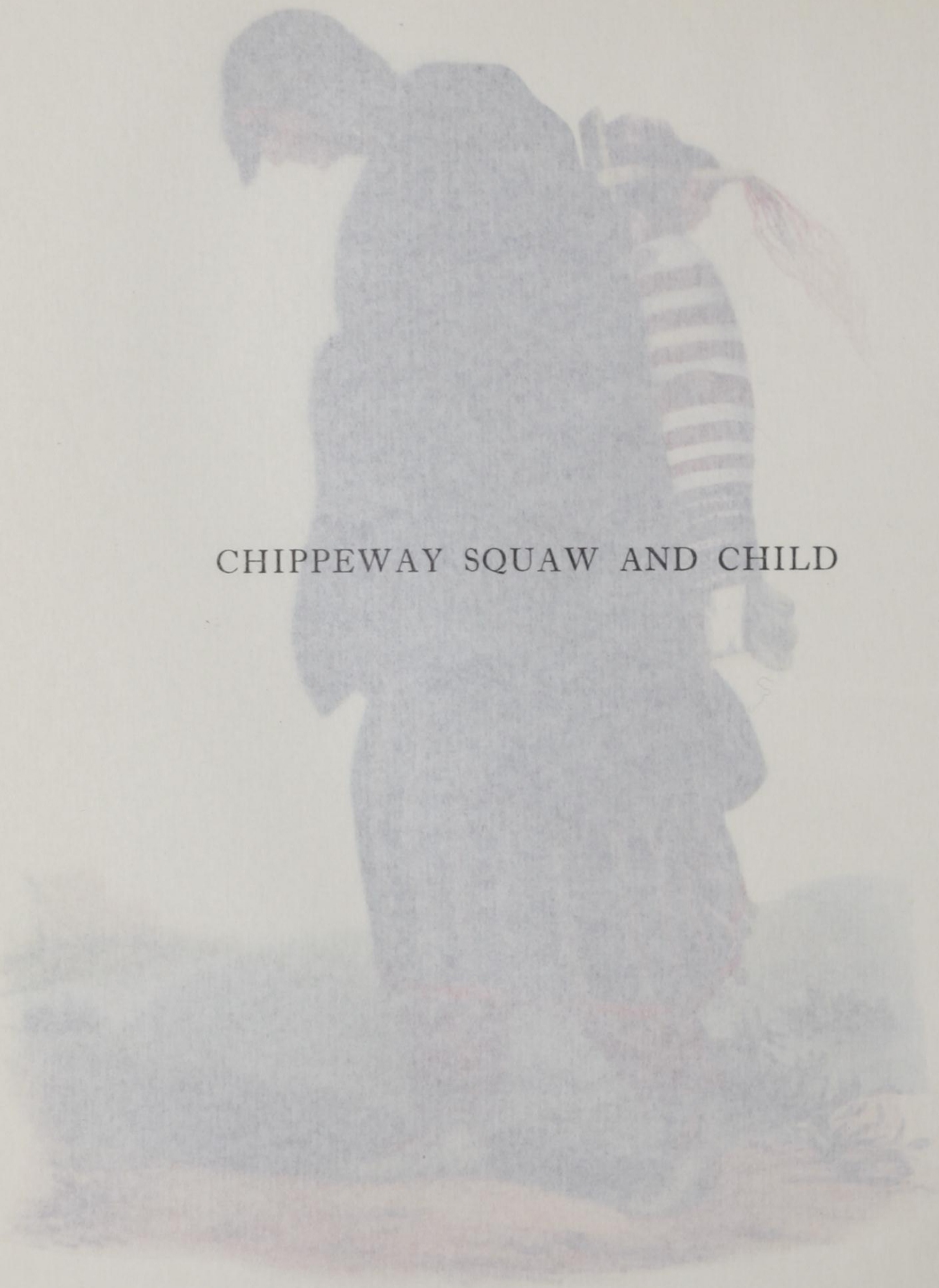
1. This can scarcely be regarded as true; indeed, the Chippeway, or Ojibway, tribes may be regarded as among the most vigorous of their race, as witness their numbers (30,000 to 32,000 in the United States and Canada), and the fact that they were powerful enough to drive the Sioux from the country of the Great Lakes to the westward. The statement is probably that of McKenney, who probably saw more of the Chippeway and their neighbours than of any other tribe.

2. The true form of the name is kindly given by Dr William Jones as *Agwā·ō·da*, signifying "He crawls out of the water."

3. The portrait was painted by King, from a drawing by Lewis in 1827 (in August of which year Lewis was with McKenney and Cass at the treaty of Butte des Morts), and appears as No. 115 ("Catoouse") in the Rhees list of the Indian Gallery (see the Introduction, p. li). The Inman copy in the Peabody Museum bears original number, 37; catalogue number, 28. 201.



CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD



CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD

CHIPPEWAY SQUAW AND CHILD

The life of the Indian woman, under the most favourable circumstances, is one of continual labour and unmitigated hardship. Trained to servitude from infancy, and condemned to the performance of the most menial offices, they are the servants rather than the companions of man.[1] Upon them, therefore, fall, with peculiar severity, all those vicissitudes and accidents of savage life which impose hardships and privations beyond those that ordinarily attend the state of barbarism. Such is the case with the tribes who inhabit a sterile region, or an inhospitable climate, where the scarcity of food and the rigour of the seasons enhance the difficulty of supporting life, and impose the most distressing burthens on the weaker sex. The Chippeway, or, as they pronounce their own name, the *Ojibway*[2] nation, is scattered along the bleak shores of our north-western lakes, over a region of barren plains, or dreary swamps, which, during the greater part of the year, are covered with snow and ice, and are at all times desolate and uninviting. Here the wretched Indian gleans a precarious subsistence; at one season by gathering the wild rice in the rivers and swamps, at another by fishing, and a third by hunting. Long intervals, however, occur when these resources fail, and when exposed to absolute and hopeless want, the courage of the warrior and the ingenuity of the hunter sink into despair. The woman who, during the season of plenty, was worn down with the

labour of following the hunter to the chase, carrying the game and dressing the food, now becomes the purveyor of the family, roaming the forest in search of berries, burrowing in the earth for roots, or ensnaring the lesser animals. While engaged in these various duties, she discharges also those of the mother, and travels over the icy plains with her infant on her back.[3]

NOTES

1. See note 1 under Hayne Hudjihini, p. 166.

2. See note 2, p. 118.

3. This portrait was painted by Lewis at Fond du Lac, Lake Superior, in August 1826, and is the sixtieth portrait in his *Port-folio*. The copy in the Indian Gallery was made by King in the following year (see No. 146 of the Rhees list). The Inman copy in the Peabody Museum bears original number, 102; and catalogue number, 28. 202, and is ascribed to King. The original sketch by Lewis is probably the one titled, "Manner of carrying a child on a journey," forming the plate facing p. 307 of McKenney's *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes*, 1827.

PETALESHARRO[1]

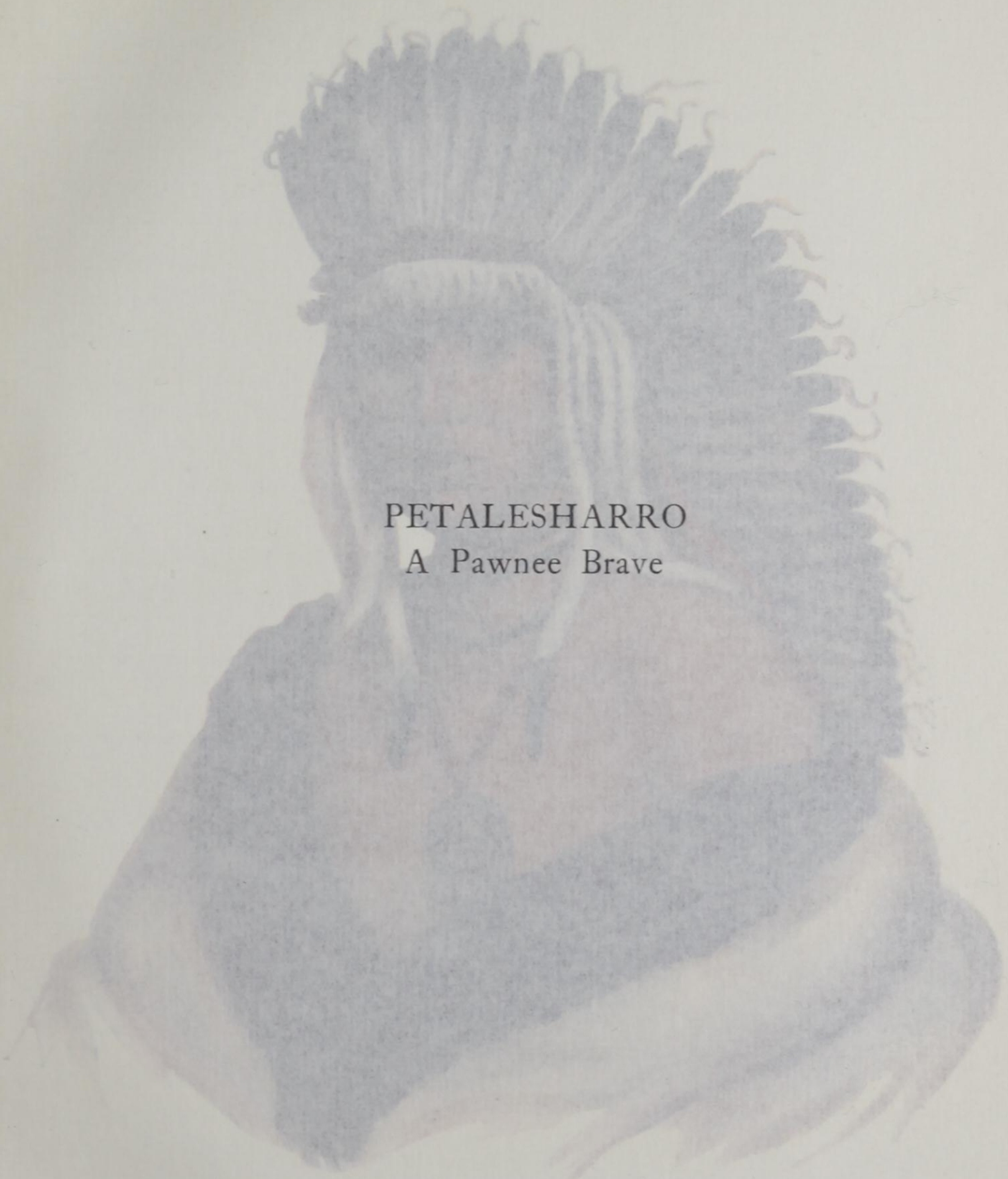
(A PAWNEE BRAVE)

We have been accustomed from childhood to hear but little of the Indians, except in connection with scenes of blood. The border wars, with their tales of horror, are among the nursery stories that have left the deepest impressions on our memories. This strife between the red and the white man is coeval with the first settlement of the country, and it continues even to this day. The prominent feature in this long period of excitement and of war, and that on which all eyes are more intensely fixed, is the bloodthirsty cruelty of the Indian. This has been so often dwelt upon, and presented to our view under so many shocking forms, as to keep almost constantly before our eyes the war-club, the scalping knife, and the tomahawk, together with the ferocious red man clad in the skins of beasts, the glare of whose eyes, with his attitude, and his blood-stained limbs, have all combined to fill our minds with terror and our hearts with revenge. Indeed we have been taught to consider the Indian as *necessarily* bloodthirsty, ferocious, and vindictive, until we have viewed him as a being deprived, at the creation of his species, of those faculties whence come the nobler and more generous traits which are the boast and glory of his civilised brother. It is certainly true of the Indian, that his mode of warfare is barbarous. He spares neither age

nor sex; and his victim is often subjected to the severest tortures. But it is no less true, that he has never been taught those lessons of humanity which have, under the guidance of civilisation and Christianity, stript war of its more appalling horrors, and without which we should be no less savage than the Indians. Indeed it would be easy to demonstrate, that even when aided by the light of civilisation and professing to be Christians, the white man is no less cruel than the red man; and often, in our conflicts with each other, we come fully up to the savage man in all that is barbarous and revolting.

In our wars with the Indians we have been our own chroniclers. And how rarely has it happened that justice has been done the Indians, not only as to the causes of these wars, but to the conduct of the parties to them? Everything of a palliative nature has been minutely registered, to justify or excuse the white man, whilst the red man has been held up to the view of the world, and consigned over to the judgment of posterity, not only as *the cause* of sanguinary and vindictive conflicts, but as the Moloch of the human race. The Indian has never been able to leave a record of his wrongs; to illustrate his own position, or to justify the desperate means he has resorted to in defence of his inheritance and his life.

However true it is that the Indian mode of warfare is exclusively savage, yet there are exceptions to its barbarities; and we have well-authenticated instances of the most refined humanity, confirming our decided belief, that the Indian is not, by any law of his nature, bereft of the more noble qualities which are the pride and boast of civilised man, or that he is *necessarily* savage. We might enumerate many cases in which the untutored Indian has melted into pity at sight of the perilous condition of the white man, and at the very moment when he was looked



PETALESHARRO
A Pawnee Brave



upon as an invader and enemy. The most beautiful illustration of the existence of this feeling in the Indian, is in the intervention of Pocahontas, to save the life of Captain Smith. History has recorded that deed, and the civilised world has united in awarding its plaudits to that noble princess.[2] Her memory has been embalmed by a grateful posterity. At the siege of Detroit, the garrison owed its safety to the agency of an Indian woman, who made known to the commanding officer the plans of Pontiac for its destruction and massacre.[3] Indeed the Indian women are remarkable for the exercise of this generous feeling—even among the Indians it is a common occurrence for them, in times of excitement, to secret knives and guns, and all kinds of instruments of death; and, by so doing, often prevent the shedding of blood.

But this feeling of compassion, this boast of the civilised man and Christian, is not confined to the Indian women. We are not without examples of the same sort among the men. The famous Logan, notwithstanding the wrongs he was made to endure, in his own person and in the persons of his family and kindred, until he exclaimed, in all the bitterness of bereavement, "*There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature,*" has left behind him, in honour of his memory, a noble specimen of this humane feeling, in counselling one of his own captives, who was condemned by the council to undergo the severe tortures of the gauntlet, how to escape it; and when, afterwards, this same captive was condemned to be burned, and Logan, finding that his efforts and his eloquence in his behalf all failed, nobly and bravely advanced, and with his own hands released the prisoner from the stake to which he was bound.[4]

But we hasten to sketch the character of *Petalesharro*, whose portrait is before the reader.

Petalesharro was a brave of the Pawnee tribe. His father, *Letalashaw*, was chief of his band, and a man of renown. Petalesharro early imbibed his father's spirit; often, no doubt, charmed with the songs of the chief, in which he recounted the battles he had fought, and told of the scalps he had taken, his youthful bosom heaved, and his heart resolved to imitate these deeds; and, in his turn, to recount his warlike exploits—tell of his victories, and count the scalps he had taken. Thus impressed, he went early into battle, and soon won the renown and the title of a "*brave*."

We saw him in Washington in 1821, whither he was sent as one of a deputation from his tribe, to transact business with the Government.[5] He was dressed, so far as his half-length discloses it, precisely as he is seen in the portrait. He wore a head-dress of the feathers of the war eagle, which extended, in a double series, down his back to his hips, narrowing as it descended. His robe was thrown carelessly but gracefully over his shoulders, leaving his breast, and often one arm bare. The usual garments decorated his hips and lower limbs; there were the *auzeum*,[6] the leggings, and the moccasins, all ornamented. The youthful and feminine character of his face, and the humanity of its expression, were all remarkable. He did not appear to be older than twenty years, yet he was then believed to be twenty-five.

A fine incident is connected with the history of this Indian. The Pawnee Loups had long practised the savage rite, known to no other of the American tribes, of sacrificing human victims to the *Great Star*, or the planet Venus.[7] This dreadful ceremony annually preceded the preparations for planting corn, and was supposed to be necessary to secure a fruitful season. To prevent a failure of the crop, and a consequent famine, some

individual was expected to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, who had been captured in war, and some one was always found who coveted the honour of dedicating the spoil of his prowess to the national benefit. The intended victim, carefully kept in ignorance of the fate that impended, was dressed in gay apparel, supplied with the choicest food, and treated with every tenderness, with the view of promoting obesity, and preparing an offering the more acceptable to the deities who were to be propitiated. When, by the successful employment of these means, the unhappy victim was sufficiently fatted, a day was appointed for the sacrifice, and the whole nation assembled to witness the solemn scene.

Some short time before Petalesharro was deputed to visit Washington, it chanced that an Ietan [8] maid, who had been taken prisoner, was doomed by her captor to be offered up to the Great Star, and was prepared with the usual secrecy and care for the grand occasion. The grief and alarm incident to a state of captivity had been allayed by deceptive kindness, and the grateful prisoner became happy in the society of strangers, who bestowed upon her a degree of adulation to which she had probably not been accustomed. Exempt from labour, and exalted into an unwonted ease of life, she soon acquired that serenity of mind and comeliness of person which rendered her worthy of being offered to the Great Star as a full equivalent for an abundant harvest.

The reader will now fancy himself in view of the great gathering of the Pawnees, and that he is in sight of the multitude assembled in honour of the sacrifice. In his near approach he will hear their orgies. In the midst of the circle a stake is brought; its end is sharpened,

when it is driven deep into the ground. Yells and shouts announce that all is ready. In the distance is seen a company of Pawnees; by the side of the leader is a delicate girl. They approach nearer. He who made her captive enters the circle—shouts welcome him. He takes the girl by the hand, and leads her to the fatal spot. Her back is placed against the stake; cords are brought, and she is bound to it. The faggots are now collected, and placed around the victim. A hopeless expression is seen in her eye—perhaps a tear! Her bosom heaves, and her thoughts are of home, when a torch is seen coming from the woods, hard by. At that moment a young brave leaps into the midst of the circle—rushes to the stake—tears the victim from it, and springing on a horse, and throwing her upon another, and putting both to the top of their speed, is soon lost in the distance. Silence prevails—then murmurs are heard—then the loud threats of vengeance, when all retire. The stake and the faggots are all that remain to mark the spot on which, but for this noble deed, ashes and bones would have distinguished. Who was it that intrepidly released the captive maid? It was the young, the brave, the generous *Petalesharro!* Whether it was panic, or the dread of Letalashaw's vengeance that operated, and kept the warriors from using their bows and arrows, and rifles, is not known, but certain it is they did not use them.

Our readers will, perhaps, expect to hear that Petalesharro conducted the maiden to her own people, and received the reward which valour deserves from beauty. But mere gallantry formed no part of this adventure. It was not induced, not rewarded, by love. The Indian is very scriptural in his belief, that man is the head of the woman; but he is equally strong in the faith,

that the female, if she has fair play, is quite as able to take care of herself as a man. Having escorted her into the broad plains, beyond the precincts of the Pawnee village, and supplied her with provisions, he admonished her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was distant about four hundred miles, and left her to her fate and her reflections. She lost no time in obeying such salutary counsel, and had the good fortune, the next day, to fall in with a war party of her own people, by whom she was safely carried home.

Can the records of chivalry furnish a parallel to this generous act? Can the civilised world bring forward a case demonstrating a higher order of humanity, united with greater bravery? Whence did the youthful Petalesharro learn this lesson of refined pity? Not of civilised man. Great as have been the efforts of the good and the merciful, from the days of Eliot and Brainerd[9] to our own times, to enlighten the Indians, none had ever yet reached the *Pawnees*, to instruct them, or to enrapture their thoughts by such beautiful illustrations of the merciful. It was the impulse of nature—nature cast in a more refined mould; and, probably, as the sequel will show, nurtured by the blood and spirit of a noble though untaught father.

The tidings of this deed accompanied Petalesharro to Washington. He and his deed soon became the theme of the city. The ladies especially, as is their nature, hastened to do him honour.[10] A medal was prepared. A time was appointed for conferring upon him this merited gift. An assembly had collected to witness the ceremony. He was told, in substance, that the medal was given him in token of the high opinion which was entertained of his act in the rescue of the Ietan maid. He was asked

by the ladies who presented it to accept and wear it for their sake; and told, when he had another occasion to save a captive woman from torture and from the stake, to look upon the medal, think of those who gave it, and save her, as he had saved the Ietan girl. The reply of Petalesharro was prompt and excellent, but the interpretation of it was shocking! He was made to say, "I did it (rescued the girl), in *ignorance*. I did *not know that I did good!* I now know that I did good, by your giving me this medal." We understood him to mean this; and so, we have no doubt, he spoke, in substance, though not in our words:—"He did not know, till now, that the act he had performed was meritorious; but, as his white brothers and sisters considered it a good act, and put upon it so high a value, he was *glad they had heard of it.*" We would almost venture to represent the words of the brave in reply to the compliment. We saw the medal put on his neck, and saw him take it in his hand, and look at it. Holding it before him, he said: "This brings rest to my heart. I feel like the leaf after a storm, and when the wind is still. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the pale faces more than I ever did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did not know the act was so good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I now know how good it was. You make me know this by giving me this medal."

The rescue of the Ietan girl might, if a solitary act, be looked upon as the result of impulse, and not as proceeding from a generous nature. It happens, however, not to stand alone, as the only incident of the sort in the life of Petalesharro. One of his brother warriors had brought in a captive boy. He was a Spaniard. The captor resolved

to offer him in sacrifice to the Great Star. The chief, Letalashaw, had been for some time opposed to these barbarous rites. He sent for the warrior, and told him he did not wish him to make the sacrifice. The warrior claimed his right, under the immemorial usages of the tribe. They parted. Letalashaw sent for his son, and asked what was to be done to divert the captor from his purpose. Petalesharro promptly replied: "I will take the boy, like a brave, by force." The father thought, no doubt, that danger would attend upon the act, and resolved on a more pacific mode. It was to buy the boy. He accordingly gave out his intention, and those who had goods of any kind, brought them to his lodge, and laid them down as an offering on the pile which the chief had supplied from his own stores.[11] The collection having been made, the captor was again sent for, and, in the authoritative tone of a chief, thus addressed: "Take these goods, and give me the boy." He refused, when the chief seized his war-club and flourished it over the head of the captor. At the moment, Petalesharro sprang forward, and said: "Strike! and let the wrath of his friends fall on me." The captor, making a merit of necessity, agreed if a few more articles were added, to give up the boy to the chief. They were added, and thus the captive was saved. The merchandise was sacrificed instead of the boy. The cloth was cut into shreds, and suspended upon poles, at the spot upon which the blood of the victim had been proposed to be shed, and the remainder of the articles burned. No subsequent attempt to immolate a victim was made.

Petalesharro succeeded his father in the chieftainship of his tribe, and became highly distinguished in that station.[12]

We conclude this sketch with the following stanzas,